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THE NEW YORKER

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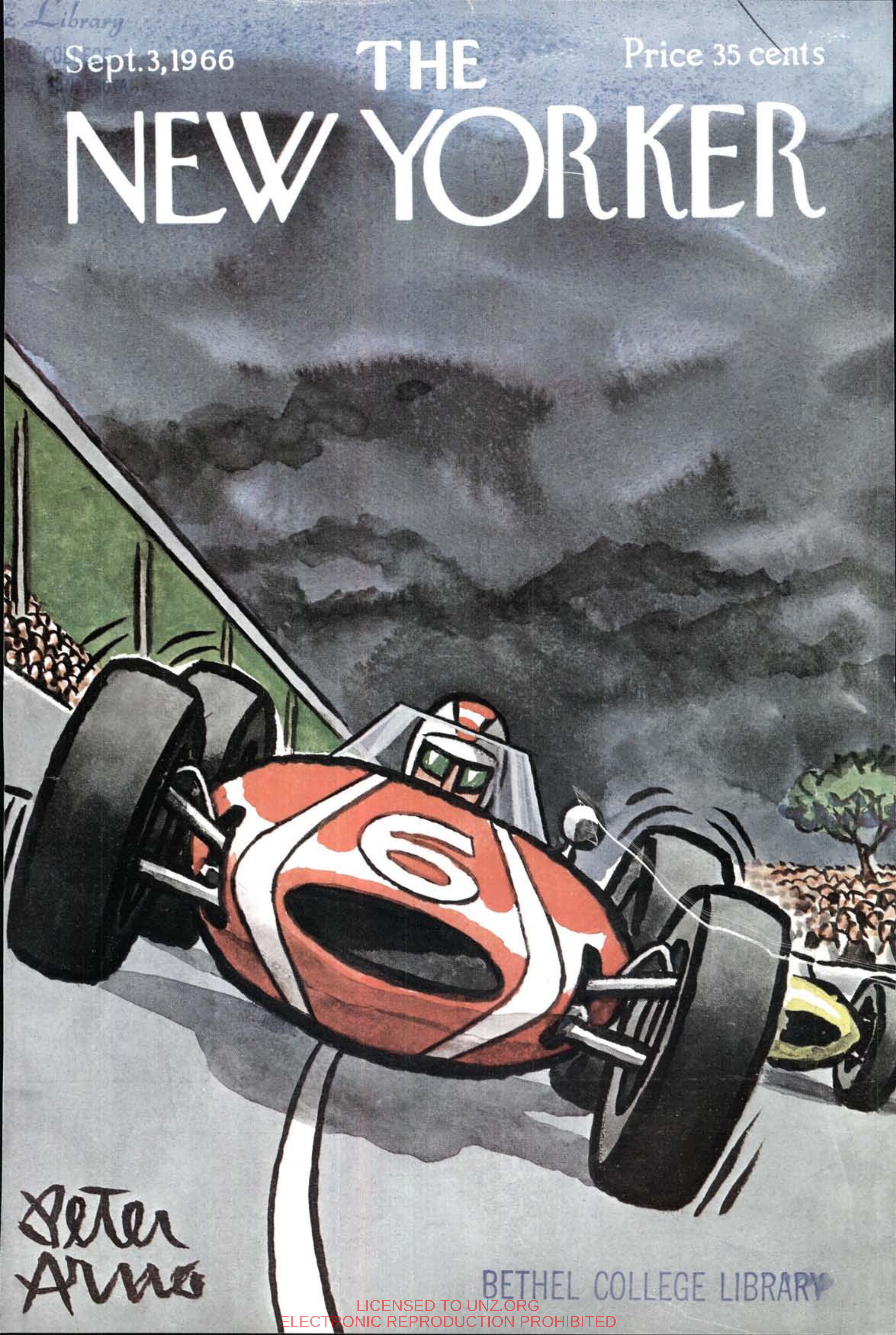
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Peter Arno

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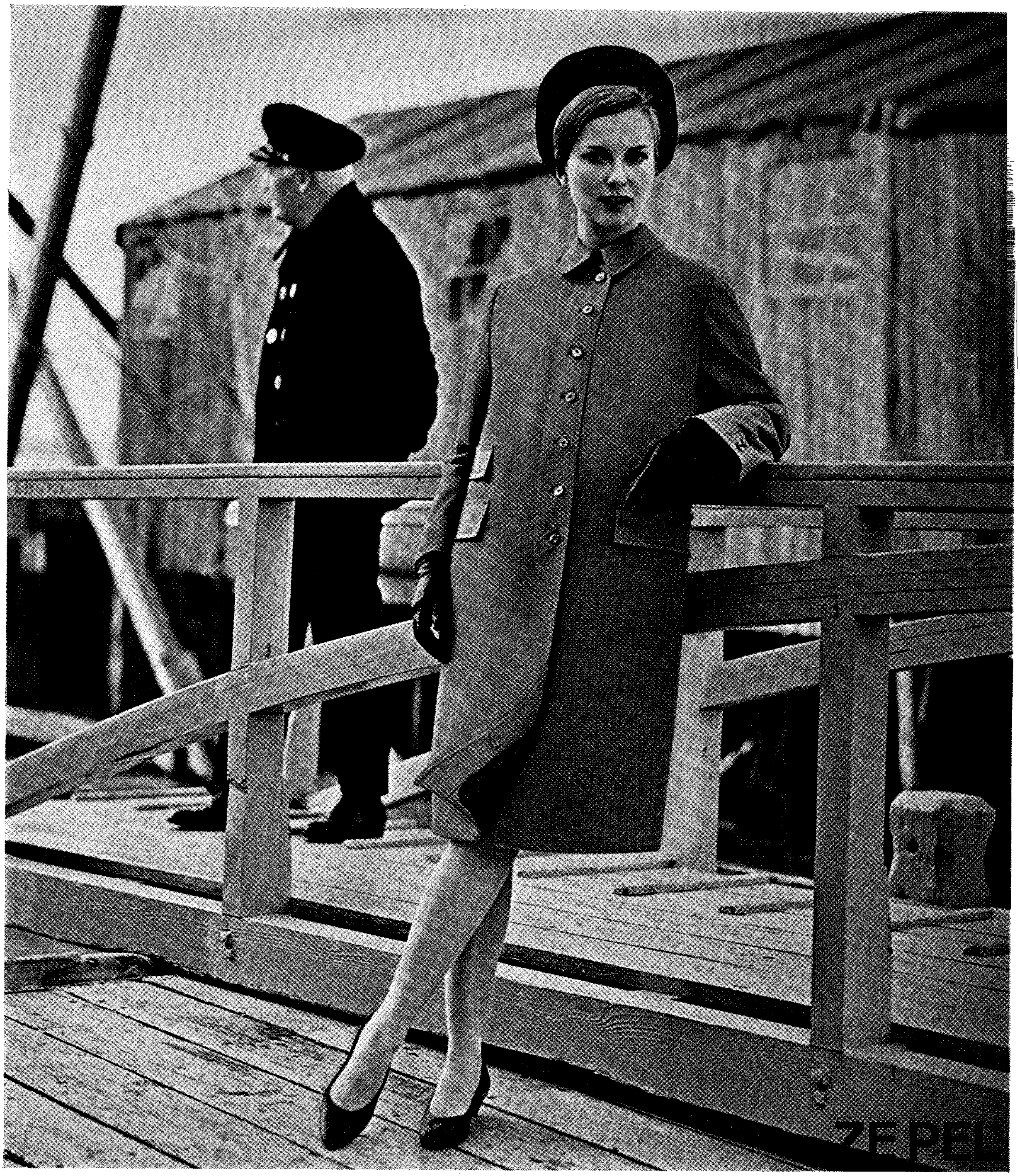

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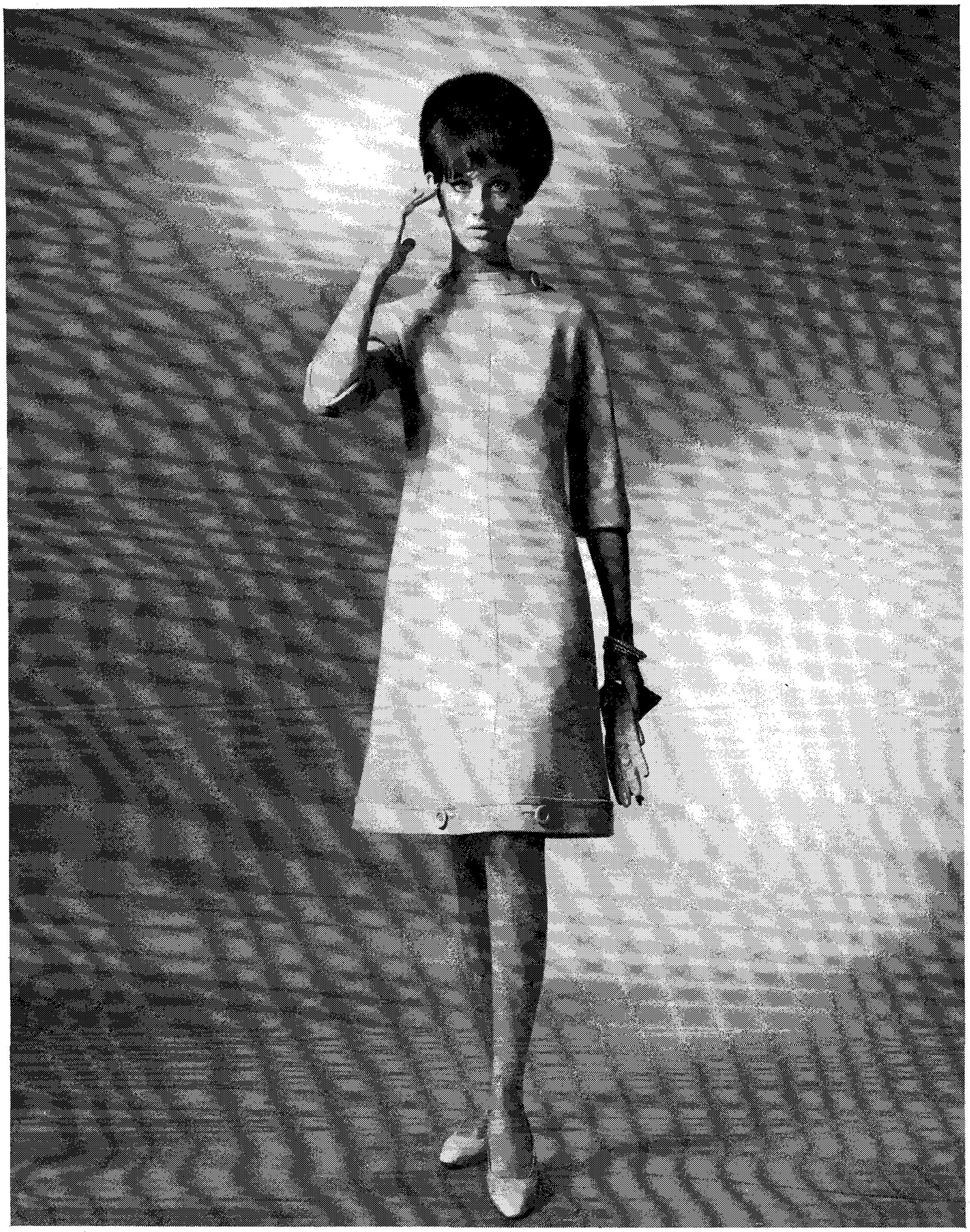
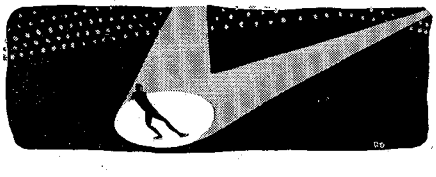


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 5. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans....¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—In this drama by Frederick Knott, three badmen make life miserable for a blind girl because there's a doll full of heroin in her Greenwich Village apartment, but the dénouement of the business is a long time coming. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Sam Levene has replaced Alan King in the role of a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:40.)... **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder as three lively, and rather muddled, neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mame—A high, wide, and handsome musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is fetching as the lady in question, and her supporting cast is admirable. The book, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, has its funny moments, and the music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are quite spirited. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor, but Bob Fosse's choreography and direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is first-rate. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and bracing and has a buoyant cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Mme. Blavatsky. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**JOFFREY BALLET:** The opening performances of a three-week season that will run through Sunday, Sept. 25. Tuesday, Sept. 6, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Sea Shadow," "Opus 65," and "Olympics."... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 8:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Nightwings" (première), "Pas des Déesses," and "Opus 65."... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 8, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Cakewalk" (company première), "Sea Shadow," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Friday, Sept. 9, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Moncayo I" (company première), "Pas des Déesses," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 10, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Sea Shadow," "Opus 6 and "Moncayo I."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1 at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesse "Nightwings," and "Viva Vivaldi!" (Ci Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival **SHOW BOAT,** with Barbara Cook, Constan Towers, Stephen Douglass, David Way and William Warfield, is the second of t musicals by the company. (New York Sta Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nigh ly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:3 Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:3 Closes Saturday, Sept. 10.)

American Savoyards—The final performanc of a season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thur day and Friday, Sept. 1-2, at 8:30: **H.M PINAFORE** and **TRIAL BY JURY.**... ¶ Saturda Sept. 3, at 3 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO.**... ¶ Su day, Sept. 4, at 3 and 7:30: **PRINCESS I** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th LE 5-6310.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next do will be chiefly of interest to those with large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Stre Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, a Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 a 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair comical one-act plays by Douglas Turn Ward that are rich in authentic Americ Negro dialect and humor. They are pe formed enthusiastically by a fine compa headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Mark Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks P OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, an Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 an 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is th pivotal event of this good play by Willia Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn 1890. The candidates are the tough old i cumbent and a much younger saloonkeep with a disreputable secret or two in his pas The results are tragic, but there is plenty c comedy along the way. (East 74th Stre Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tue days through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matiné Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen c a large restaurant, as set forth by the Englis dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple c somewhat stronger performances in the lea ing roles, it might have seemed a powerfu play as well as the fascinating documenta it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skil ful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broad way at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays throug Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the mai ingredient of this musical revue, which boast a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingra tiating young performers. The piece ha music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 15 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays throug Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Friday and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb i the dual role of Don Quixote and his creato in this musical by Dale Wasserman. Th music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as i the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play a a whole is spotty, and the choreography, b Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routine (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W 4th St., between Washington Square an Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Sat urdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736 4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40 Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays and Labor Day at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 special matinée Labor Day.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthu

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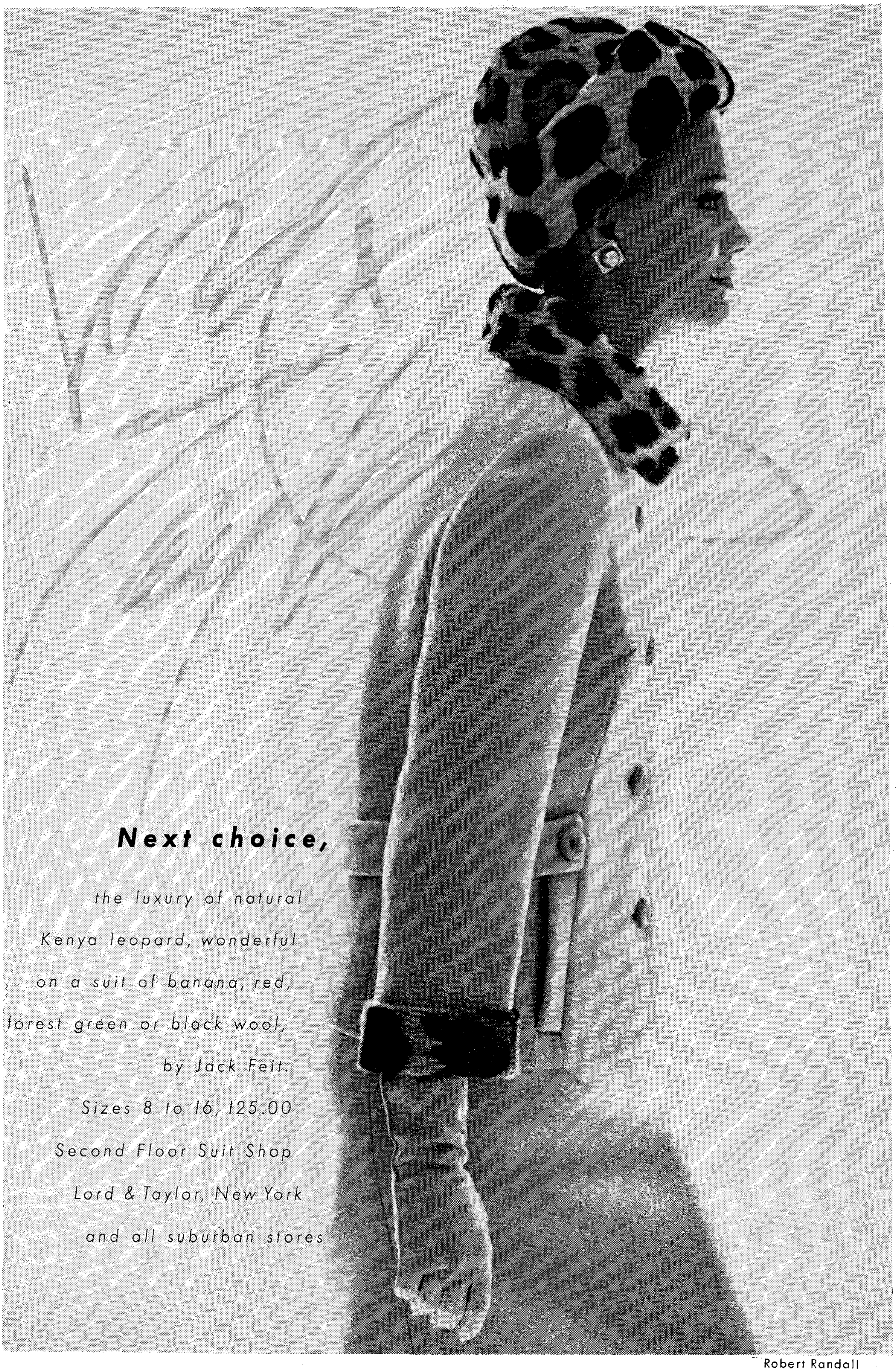

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The last seven in a series of free performances. Thursday, Sept. 1: The HARYOU Dancers, Carmen de Lavallade, Glen Tetley and Lotte Goslar and their companies, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 2: Al Huang, Suzanne Pierce, Carmen de Lavallade, Glen Tetley and his company, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 3: Al Huang, Suzanne Pierce, Glen Tetley and his company, the Reyes/Soler Ballet Español from Madrid, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4: Carmen de Lavallade, Patricia McBride, Edward Villella, Glen Tetley and Lotte Goslar and their companies, and others. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 5: The HARYOU Dancers, Nala Najan, the Reyes/Soler Ballet Español, Lotte Goslar and her company, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 6: Nala Najan, the Reyes/Soler Ballet Español, Glen Tetley and his company, and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 7: Carmen de Lavallade, the Reyes/Soler Ballet Español, Lotte Goslar and her company, and others. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Petra Burka. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30; special matinée Labor Day at 1:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 18.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A musical, **MARDI GRAS!**, based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Ralph Purdum, Fran Stevens, Joel Grey, Louis Armstrong and his band, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 4. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ray Anthony, his band, and his collection of cutups are doing a vaudeville act in the Royal Box that everybody thought had received a decent (and deserved) burial thirty years ago. They make their final dinner and supper appearances on Saturday, Sept. 3. On Thursday, Sept. 8, the place reopens to welcome Rosemary Clooney, whose platform manner is cajoling, carolling, and contenting. The Lee Evans orchestra, all silk and a yard wide, will remain at its post. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The Little Club rides again, in its candy-striped livery, within the portals of the Barberry, and so does its dance music. Horace Diaz runs the band, which operates Mondays through Fridays from nine to two, and Saturdays from nine to three. No tunes on Sundays, though, or on Labor Day.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Cliff Hall's band, once one of the most noticeable moons over Miami, now disports itself in the restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight to a reasonably late closing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun and games for the occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week. Franco Pagani, Florentine song and guitar at hand, is there, too, but not on Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, there are songs (well, all right) and foolery (well, no) by Tony Sandler, a deft import from Europe, and by Ralph Young, who would do better as a silent partner. They do a dinner show plus (Friday and Saturday) a supper show. The establishment shuts down on Saturday, Sept. 3, but reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 7, to house Jane Morgan and her songs. She'll be on location at ten that evening, and at dinner and supper from there on in. Mark Monte's band will stay on, but Milt Shaw's band will give way to Burt Farber's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight every night but Sunday, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. An emotional violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The duo does another turn, from seven to nine Sundays through Thursdays, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

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Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—Every night but Sunday, there is dancing on a mythical green around a mythical maypole beside a very real waterfall. The music flows from nine to one, and the English Grill stays open late for anyone who needs nourishment.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Floating power, just the ticket for a riverboat, is now distributed by the orchestra of Art Mooney, legendary figure. On Wednesday, Sept. 7, the Glenn Miller orchestra and all those orchestrations, plus some new ones by Buddy De Franco, its player-manager, will assume the task. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—After Saturday, Sept. 3, everyone (including George Cort's busy-bee orchestra and Quintero's fervid Latins) comes around and down the mountain to await the close-at-hand reopening of the Maisonette, because it's time to close up the comfortable old summer camp.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Ah, wilderness! That is, as much of it as the Park affords. It is viewed from a leafy bower outside the castle walls, and the music is produced by Phil Wayne's band and a conglomeration of Latin musicians, who chortle from eight to one every night. Everybody into the castle if it rains.

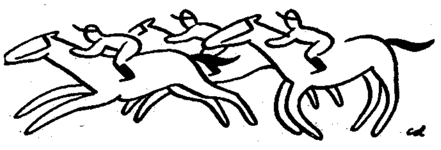
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock Alley has the benefit of Ray Hartley's piano, a veritable mine of information, from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays. A trio plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from eight to one.

Note—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Community spirits on the upbeat (not as far up as the Twist, however, for that is *off* the beat here) in a town square ample enough for the whole human race. Seven-thirty until one is the scheme for the two ceaseless bands, except on Sundays, which begin at three-thirty, and on Labor Day, which begins at two-thirty.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

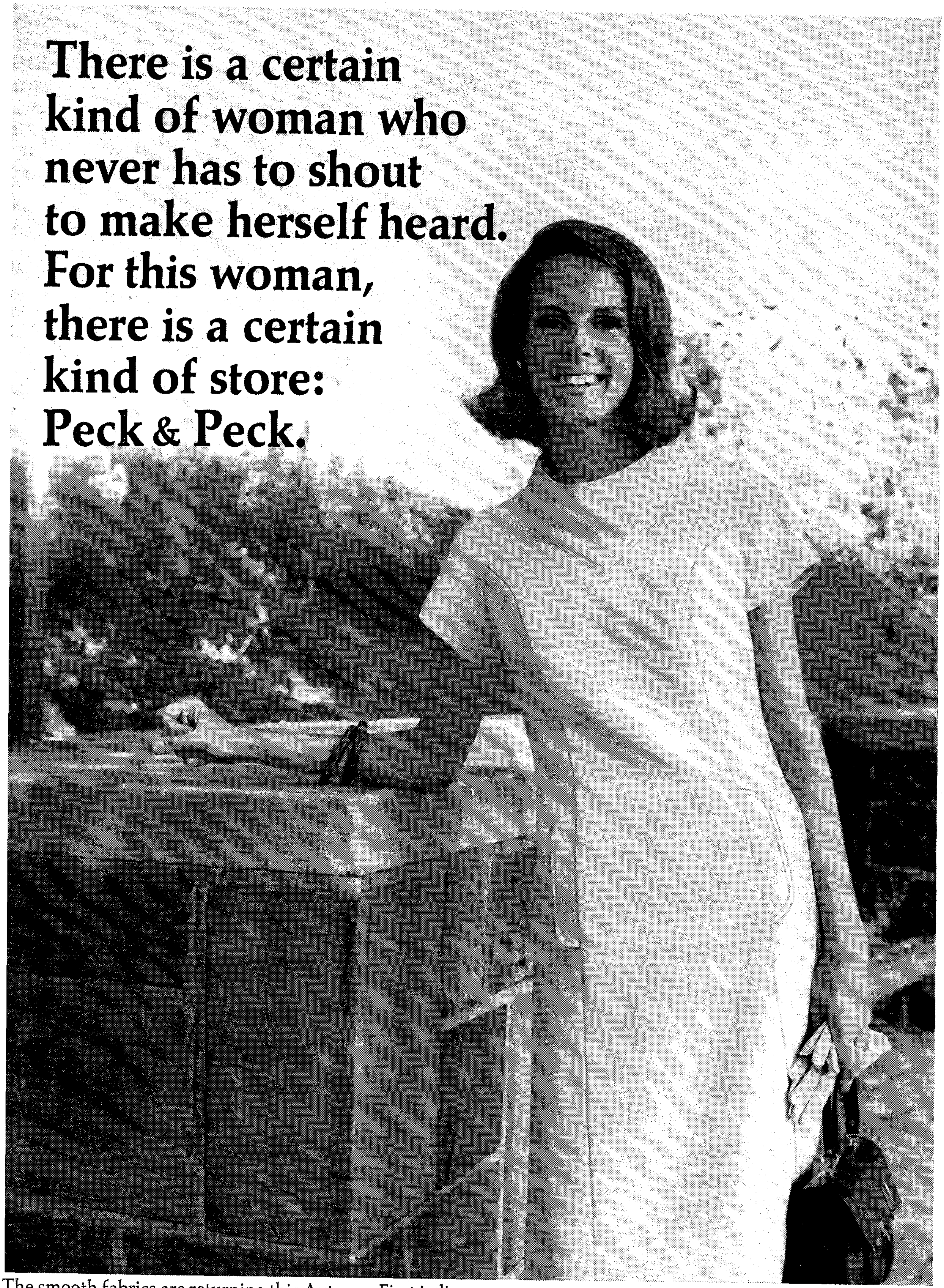
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Chatter Box would be as good a name for this shop, since the conversation pieces are forty words to the dozen. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends in the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do up-and-at-'em double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Vacation time this summer is Friday through Monday, Sept. 2-5. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Little



Italian girls believe that they should be hea
as well as seen, so a soprano of the tribe
sure to bob up during the evening. Thursda
through Saturdays, there is also at-your-l
sure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **W**
VERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776
Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses a
sometimes sung by everyone on the premis
gets rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar
the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music
Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Seco
Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisi
is apt to go native, especially when it
spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the hom
made ditties of Lord Superior or a faultle
facsimile of him. The music happens fro
nine to one at the start of the week and fro
eight until two Thursdays through Saturda
Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **CHUC**
COMPOSITE, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): T
merriest toilers among the electronic pe
forming arts get away from them all to t
enormously vibrant tunes of Cecil Young
new-thought threesome. Closed Sunday, Se
4, and Labor Day. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 10
Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923):
good deed in the naughty world of Seco
Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal pr
portions. Charles De Forest, whose late-nig
songs are collectors' items, has a piano and
bass player on his side. Closed Sunday, Se
4, and Labor Day. . . . **JANSSEN'S**, 430 Lexin
ton Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The voi
of Aldo Bruschi flourishes like the green b
tree as it wends its way through the Itali
book of words and music; his piano, oboe, a
concertina help along his brace of fellow-ca
ollers. All this takes place between Wedne
day and Saturday every week, and so do
dance music. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL
9773): Rehearsals for the singing waiter
singing busboys, singing sommeliers, an
singing cashiers are called for Wednesda
Sept. 7, when the new opera season co
mences. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Secon
Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): On Wedne
day, Sept. 7, Rita Dimitri should be resum
ing her amiable career of intoning wickedes
woman-in-Paris songs—all of them as harn
less as all wickedest-woman-in-etc. She wi
chant at nine-thirty Mondays through Thur
days, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays an
Saturdays; dance music will begin at eig
every night. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (R
4-9382): Wednesday, Sept. 7, is the reopen
ing night designated for this Hungaria
rhapsody—a rhapsody concocted of soprano
violins, zimbalon, and Béla Babai's band (th
last for dancing).

Note—The discothéque is a fact of life, and
it is to be learned at anybody's knee, let it b
one of these: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hote
Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A pio
neer settlement, but—frontier or not—op
lent in appointments as well as menu. Th
music, partly Western Union and partly liv
begins at seven-thirty and goes on unt
three or four. At nine-thirty and twelv
thirty, the civilians rest while a set of pro
(Johnny Meistro, the Crests, and whatal
take the floor to show how the Frug and th
rest should (or maybe should not) be don
Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th S
(688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguish
cast of young volunteers, is fancy free an
every man to himself, every girl to hersel
The St. Peter at the gate is not easily out
flanked. Music is created by a variety o
means, some of them quite human. Nine unt
four is the playing time; a fair number of din
ner dishes are in evidence. Closed Monday
. . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59t
St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could esca
from the knots the participants, mostly j.g., ti
themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principa
house dancer, is, though, an escapist far mor
expert than even Mr. H. The sound is
mingling of strange devices and real people-
the Walkers—who are there between Tues
day and Thursday each week. The food pro
vided by the management is mostly fo
thought. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNTOWN**,
Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Discothèqu
music is the mother of invention, and th
work of the house dancers is proof of th
pudding. Pudding is not on the menu, nor i
very much else. Come as you are, and com
young. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St
(752-0980): Beneath its jolly open-air side
walk café lies the heart of the matter—
small *palais de danse* whose *monde* is rathe
haut, whose music is commendably *bas*, whos
recording angel keeps switching tempos to


There is a certain
kind of woman who
never has to shout
to make herself heard.
For this woman,
there is a certain
kind of store:
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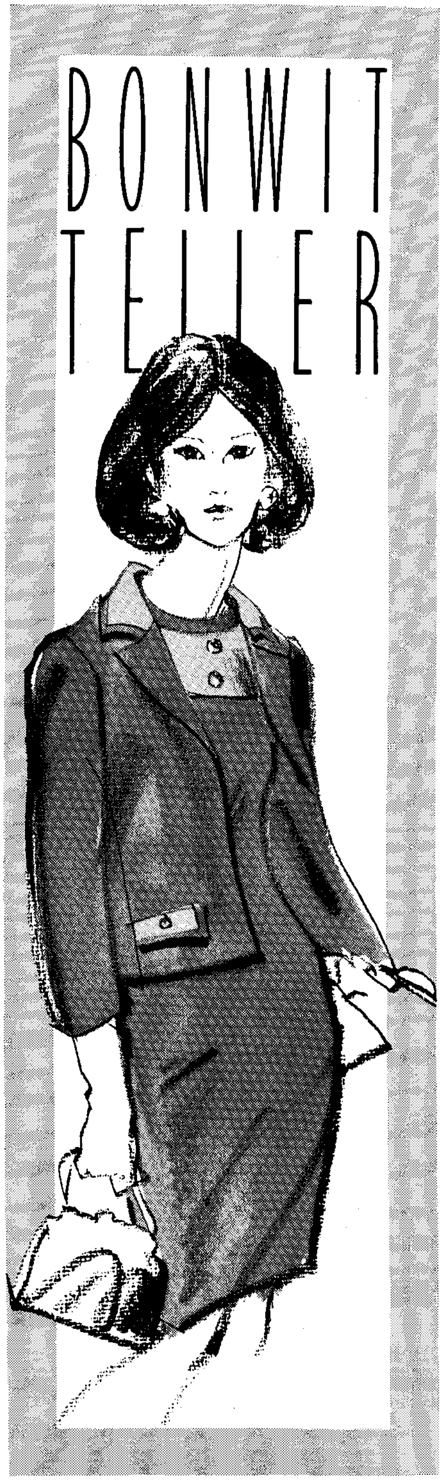

TWO BY TWO COSTUMING FOR MISS BONWIT

Great things come in twos this Fall! Here, Adele Martin's wool flannel costume in two brass-buttoned parts...the jacket quite classic, the dress rather shifty. Comes in two colors, of course: gray with camel. For 10 to 16 sizes, 60.00 complete Mail and phone orders filled.

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test the ingenuity of the boy and girl Mod-fashion plates who decorate the floor. Nine-thirty to three-thirty every night is the extent of the seemly furore.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano in this sumptuous greenroom, receives from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Sundays, instead, there is piano by Forrest Perrin, his able acolyte.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The King must have been kidding when he put up this grandiose architectural folly, *which is laced with the thine-is-my-*heart-alone violin of Norbert Faconi every evening but Sunday.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians, a worldly lot, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday and Labor Day.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, Kurt Maier plies a piano with all sorts of goodies, most of them Viennese. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, are helped along by Tony Gorody, whose piano is audible from midevening until after the theatre. His closing night is Friday, Sept. 9. Next evening, Ralph Strain inherits the keyboard. No music Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The game that was called last month at the end of eighteen innings (Harvard 12, Princeton 12) will be resumed on Thursday, Sept. 8. Karl Inwald (softly, softly!) will be on piano. His hours run from eight-thirty until around two.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *Il ritorno a Roma* takes place on Wednesday, Sept. 7. The parade down the Via Veneto will be led by the customary crew of travelling European violinists.... **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): On Tuesday, Sept. 6, Conrad Monjoy once more reports to staff the corner piano in this particular grazing ground of the Westbury Hotel.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Enzo Stuarti leaves no stops unpulled when he embarks on his carry-me-back-to-old-Sorrento arias; Ray Hastings offers up jokes out of a bakery to which only he has the key; Bill Selby, a fine new song-and-prance man, leads the Copa ballerinas into an amusing approximation of action. On Thursday, Sept. 8, another deal—Joe E. Lewis, reading aloud excerpts from one of the world's most staggering autobiographies. Mr. Selby will stay on. Dancing.... ¶ In the lively lounge, jingle-jangle (the Five Bells, from Canada) sets in on the podium at ten, and it's not turned off until four or so.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Our balance of trade has been disturbed by the importation of several drafts of Oriental young ladies, all in such a hurry to get here that they left most of their clothes back home. The Keigo Imperial Japanese Dancers, also included in the helter-skelter extravaganza, are more stately. Twice a night is the general rule. Dancing.... **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Seeing is simply not believing. What the little ones who live in this hanging garden of Babylon are up to is a costume ball the like of which, etc. Two *in-extremis* bands ring out the old in everyone; curfew never rings out until four. No dining.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): A motley and a goodly crew has been mustered to attend the reopening of this enterprise, presumably on Thursday, Sept. 8—Mel Tormé, a troubadour with great sleight-of-voice; Woody Herman's determined band; John Byner, a wit who has been known to venture off the broad thoroughfares.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The English language at its wiliest—every word full of meaning, double meaning, double-dealing. It is spoken and sung crisply and articulately by masters of the ancient and honorable art of persiflage—the American mock-tragedian Alice Ghostley, the Cantabrigian Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra. They are flanked by the supernal pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements. The architect of this slyness is Julius Monk, who wanders through it as *conférencier*, moderator, and interlude pianist. Nine-thirty and onward. Saturday, Sept. 3, is the last go before a fortnight's holiday. ... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Up Dasher, up Prancer, and all the rest of Los Chavales de España, an army that *would rather frolic than fight* any day or any night. This just about all-male music festival occurs at dinner and supper through the week, and at ten Sunday evenings; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond.... ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The editorial page put out by the young people—Richard Blair, Lily Tomlin, Madeline Kahn, and Robert Rovin—who work here makes its many points with both verve and humor. Except on Sunday, the small revue is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Sept. 6, it ascends to **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** same address, same stairs. That evening, too, Joan Rivers, damsel in acute distress, returns **DOWNSTAIRS** to discuss her latest symptoms and syndromes. Her night off is also Sunday.... **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors-d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual amusement.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Ornette Coleman's garden is not as avant as it used to be, and there are those who now claim they get his message. He and his trio will be replaced, on Tuesday, Sept. 6, by the quartet of Thelonious Monk, the well-known Trappist obscurantist. Every Monday is allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion, above a grotto. In the pavilion, which takes Mondays off, there are late-evening sessions by Dave Pike and other sharp-edged musicians, and Sunday afternoons (five to nine) the Jazz Interactions play restless coffee-and-cakes music.... ¶ The grotto affords the fivesome of Dizzy Gillespie, whose commentaries (vocal and instrumental) on music are among the best; Carmen McRae, who leads her ballads along convoluted byways; and Horace Silver's quintet, which, deploring almost everything, does not suffer in silence. They all finish up on Labor Day. Thenceforward, for the time being, Herbie Mann's Caribbean fife-and-drum corps, as well as the wits of David Frye, will be at work. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 6-8, the prodigious linebacker will be the Jazz Workshop of Charles Mingus; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, the prodigious l.b. will be Miriam Makeba, empress queen of folk music.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): An *alkohol-frei* enterprise in which folk music gets its due and/or comeuppance. Josh White, a founding father, pays its due; Jake Holmes spoofs it. In the background is the Un-called-For 3, which engages in mugging of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the traditional (not Central Park) sort. On Wednesday, Sept. 7, the ripping and roaring and rollicking Serendipity Singers should be replacing Mr. White. Tuesdays, when the regulars lay off, are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): At a deer crossing in the thickly forested downtown warehouse enclave, Zoot Sims' quartet is in its permanent state of good humor, and Anita O'Day is doing one of her rare and welcome song recitals. On Tuesday, Sept. 6, she will be succeeded by Chris Connor. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): A sudden change of plan has deposited stalwart Milt Jackson and his quintet here. They'll be around through Monday, Sept. 5. Next evening, a fivesome run by Ed Harris is expected to take over. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The gates start swinging again on Wednesday, Sept. 7. Mr. Condon plans to sit in with such cronies as Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Bob Wilber, and Cliff Leeman. The music, invented by our forefathers, is designed for dancing as well as for perusing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio has just returned to its perch inside the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Vin Roddie sits in at the keyboard; Eddie Thompson replaces him on Tuesday, Sept. 6. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, and Tony Parenti. On Monday, Sept. 5, Marshall Brown will be added to the cast. Closed Sundays. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Young man, go south, and young woman, go likewise, to where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Nine until two or three all week is the curriculum. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): A woodshed in the very heart of a new young people's nighttown, and thoroughly melting-pot. A new confederation, involving Don Cherry, a former Ornette Coleman tail gunner, is the current catalyst; a quintet headed by Clifford Jordan is scheduled to take over on Tuesday, Sept. 6.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and sculptures by Paul Cadmus, Robert Vickrey, and Nathan Hale (to mention a few); through Friday, Sept. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Robert Motherwell, David Smith, Francis Bacon, and others; through Friday, Sept. 9. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Labor Day.)

CHINESE; GROUP SHOW—"The New Chinese Landscape," an exhibition of twenty-nine paintings and thirty scrolls by six artists from Taipei; through Sept. 17. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Labor Day.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon to sundown, starting Friday, Sept. 2, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 18.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures on loan from private New York collectors, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the nineteen-sixties and ranging in practitioner from Corot to Picasso and Marino Marini; through Monday, Sept. 5. . . . ¶ "Americans on the Go," a series of Currier and Ives lithographs from the collection of Miss A. S. Colgate, recording our early methods of transportation and sport, and even 1869 "Fashionable Turn-Outs in Central Park." (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An excellent arrangement of the paintings of Henri Matisse from 1897 to 1953, which, though the majority date to his early years as an artist, is yet revealing of his maturing competence in design and color; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of Reuben Nakian—large abstract sculptures, some of painted steel and some of plaster (the most ponderous of the latter being "The Judgment of Paris" group), along with smalle bronzes and terra cottas and drawings relating to them, mainly of a mythological nature; through Monday, Sept. 5. (Weekdays 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10 Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23 (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum is scheduled to open at this new address on Sept. 28.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 21 (Mondays through Fridays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Oct. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works, plus a small loan exhibit of objects typical of the reign of Ramses II, who built the Abu Simbel Temples; through Sept. 11 . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, including a number of Old and New Testaments, and watercolors and illuminated books by William Blake; through Oct. 29. (Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 and 22 W. 54th St.—"The World of Primitive Art," an exhibition of sculptures, paintings, jewelry, textiles, and ceramics from Africa, the Pacific islands, the Americas, and prehistoric Asia and Europe; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

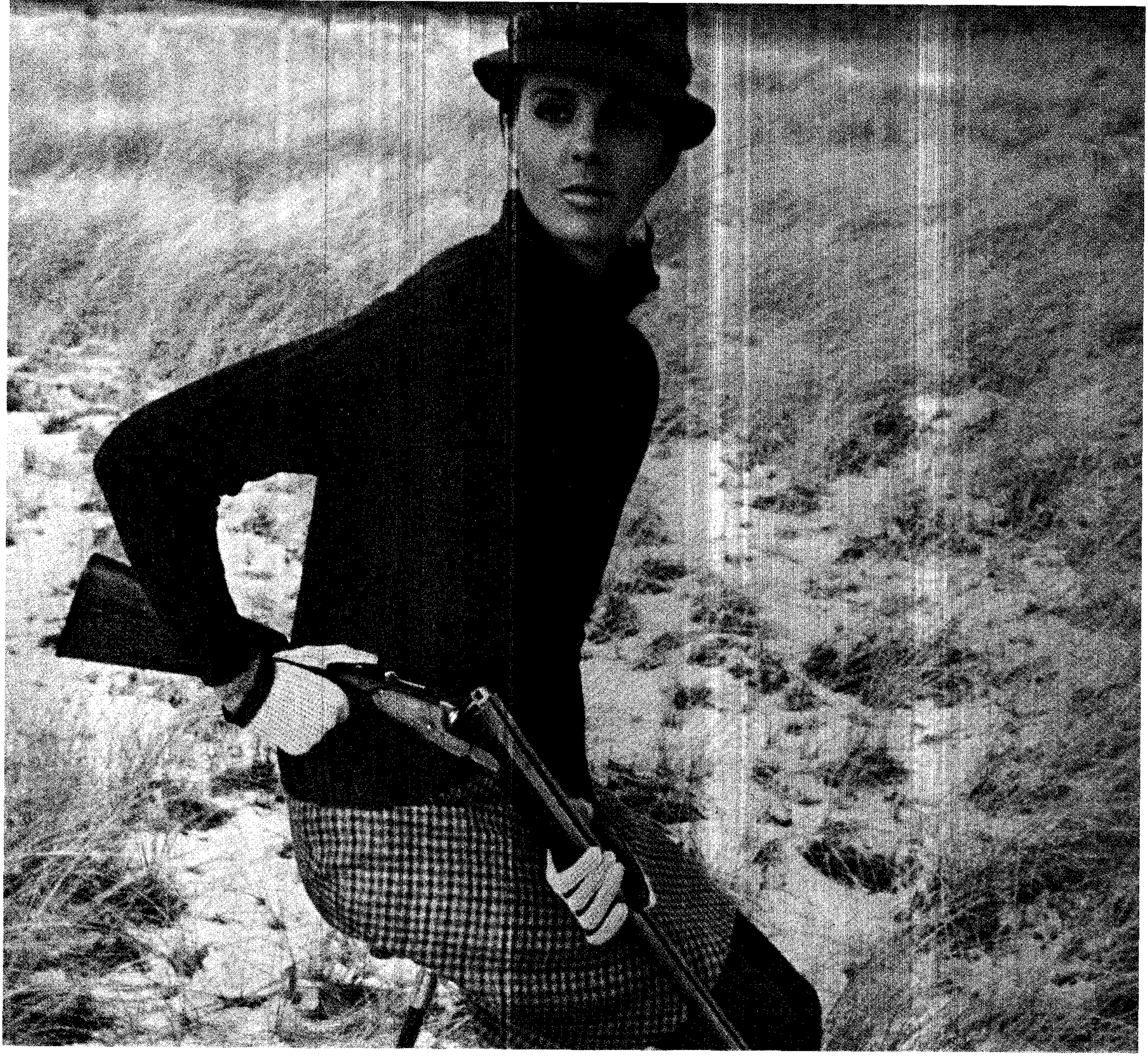
UTAH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Maurice Abravanel conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here. With Grant Johannesen, piano (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Sept. 9, at 8:30.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Emerson Buckley conducting the Naumburg Orchestra in a performance of Rossini's "The Italian Girl in Algiers," in concert form and in English, with Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; Herbert Beattie, bass; and others. (Monday, Sept. 5, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Operas in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, Sept 1: "Andrea Chénier.". . . Tuesday, Sept. 6 "Otello.". . . Thursday, Sept. 8: "Aïda." (Evenings at 8.). . . **WOLLMAN RINK:** The final concerts in a series sponsored by the Rheingold people. Folk music on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 4, at 6:30; jazz on Monday, Sept. 5, at 8:30. (For information about tickets, call 249-7750.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Booker Ervin's quartet. The final concert in this summer's Museum of Modern Art series. (11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Sept. 1, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. San Francisco, Thursday, Sept. 1, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday and Saturday, Sept 2-3, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 4, at 2. . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Monday, Sept. 5, at 1 (doubleheader), and Tuesday, Sept. 6, at



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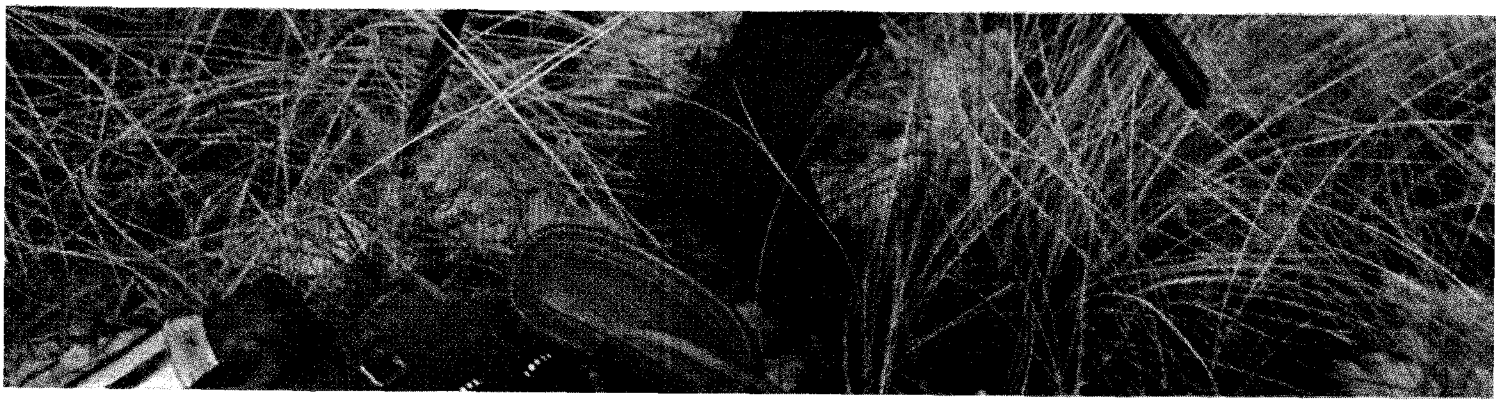

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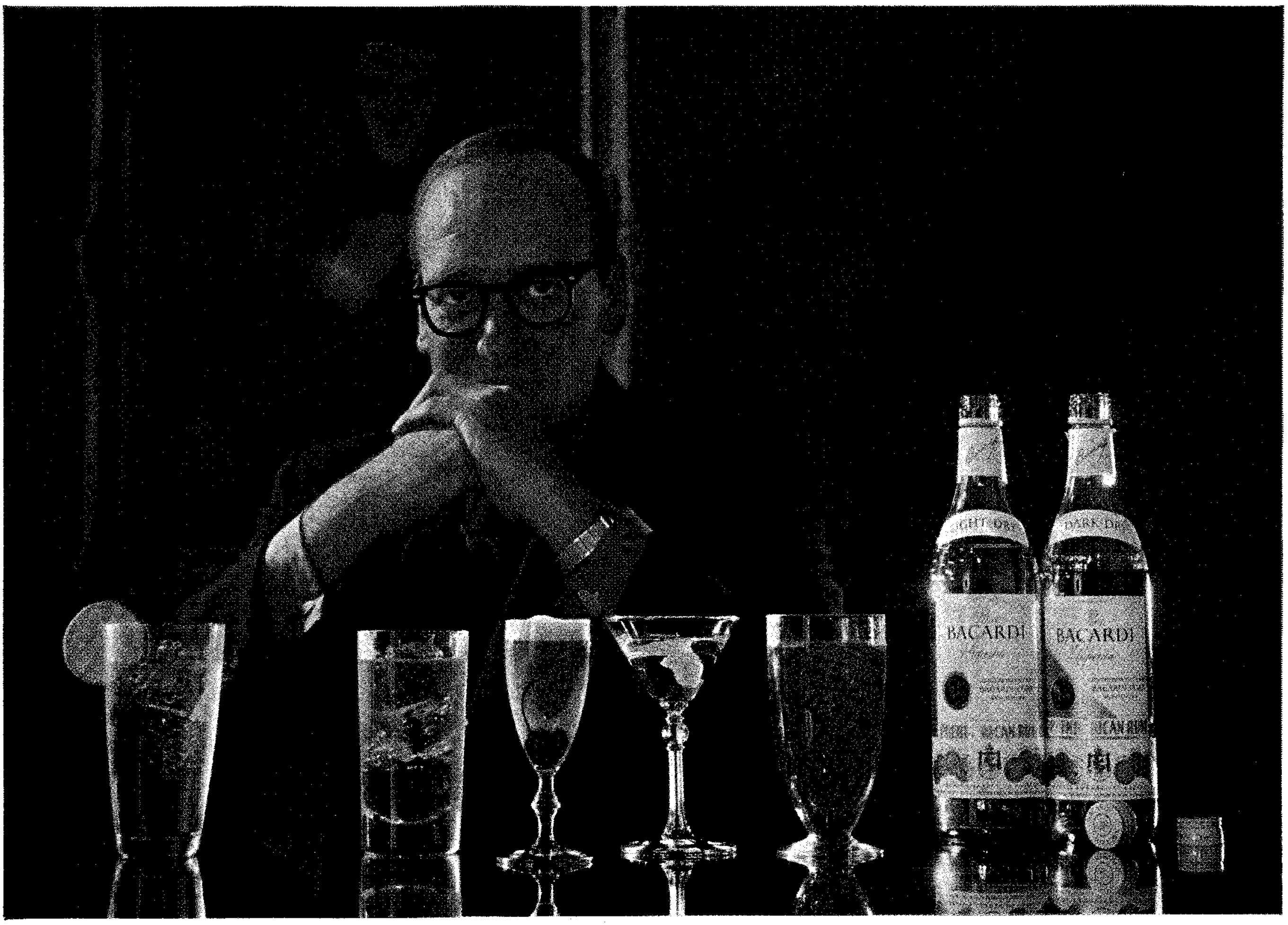

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, at 8.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Merion Golf Club, Merion, Pa. Through Saturday, Sept. 3.)

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 3-5.). . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 8-11.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 10.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 3; the Aqueduct, Monday, Sept. 5; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 10. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 11. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Sept. 4, at 2, and Monday, Sept. 5, at noon.

Tennis—National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. BO 8-2300. Thursday, Sept. 1, through Sunday, Sept. 11.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Sept. 11, Sept. 27-28, Sept. 30, and Oct. 1-2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Sept. 13-18, Sept. 20, and Sept. 23-25. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Oct. 5, if there are no tie playoffs, in the home park of the National League champion.

Dog Shows—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 11.). . . ¶ Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Oct. 2.). . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 8.)

College Football—Some early games of the season—SATURDAY, SEPT. 17: Army vs. Kansas State, at West Point; and Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 24: Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point; Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 1: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point; Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Fordham vs. Iona, at Fordham; and Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 8: Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover; Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.

Professional Football—At SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Houston Oilers, Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Jets vs. San Diego Chargers, Oct. 8. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Oct. 2.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Mountain Ridge Country Club, West Caldwell, N.J. Sept. 20-22.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Professional Golfer's Association Stroke Championship. (Century Country Club, Purchase. Oct. 4-6.)

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Lo-

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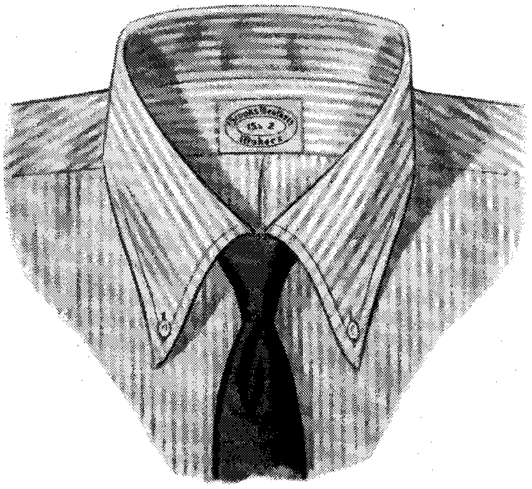

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cust Valley. Sept. 15-18.) . . . ¶ Chester County Horse Show. (Malvern, Pa. Sept. 24.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 17.) . . . ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 5 and 8.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 15.)

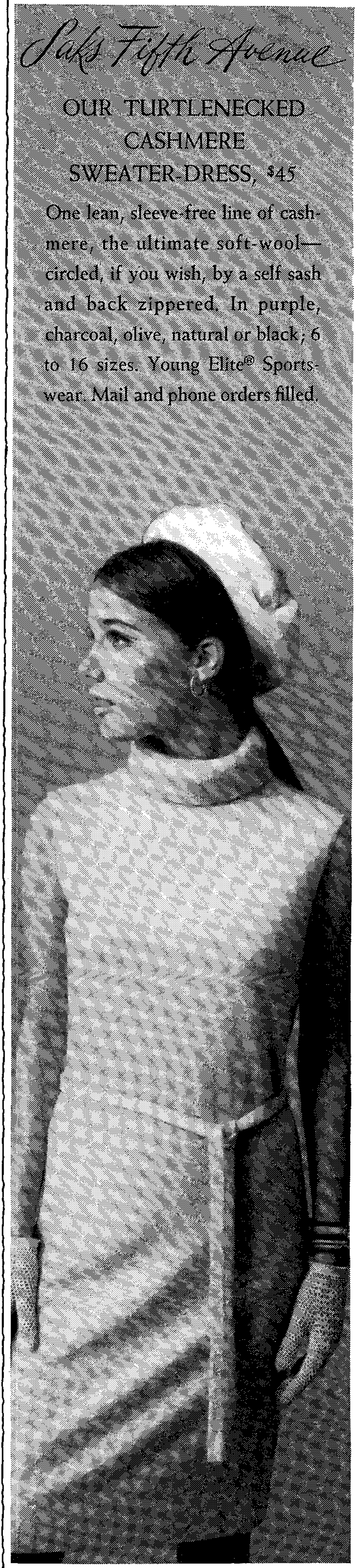
Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Oct. 3-29. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 12-Nov. 12.

Sports-Car Racing—At BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: Sept. 17-18. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Sept. 24 and Oct. 15. . . . WATKINS GLEN: Oct. 2. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 9.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season will open at the new opera house in Lincoln Center on Sept. 16, with the première of Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra." . . . NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): Everybody's doing it. The season *here* will open on Sept. 27, with the local première of Handel's "Julius Caesar." . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Sept. 28 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Sept. 29 (first concert of the regular season). . . . ¶ New York Pro Musica, Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 11. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Esterhazy Orchestra Telemann Festival, Sept. 13, 16, and 17. . . . ¶ Jascha Heifetz, violin, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, Sept. 25; Mr. Heifetz, Oct. 2, and Mr. Piatigorsky, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, and Pina Carmirelli, violin, Sept. 28 and Oct. 5 and 13. . . . ¶ Obernkirchen Children's Choir, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 11. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Vivian Rivkin, piano, Oct. 2 and 9. . . . ¶ Lili Kraus, piano, Oct. 4. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (PL 7-8870): The regimental band, pipes, drums, and bugles of the Royal Highland Fusiliers, Sept. 22-25.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A ten-week return engagement of Irving Berlin's "Annie Get Your Gun," starring Ethel Merman. . . . ¶ Edward Albee's new play, "A Delicate Balance," with Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Rosemary Murphy. . . . ¶ A revival of George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber's "Dinner at Eight;" the cast includes Robert Burr, Mindy Carson, Ruth Ford, Arlene Francis, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Darren McGavin, Walter Pidgeon, Pamela Tiffin, and Blanche Yurka. . . . ¶ "Help Stamp Out Marriage!," a London comedy ("Say Who You Are") by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, with a cast of four—Roddy Maude-Roxby, Ann Bell, Francis Matthews, and Valerie French. . . . ¶ Three revivals by the City Center Drama Company, the first being Clifford Odets's "The Country Girl," with Jennifer Jones and Rip Torn. . . . ¶ A comedy, "The Coffee Lover," by Stefan Kanfer and Jess Korman, in which Alexis Smith and Gabriel Dell will appear. . . . ¶ An adaptation by Ulu Grosbard and Jon Swan of Peter Weiss's play "The Investigation;" Vivian Nathan and Tom Pedi head the cast. . . . ¶ A comedy imported from London, "The Killing of Sister George," by Frank Marcus. Beryl Reid, Eileen Atkins, Lally Bowers, and Polly Rowles make up the cast. . . . ¶ "The Loves of Cass McGuire," a play by Brian Friel, with Ruth Gordon and Dennis King in the leading roles. . . . ¶ The first production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center will be Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist," with Michael O'Sullivan, Aline MacMahon, Robert Symonds, George Voskovec, and Philip Bosco.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Thursday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ New York Film Festival, at Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 12-22. . . . ¶ The twenty-first session of the United Nations General Assembly will convene here on Sept. 20. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Friday, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 8 elections, Oct. 4, 8, and 10. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 10-15. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Wednesday, Oct. 12.



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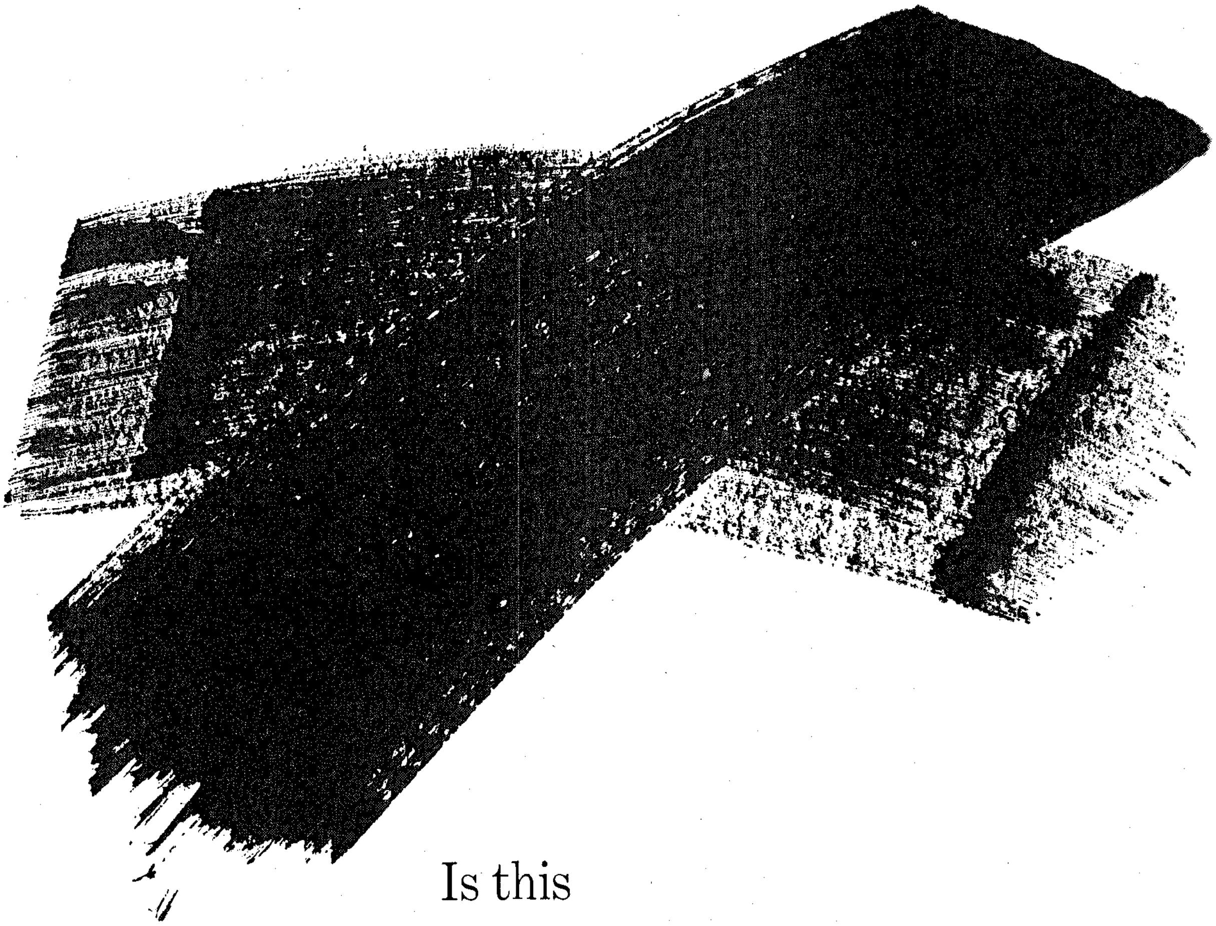

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

DEAR JOHN—A boldly written, boldly photographed account of a three-day love affair. With Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin, and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE ENDLESS SUMMER—California surfers take their boards to Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Tahiti. Out of sight. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A FINE MADNESS—Sean Connery plays a misunderstood poet whose brain is immune to corrective surgery. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Sept. 6.)

KHARTOUM—Interesting failure to portray mysterious British soldier in Africa. Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier in Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

MORGAN!—A slam-bang comic attack on the status quo. A brilliant English movie, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, and Robert Stephens. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

MY FAIR LADY—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring two extraordinarily fine actors—Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 7.)

THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective who tries to stop the massacre. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 7.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 7.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—A fine movie of that hard night's night. Mike Nichols, as director, and the cast, who need not be named here, do Edward Albee proud. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

THE WRONG BOX—Farce, in color, about murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family whose other members include Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Peter Sellers as a doctor, Wilfrid Lawson as a butler. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—A Vittorio De Sica film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 4-6.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

THE DEFIANT ONES (1958)—Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis as a pair of fugitives from a chain gang in flight from a posse. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 1.)

DIABOLIQUE (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Sept. 1, at 6.)

DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST (1954)—A film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 6.)

DUCK SOUP (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 2.)

EL (1955)—A variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 6.)

GIGI (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.... ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 4.)

HELP! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.... ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 5.)

HORSEFEATHERS (1932)—The Marx Brothers again, this time in an academic setting. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Sept. 2-6.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—A study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 6.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 6.)

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE (1935)—W. C. Fields concerned with domestic life. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Sept. 2-6.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 4.)

THE QUIET ONE (1949)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

SECRETS OF WOMEN (1961)—A comic study of the horrors and rewards of married life, written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 1.)

SHANE (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Sept. 1.)

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD (1965)—Richard Burton as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also with Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 4-6.)

TWO DAUGHTERS (1963)—Sufferings of youth and age, as experienced in the steamy back country of Mother India. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 6.)

VIRIDIANA (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 3.)

VOLPONE (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a treatment of the Jonson comedy. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 6.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)—James Cagney hoofing and singing his way through the life of George M. Cohan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 5.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Sept. 2: "Duck Soup" (1933), with the Marx Brothers.... ¶ Sept. 3-4: "Roman Scandals" (1933), with Eddie Cantor.... ¶ Sept. 5-6: "David Harum" (1934), with Will Rogers.... ¶ Sept. 7: "The Battle of Britain" (1943), "Bilddokumente" (1935), and "The Battle of Midway" (1942). (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.)... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through Sept. 2: "The Merry Widow" (1951), with Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas.... ¶ Sept. 3-5: "The Great Caruso" (1950), with Mario Lanza and Dorothy Kirsten.... ¶ Sept. 6-7: "Small Town Girl" (1952), with Jane Powell and Farley Granger. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays and Labor Day at 2 and 4.)... **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?," James Coburn, Dick Shawn.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Sept. 6: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.
From Sept. 7: "Fantastic Voyage," Stephen Boyd, Raquel Welch.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Butterfield 8," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
KHARTOUM.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MORGAN!

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!, revival; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 6: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters; and "Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron.
From Sept. 7: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?," James Coburn, Dick Shawn.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?," James Coburn, Dick Shawn.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Time Lost and Time Remembered," Sarah Miles.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Sept. 1 (last showing at 4:10): "Mademoiselle," Jeanne Moreau.
From Sept. 1 at 6: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE WRONG BOX.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Sept. 6: **THE LADY VANISHES**, revival; and **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival.
From Sept. 7: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
GIGI, revival.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 6: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
From Sept. 7 (tentative): "Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren; and "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen; and "Die, Monster, Die," revival, Boris Karloff, Nick Adams.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Sept. 5: "Testament of Orpheus" and "Beauty and the Beast" (both Jean Cocteau revivals, in French).
From Sept. 6: **EL** (in Spanish), revival; and **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Sept. 1: **SHANE**, revival; and "King Solomon's Mines," revival, Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger.
Sept. 2-6: **HORSEFEATHERS**, revival; and **THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE**, revival.
From Sept. 7: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 6: "Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren; and "A Very Special Favor," revival, Rock Hudson, Leslie Caron.
From Sept. 7: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers; and "Never Too Late," revival, Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 6: **A FINE MADNESS**; and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.
From Sept. 7: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 5: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
Sept. 6: "Because You're Mine," revival, Mario Lanza, Doretta Morrow; and "Naughty Marietta," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From Sept. 7: "Modesty Blaise," Monica Vitti, Terence Stamp.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 3: "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer; and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.
Sept. 4-6: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From Sept. 7: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French); and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Sept. 6: "This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.
From Sept. 7: "Fantastic Voyage," Stephen Boyd, Raquel Welch.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"La Visita" (in Italian), Sandra Milo, Françoise Périer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"It Happened Here," Pauline Murray, Sebastian Shaw.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Love and Marriage" (in Italian), Sylva Koscina.

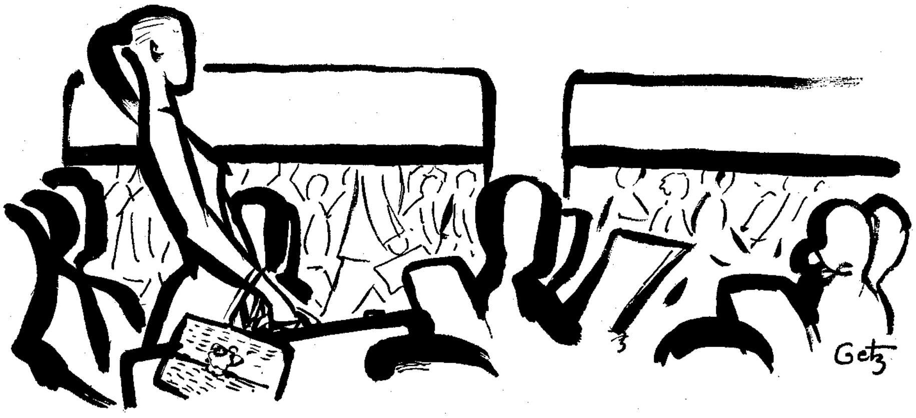
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

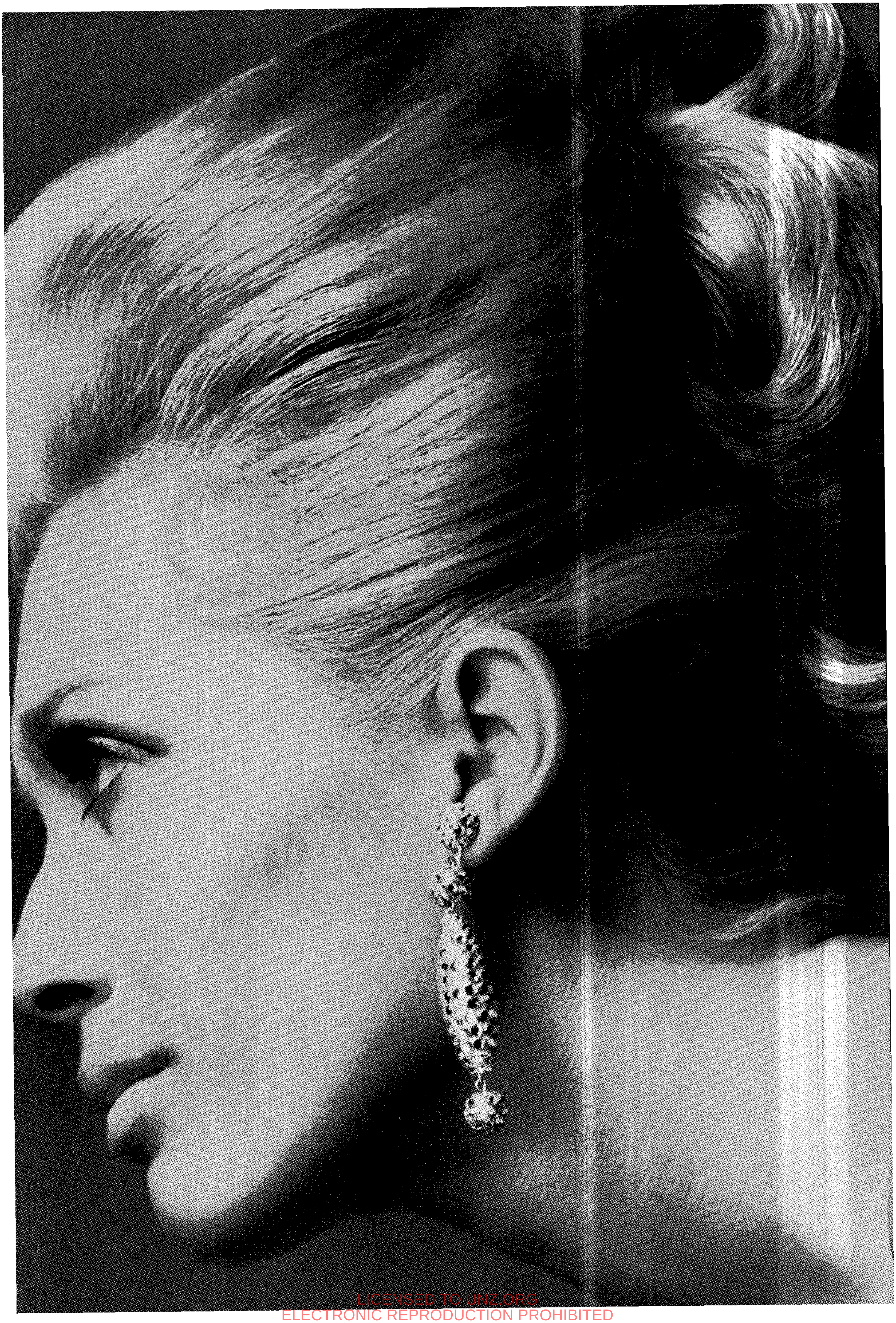
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 1: **THE DEFIANT ONES**, revival; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.
Sept. 2: **DUCK SOUP**, revival; plus ten Disney cartoons.
Sept. 3: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
Sept. 4: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**, revival.
Sept. 5: **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.
From Sept. 6: **VOLPONE** (in French), revival; and "Alphaville" (in French), revival, Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina.

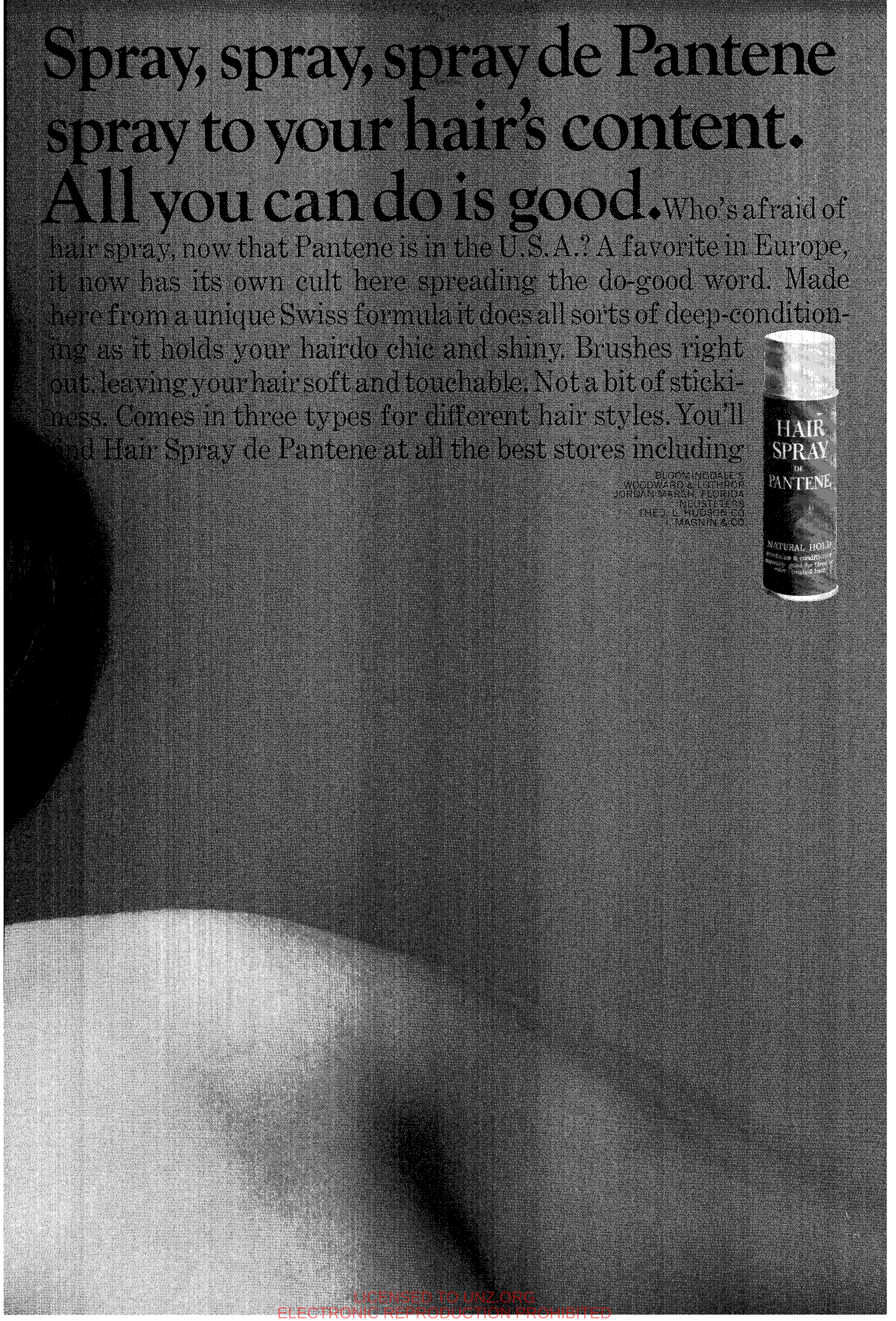
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters; and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 1: **SECRETS OF WOMEN** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French), revival.
Sept. 2: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.
Sept. 3: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **THE QUIET ONE**, revival.
Sept. 4: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
Sept. 5: "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's oratorio, played by the Vienna Philharmonic and sung (in English) by the Vienna Choir Boys; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; and other soloists; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival.
Sept. 6: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali), revival; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.
Sept. 7: "Beauties of the Night" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Beauty and the Devil" (in French), revival, Michel Simon.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
MORGAN!; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.







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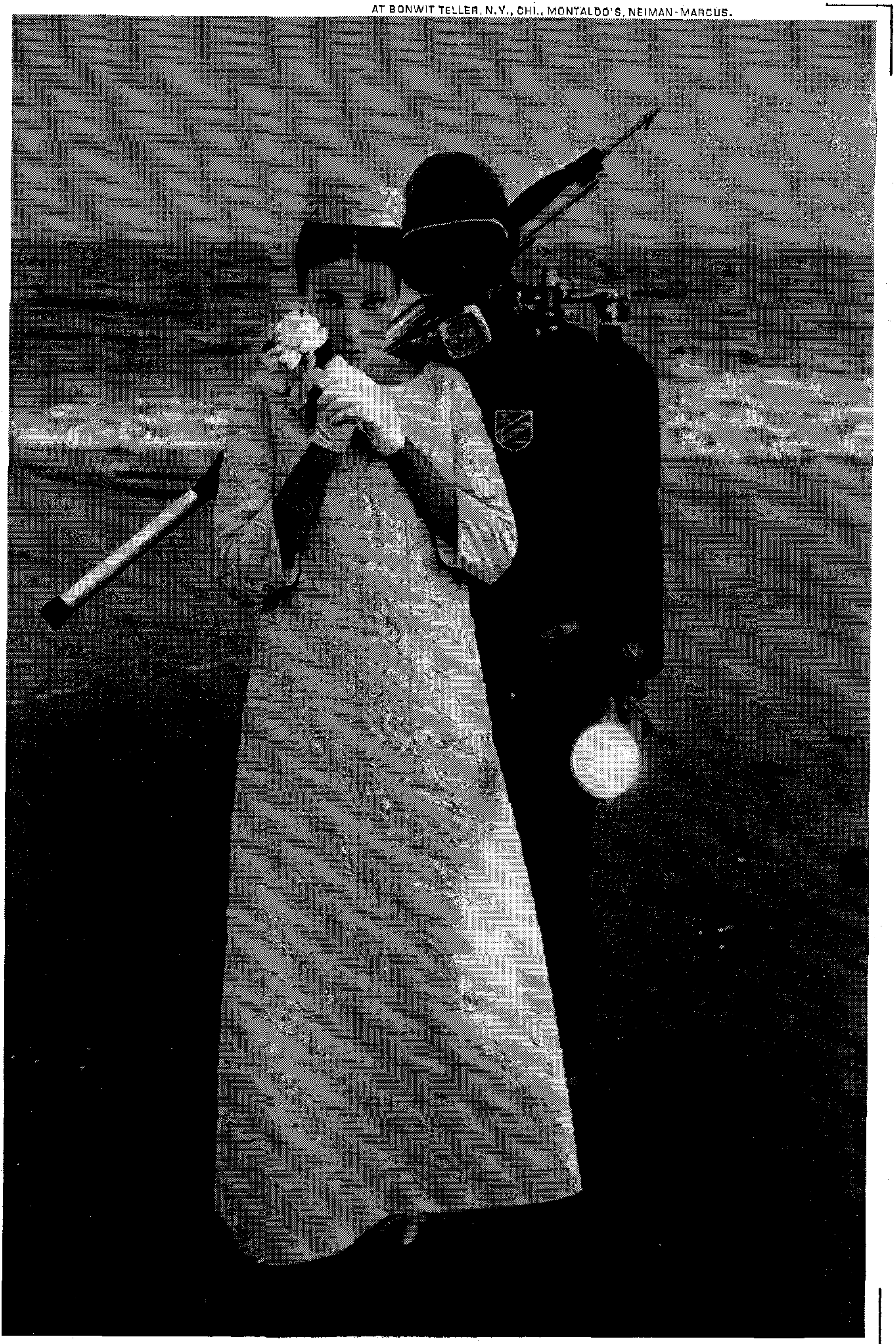

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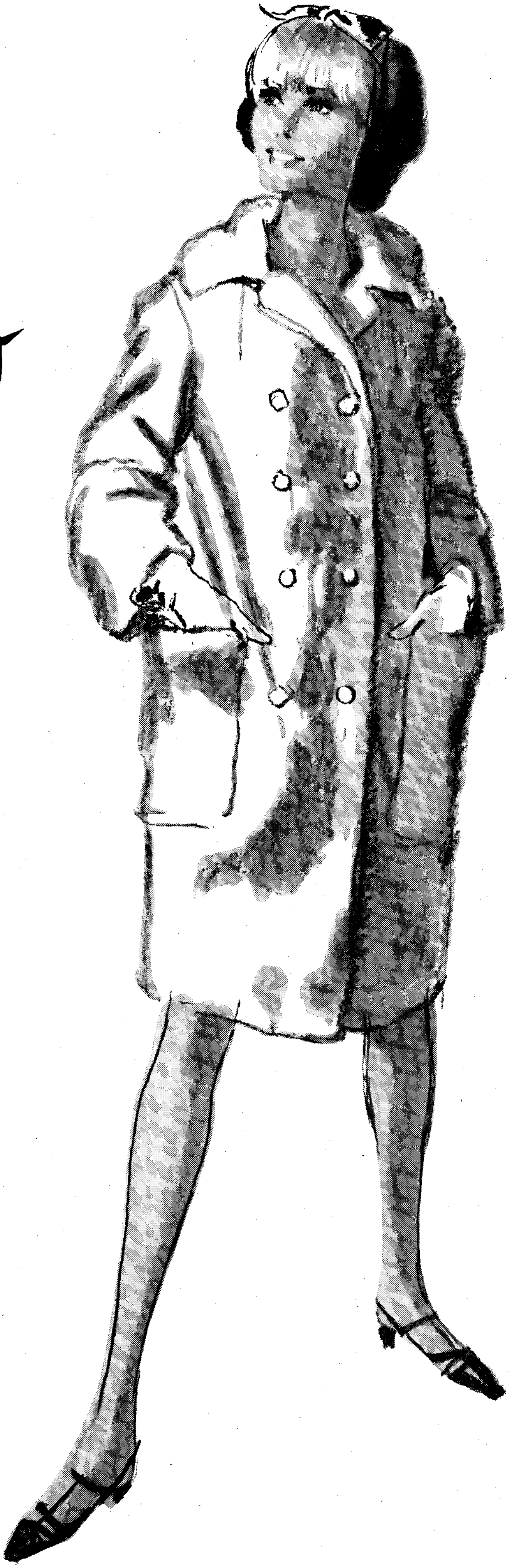

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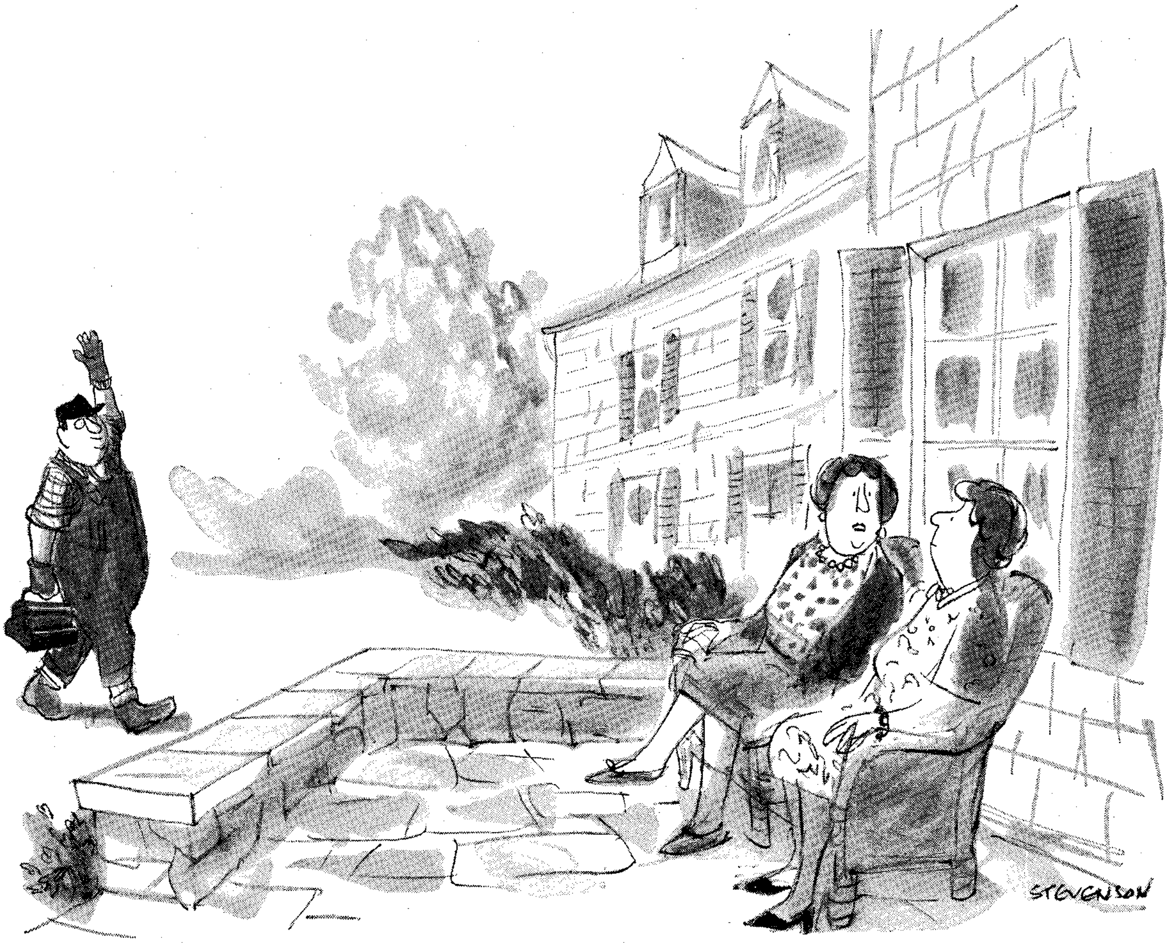
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received another letter from our friend the long-winded lady, who writes: "Saturday nights begin very quietly in New York City in the summertime. Even Broadway cannot hurry the darkness those big lights need, and Broadway must have the big lights to transform her from ramshackle and dusty into what she really is: an island of unimaginable pleasures, where the forbidden fruit is within reach at last—still out of sight but within reach, somewhere here, very close now. There is something on Broadway that is not to be found at home, and everyone who walks along the great street begins to look for it. No other place is so blatant and secret, so empty and alive, so unreal and familiar, so private and noisy. To walk along Broadway is like being a ticket in a lottery—a ticket in a glass barrel, being tossed about with all the other tickets. There are eyes everywhere. I watched the crowd that roamed along there last night, moving through the lonely light that comes after sunset, during the hour when the sky is vacant and the moon is still powerless. High in the fading sky, the big lights glimmered faintly, creating an architectural mirage that was like the reflection of another city—the New York no one has ever found, perhaps. The Broadway crowd was eager but dishevelled; it looked like the end of a long day's sightseeing. All the smart people were away for the weekend or waiting on their own side of town for curtain time. As I came near the Latin Quarter, a girl appeared in the crowd, walking alone. She wore a tight white crêpe dress, much whiter than flesh, and she had a small, fluffy white mink stole around her shoulders and her bosom. She was very slim, and she walked like two snakes, while her hemline slithered about her knees. She was much too clever to wear a very short dress. She showed her knees, and left the rest to her audience, to us—to all of us. We all looked. Her dress was more than very tight. It was extremely tight. Nobody looked at her knees. Everybody looked at her lap. Her hair was gold and it glittered, and so did her slippers, which were of transparent plastic edged with gold. She carried a small plastic handbag, also of transparent plastic edged with gold, but it contained nothing except a gold lipstick, which rolled about like dice. I thought at first she must have some money tucked away in the tops of her stockings or somewhere, but as far as I could make out she had nothing at all on under her dress. We all stared at her, in our different ways, and from our attention she drew the air of indifference that made her a star. She cast swift glances right and left to show us how she despised us all, and then she vanished, leaving us with nothing to look at except ourselves. On the east side of Seventh Avenue, the Metropole Café was going full blast, as it does almost all day and almost all night. They have curtained off the side windows of the Metropole, so you have to stand up near the glass doors if you want to get a free glimpse of the almost naked girls dancing on the shelf behind the bar, but even so there is always a fascinated crowd around there, with a policeman saying sensible things like 'Move along, now.' Not far from the Metropole, on the corner of Forty-ninth, a very spacious cigar store sells the cigarettes and cigars of all nations, but if you ask for a package of plain American cigarettes they show you where the machine is. Forty-ninth in that block between Seventh and Sixth Avenues is one of the several narrow little side streets that revel in the overflow from Broadway. It is a tumble-down block, lined with bars and small restaurants, and last night sailors in white suits were swarming like bees around the doors of all the bars, trying to decide which one looked the gayest, or the rowdiest, or the cheapest—or, at any rate, trying to decide which one they wanted to go into. I walked along to the Steak de Paris, a French restaurant that has been in the same house, No. 121, for twenty-five years. Last night, it was quiet there—very quiet in comparison with the excited street outside. There was a row of decorous customers at the bar, but the tables in the front room were all empty, and in the back room only one table was occupied—by a neat, dark young man, who sat alone with his back to the wall. He was a lucky man, dining peacefully in a nice French restaurant so close to Broadway that all he had to do was step outside the door but so quiet that he had all the attention in the house. He was eating *scallopines de veau en crème*, and there was a half bottle of wine on his table. When he wasn't watching the people at the bar, he was reading a paperback book—something by Simenon. In the doorway leading to the back room, Francine, the waitress, and Joe, the waiter, both from Brittany, stood waiting in a serenity that had in it neither patience nor impatience. It was early yet, still almost as light as day. The regular customers would begin to drift in soon. I went on to Sixth Avenue. Schrafft's was full of people eating their dinner at the counter. You don't have to be a customer to know what's going on in that Schrafft's. The street walls are made mostly of glass. The crowd on Sixth was more desultory than the crowd on Broadway, as it always is—more desultory and more inward-thinking. Sixth Avenue is simply the thoroughfare that lies between Fifth and Seventh. There was room and need for a street there, so they put one



"Leonard isn't going anywhere. It's just the way he always observes Labor Day."

• •

there and called it Sixth. People walk on Sixth Avenue because they are leaving someplace or going someplace, but as a promenade it is no man's land. I kept thinking about the girl in the mink stole. She must have had a pocket in the stole, where she kept some money. In that case, why not put the lipstick in the pocket and leave the handbag at home? She must have had a very well-considered reason for carrying the handbag, and it would have to be a better reason than that the handbag matched the shoes. I wish I knew what her reason was. And then, of course, there may not have been a pocket in the stole."

CBs

COVERED bridges, we have been told firmly, are more than quaint. "They are strong, durable, and eminently practical," Mr. Leo Litwin assured us at the first New England Covered Bridge Festival, which was held recently at the county fairground near Keene, New Hampshire. Mr. Litwin, a short, energetic man and a professional musician, is secretary of the National Society for the Preservation of Covered Bridges, which, with the Monadnock Region Association, sponsored the festival. When we arrived, two policemen were keeping traffic on the fairground in a semblance of order as new cars came in and cavalcades left on tours of local CBs, as covered bridges are known to the trade. Inside a large barn, where we were greeted by Mr. Litwin, we found a crowd of people looking at CB photographs, CB paintings, CB models, CB-building tools, CB books, and *CB Topics*, the Society's publication. When they had exhausted these, they went on a tour or watched slide lectures on CBs of Vermont, of New Hampshire, of New England, of Canada, of Pennsylvania, of Ohio, and of other regions.

"Covered bridges are still being built," Mr. Litwin told us. "One was finished just last month, in—this will surprise you—Oregon. Oregon is one of the chief centers of covered bridges in the country, and all the covered bridges there were built in this century. So you see not everyone believes they're outworn. They're just outmoded. Even so, three new ones have gone up in Massachusetts in the last ten years, in Pepperell, Sheffield, and Charlemont—they were replacements, though, rather than new sites—and several in New Hampshire. We have a man here who built one of these and has renovated others. A covered bridge can be put up at a tenth the cost of a so-called modern steel-and-concrete bridge and will last longer, but most people don't realize this. In 1950, a covered bridge was put up in Oregon to replace a steel one that had been condemned. One of the main enemies of covered bridges—or any other bridges—is floods. New England alone lost over three hundred covered bridges in twenty-four hours in the great floods of 1929, and about as many in 1936, and few were replaced—one reason there are so few covered bridges left. The covered railroad bridge in Contoocook, New Hampshire, has been flooded off its pinnings twice, and twice been judged sound and lifted back on and used. Now, you couldn't do that with a modern bridge. The concrete would be rubble, and the steel girders so many pretzels. But it's been done over and over again with covered bridges. In the old days, they'd usually be put back up wherever they landed—sometimes several miles downstream. I'll give you another example. In Brattleboro, down the road, they built two bridges in 1879—the Elm Street, which was iron, and the Creamery, which was a wooden CB. And which one was replaced twenty years ago, and which one is still there?"

We asked Mr. Litwin why covered bridges were covered.

"Well, it's simple, really," he replied. "Many answers have been given—the roof was to keep the snow off the roadway, or the rain off the travellers or off the farmers' hay—but there's only one true answer, and that is: for the same reason women wore crinolines; namely, to protect the structural beauty, which is rarely seen but nonetheless appreciated. Wood lasts a long time in water and a long time in sunshine, but it can't stand the mixture. An uncovered bridge might last ten years before needing major repairs, such as the replacement of beams, but there are covered bridges still in use that are over a hundred years old. Originally, the structural beams were encased by weatherboarding, but that made them hard to inspect, and was harder to do in the first place."

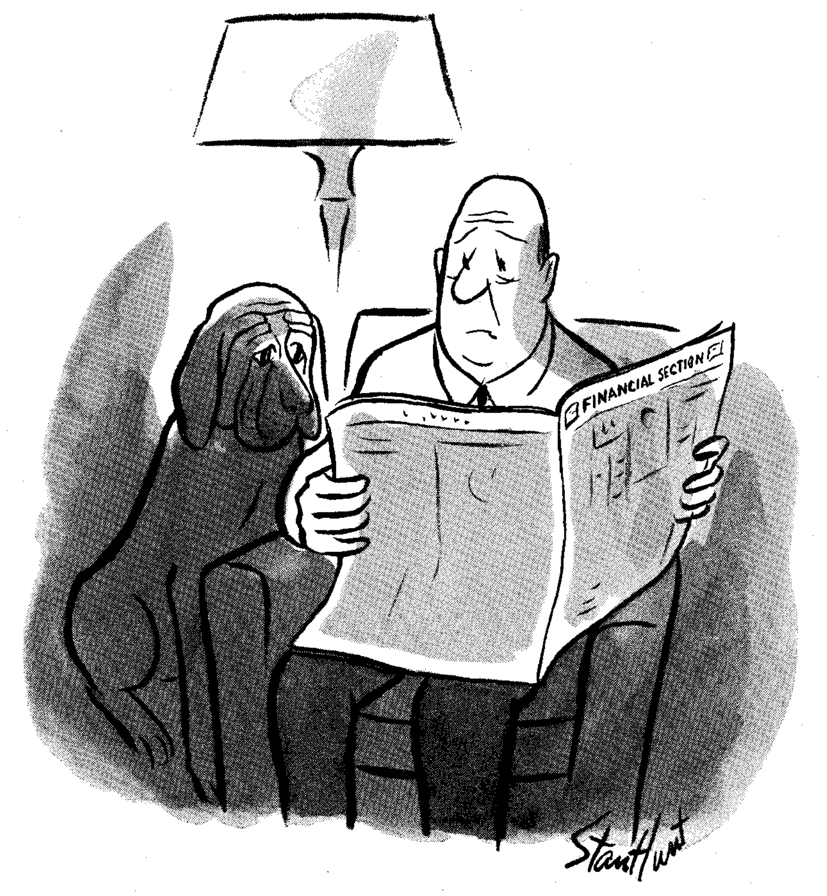
A woman in a blue-and-white covered-bridge-print dress came up to Mr. Litwin with a question, and we wandered off among the exhibits for a while.

We found that there are eleven hundred and fifty-six CBs standing in the U.S.; some two hundred of them are in New England (half of these in Vermont), two hundred and eighty-seven are in Pennsylvania, two hundred and seven are in Ohio, a hundred and thirty are in Indiana, and sixty are in Oregon. The first covered bridge in the country was the Permanent Bridge over the Schuylkill River, in Philadelphia, which was built in 1805 by Timothy Palmer, a shipfitter from Newburyport, Massachusetts, who had turned bridgebuilder. Palmer, in whose work people saw Palladian influences, later patented a bridge design that still bears his name. A variety of patented designs for covered bridges followed Palmer's, and the most popular—perhaps because it was the easiest to build—and most enduring of these was the lattice truss, whose designer was Ithiel Town. The trusses made the structures rigid and distributed strains evenly throughout, relieving the center of greater punishment than wood could bear for long. The wooden trusses of the early-nineteenth-century builders led to the railway truss bridge that is seen everywhere today.

Sometimes the local selectmen specified that a bridge should be a load of hay wide and high; otherwise, the builder set his own standards. Most builders were local craftsmen, and the bridges of a particular town or county were generally of the type that the nearest builder favored. The craft was passed from father to son, and sometimes a design would reappear in a distant part of a state, where a son had set up in trade. The covered bridges of the Keene area are all Town lattice. Farther north, near North Conway, is found the Paddleford arch, which was favored by the Broughtons, father and son. Still farther north are other designs. The builder worked from a model or from his head, never from plans. The longest single-span CB in existence today is one across Schoharie Creek, at North Blenheim, New York. What may be the oldest CB still standing in the country is at Hyde Hall, New York. The longest single-span CB ever built was three hundred and forty feet long and crossed the Schuylkill. It was appropriately called the Colossus, and was in the form of a handsome low arch with stone portals. It was built in 1812 and burned in 1838. CBs with more spans could be longer, of course. Also built in 1812 was another record CB, which crossed the Susquehanna for fifty-six hundred and ninety feet, over twenty-eight piers. Hartland, New Brunswick, has a bridge twelve hundred and eighty feet long built on six piers. This one, which dates from 1899, is now the longest in the world. Since the collapse of an Alabama bridge three years ago, this country's longest covered bridge has been a two-span four-hundred-and-sixty-eight-footer across the Connecticut River, between Cornish, New Hampshire, and Windsor, Vermont. It was originally owned by a private corporation—as were many CBs—and charged tolls. The Connecticut bridgekeepers' records note the passage over the bridge of the Marquis de Lafayette on his last visit to this country, and of a wolf-hunting posse. Some bridges still carry the old injunction "$2 Fine for Crossing Faster Than a Walk." If you hold your breath while you go through a covered bridge, you get your wish. Covered bridges have other uses, too. They are called kissing bridges, for obvious reasons. They have been considered useful in curing warts, and have housed fight rings, soapbox speakers, church suppers, clotheslines, and the town derrick. Highwaymen lurked in the Billings Bridge, over Otter Creek, near Rutland, Vermont, for a century after it was built. CBs were also good billboards for Knight's Opedildock and circuses.

Replete with CB lore, we fell into conversation with Arnold Graton, a thin, soft-spoken man in his forties who has built covered bridges and renovated others. "I was going to rebuild the bridge up in Campton after it washed out," he said. "That's a Paddleford-type bridge. The town water supply came in over it—they took the pipe out of the river because it got punctured during floods—so they wanted to keep a bridge there. I said I'd charge them thirty-five hundred dollars to rebuild the bridge, but when the selectmen came to vote on it, they didn't think they wanted to trust a bridge that had been knocked into the river. So I said I'd make a new bridge, just like the other, for the same amount. One side is half open for light and the other is boarded all the way. There are no rules you can go by in this kind of work. Even bridges that are of a known design differ from each other, because the individual builder had his own thoughts. The woodworking must be incredibly exact; if a piece isn't just right, to within a small fraction of an inch, it won't fit or won't carry its weight."

Just then we were swept off by Mr. Litwin to join a tour, and a few minutes later, as the car we were in came over the crest of a hill, we saw an old covered bridge across a stream with trees growing down to the water's edge. The sides of the bridge, which were ribbed, were weathered brown and gray, and over the entrance was



its name—"Slate Bridge." Inside, it was cool and dark, the massive diagonal beams picked out by shafts of light from chinks in the sides. It was one span, which Mr. Litwin told us was a hundred and twenty-two feet long, and it had been built in 1862, at a cost of $1,850.64. Presently, an old farmer led two oxen with an old-fashioned cart full of hay back and forth through the bridge to be photographed. "We had an awful time getting him," Mr. Litwin said. "No one has oxen anymore. The cart is priceless. And he must have had to unbale all that hay."

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SIGN, neatly lettered, observed in a picnic area on the island of Maui, Hawaii:

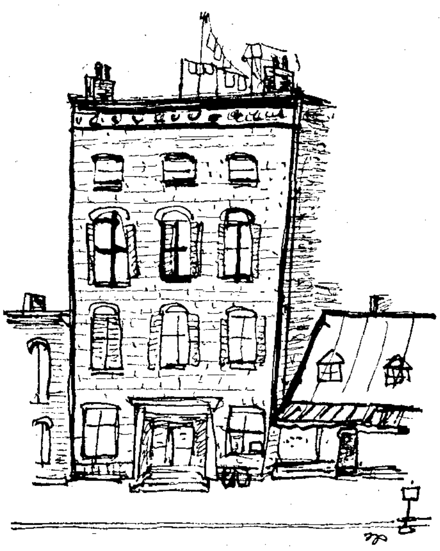
GAMBLING, ROWDINESS, OBSCURE AND/OR UNBECOMING CONDUCT WILL NOT BE TOLERATED

The Professor

FOR more than thirty years, in two crowded rooms that make up the National Memorial African Bookstore, on Seventh Avenue near 125th Street, or on a soapbox out front, the owner of the store, Lewis Michaux, a small, nimble Virginia-born Negro of about seventy, has been dispensing the truth as he sees it ("telling it like i' tis") about the life and welfare of "the black man." (He disdains the word "Negro.") The other day, when we paid him the first of a couple of visits, he told us that before he came to New York he had a job picking huckleberries for nine cents a day on a white man's plantation. "That white man had so many sheeps and cows and pigs that I decided he didn't need me," he said. "So one day I sat down and ate all the huckleberries I had picked, and then I walked away, followed by three pigs. Later, I sold the pigs out of a croker sack for a dollar and a half apiece, and I never picked another huckleberry." When Mr. Michaux arrived in New York, he had with him one book, "Up from Slavery," and a bust of Booker T. Washington. Now he has, by his own count, stacked on tabletops and under them, and along stretches of the walls from floor to ceiling, a hundred and five thousand volumes ("a few less or more"), mostly by or about Negroes—there are more abouts than bys—and, along the walls not covered by books, what he calls the world's only Afro-American Hall of Fame.

Michaux has been preaching Back to Africa long enough to have been influenced both by Marcus Garvey ("We do not desire what has belonged to others, though others have always sought to deprive us of that which belonged to us. . . . If Europe is for the Europeans, then Africa shall be for the black peoples of the world") and by Malcolm X ("America has a very serious problem: us. . . . Once we all realize that we have a common enemy, then we unite on the basis of what we have in common, and what we have foremost in common is that enemy—the white man. He's an enemy to all of us"), and he has not confined his words to Negro audiences in Harlem but has often spoken over the radio and on college campuses. ("I told them at Hunter College, 'You are the future. What your forefathers have laid down, you'd better bypass it.' ") As the years have passed, he has had some unusual visitors at the bookstore. There is a picture of Nasser on one wall of the store, alongside pictures of Negro and African leaders, and he told us that Nasser had given it to him. "Yes, Nasser came to see me," he said, with obvious amusement. "While Castro was cooking chickens 'cross the street, in the Theresa Hotel, Nasser was over here seeing me."

Journalists, foreign and domestic, often stop by at the bookstore—whose subtitle is the House of Common Sense and the Home of Proper Propaganda—to ask Michaux questions about Harlem, and students, young and old, black and white, are always dropping in, to browse, to buy a book cheap, or just to see if Michaux is getting along all right. People in the community who have nowhere else to turn come to Michaux with their problems. In the course of a recent week, he counselled a young mother whose fourteen-year-old son was in jail on a narcotics charge, and listened sympathetically to the tale of an elderly woman from Brooklyn who was having trouble keeping her telephone. Some people come to the store only in order to say that they've been there, but they seldom go away empty-handed. ("This house is packed/With all the facts/About all the blacks/The world over," one of a number of signs on the exterior of the store states.) A young Nigerian student arrived while we were there, looking for a book on Olódùmarè, the Yoruba god, and found Michaux holding forth in the store's narrow doorway, which is identified by a sign as "Harlem Square." Michaux, who was quoting one of his own compositions—a triplet, "The white man's dream/Of being supreme/Has turned to sour cream"—heard the student say that the book was too expensive, and found out by questioning him that he was over here to get a Master's degree in engineering, that he planned to return to Nigeria to work, and that he would allow Michaux to come home to Africa with him. Michaux gave him the book and wished him well.



The next morning, shortly after Michaux had opened the store, a group of three Negroes and twenty-one whites, who said they were a class of teachers enrolled in a three-week graduate workshop in human relations at City College, came by to have a session with the Professor, as Michaux is often called. We asked one young woman what happens during a three-week course in human relations, and she said, "We've been on a lot of field trips in the last few days. Last week, we saw 'The Pawnbroker.' " Members of the class wandered around looking at the books, pamphlets, and magazines in the room: old books, like a fourth edition (1910) of the Etymological Dictionary of the English Language; hardbound copies of W. E. B. DuBois's "Souls of Black Folk," of "Black Manhattan," by James Weldon Johnson, and of "Fine Clothes to the Jew," by Langston Hughes; copies of *Jet*, *Ebony*, the *Liberator*, and *Challenge;* and such paperbacks as "My Arabic Alphabet Book," "Negro Pioneers to Color," "The Subterraneans," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Cannery Row," "Literature and Western Man," "Ice Palace," "The Spirit of St. Louis," and "The H. P. Dream Book." The students also examined pictures of African leaders and distinguished Negroes, among which, for good measure, a picture of Dwight D. Eisenhower and a picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt were prominently displayed. One middle-aged female student, who was carrying a booklet titled "A Manual of Intergroup Relations," called several of her classmates over to read a sign on one of the walls: " 'Dope knows no color line/What I like about dope/Is that it plays no joke/It knows no color line/That's why it's color blind/It does not discriminate/Nor does it segregate' . . . says Lewis Michaux, Executive Member, Human Rights Political Association." Michaux, who was wearing slacks and a crisp light-blue short-sleeved sports shirt, seemed for a while to be everywhere at once, but soon he went into his office, a tiny, overstuffed back room, and prepared to hold court. He opened a copy of Edmund David Cronon's "Black Moses," the story of Marcus Garvey and the Universal Negro Improvement Association, to a dog-eared page that contained a quotation from Garvey: "A race without authority and power is a race without respect." Then he called the students into his office.

"I'm sorry to say that I'm dissatisfied with this group today, because I don't see enough black power," Michaux began with a chuckle. "The black folks and the white folks are fighting every hour about the black man wanting power, but we've been neglected for three hundred years, and as much as I hate to see what's going to happen, I believe that when the Negro knocks this time and nobody opens the door, he's just going to knock it right in." He had stopped smiling, and his voice had risen in pitch. He turned to a book that he had marked, and read a few sentences by a white Southerner who, writing at the turn of the century, had used the Scriptures to justify slavery. This book described the Negro as a beast ("not an offspring of the Adamic Family"), and Michaux asserted that many white fathers and mothers still read such books to their children. "That's why we go to Vietnam and fight and die for this country, and then we're brought back in caskets and can't even be buried right," he said, getting up momentarily from his chair.

Michaux talked for nearly an hour, condemning the Vietnam war, the white man's treatment of the Negro, and also Negro leaders who talk about Harlem but whom Harlem never sees. "No one has yet come to take Malcolm's place, and in my estimation Malcolm X is the only one since Mr. Garvey who has meant anything to our people," he said.

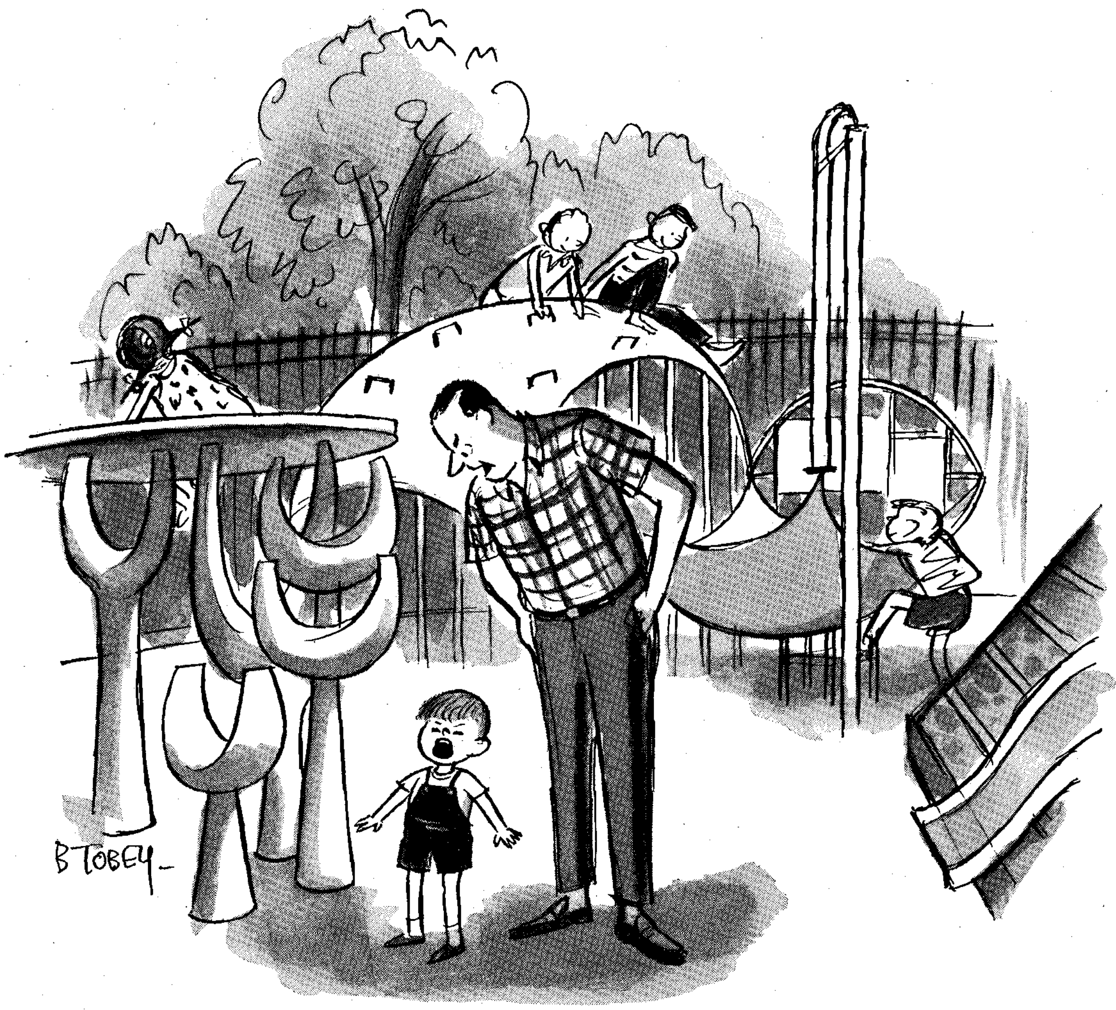
At last, he asked for questions, and one young lady queried him about a statement he had made that the Negro would have to destroy this civilization before he got anything. "Doesn't this mean that he will destroy himself, too?" she asked.

"The so-called Negro needs power, girl, and I don't mean missiles," Michaux replied, slowly and deliberately. "I have been in Harlem for thirty-one years, and I can't get a bank loan, because 'they' don't approve of my store. And now I've told you."

"Well, what about the lethargy among Negroes who already have the vote?" a young Negro woman asked.

"They don't vote because when they vote, they always get a goat," Michaux replied, making use of one of his favorite oracular forms. "It's usually six of one and half a dozen of the other."

With these few questions, the class seemed to have exhausted its curiosity about human relations on this level. One student rose to thank Mr. Michaux for giving them his time and advice ("That's my business," he replied), and around noon the students began moving toward the street. Michaux walked outside with them, and when one of the young women asked if she might take his picture, he nodded. He waited agreeably while two white students posed beside him, each with an arm around his shoulders and each with a look of satisfaction on his face.



"Damn it, they don't have swings in here!"

• •

Tidy

THE other day, we saw a young man and a young woman, both dressed like members of the Hell's Angels mob, scooting down Lexington Avenue on a motorcycle. As the man drove, the girl clutched his leather jacket with one hand and used the other to eat an apple. When they approached Thirty-fifth Street, the driver carefully maneuvered the motorcycle to the curb and stopped long enough for his companion to throw the core of her apple into a litter basket.

THE PROMISE OF HEAT

CERTAINLY the arbor in the garden was not the place to get the grape leaves to decorate the chair. There weren't enough of them at the moment, and the ones there were had a sort of pox on them that made them look catching.

Bruce didn't like getting up at seven in the morning, but today it was hot enough, even that early, to make sleep difficult. "The promise of heat." That's what people called it, but what they really meant, his mother said, was that the promise had already been kept. When they said "It's going to be a hot day," it already was one, like today.

The dew on the cobwebs and the morning mist on the river were features of the landscape that Bruce seldom noticed, even on his walks to the garden. For him, the beauties of nature were simply adjuncts to the human scene, like the leaves to decorate the back of his mother's chair. Leaves were not the only thing he was going to decorate the chair with, of course; there would be flowers, too, from the cutting garden—gladiolas and snapdragons, mostly. And phlox. The fireweed in the meadow between the garden and the river was always a temptation, but it was to be resisted. Fireweed began to droop the minute it got indoors.

Bruce pulled a double handful of the mangy leaves from the arbor. He felt guilty and lazy about it, even though the arbor looked no worse for being thinned. Bruce felt that he should have found another arbor somewhere—perhaps in a neighbor's garden?—with better grapes. But he was lazy. He wondered if he had the right to steal on his mother's birthday. The Larcom property was about one hundred and twenty acres. Did he, who had so much, have the right to steal at all? Did he have any rights at all?

Bruce was a good five feet seven at the age when most of his contemporaries were five feet nothing. His height put him above and therefore beyond them. He was always sitting down, and though he was alone, he sat down now. As he did so, he heard some footsteps on the gravel of the garden path behind him.

"Going to be a hot day," the gardener said. Bruce could tell it was the gardener by the voice.

"It already is," Bruce said.

"Wilting already," the gardener said then as he made his way to the handle that turned on the watering pipes that rose like great long croquet wickets over the long lines of flowers. Bruce looked up from his double handful of grape leaves to the gardener. Thin streams of water rose from the perforations in the pipes into the air.

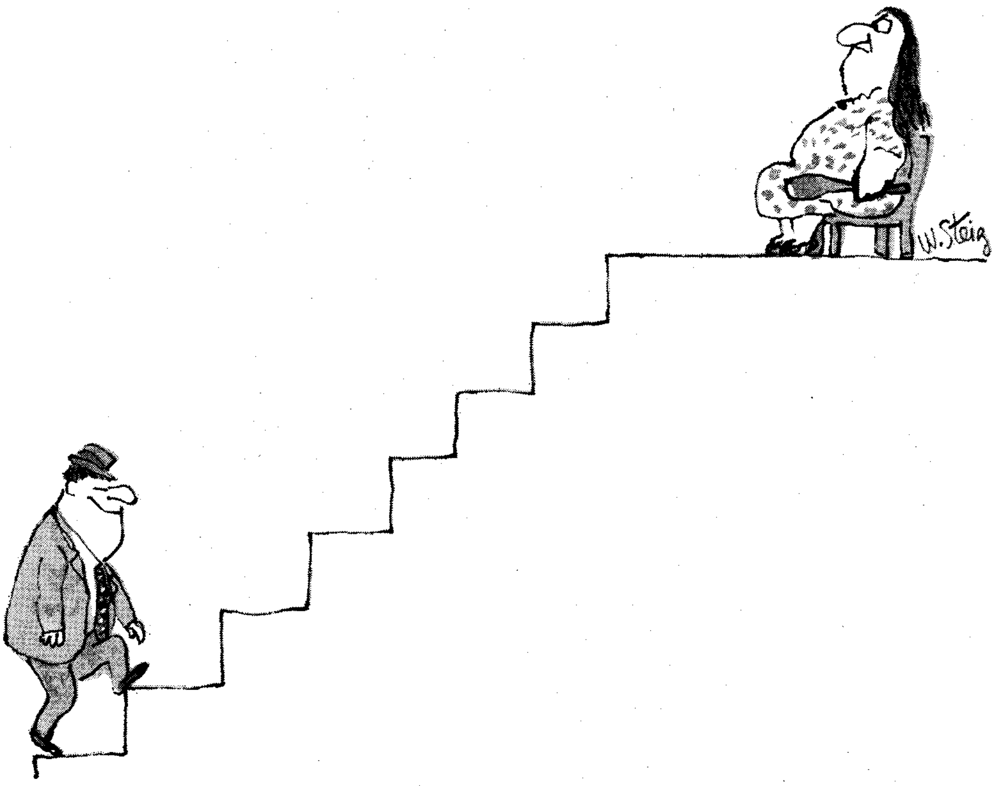
"I was going to get some gladiolas, too," Bruce said.

The gardener was a red-faced Scotchman who did not speak lightly or often. Long pauses were the essence of his conversation. They made Bruce nervous. He always thought he had in some way offended him. The gardener's name was MacIntosh. "Tosh" for short.

"Them leaves," Tosh said now, pointing to them with his whole arm.

"Oh," said Bruce, "I thought you meant me."

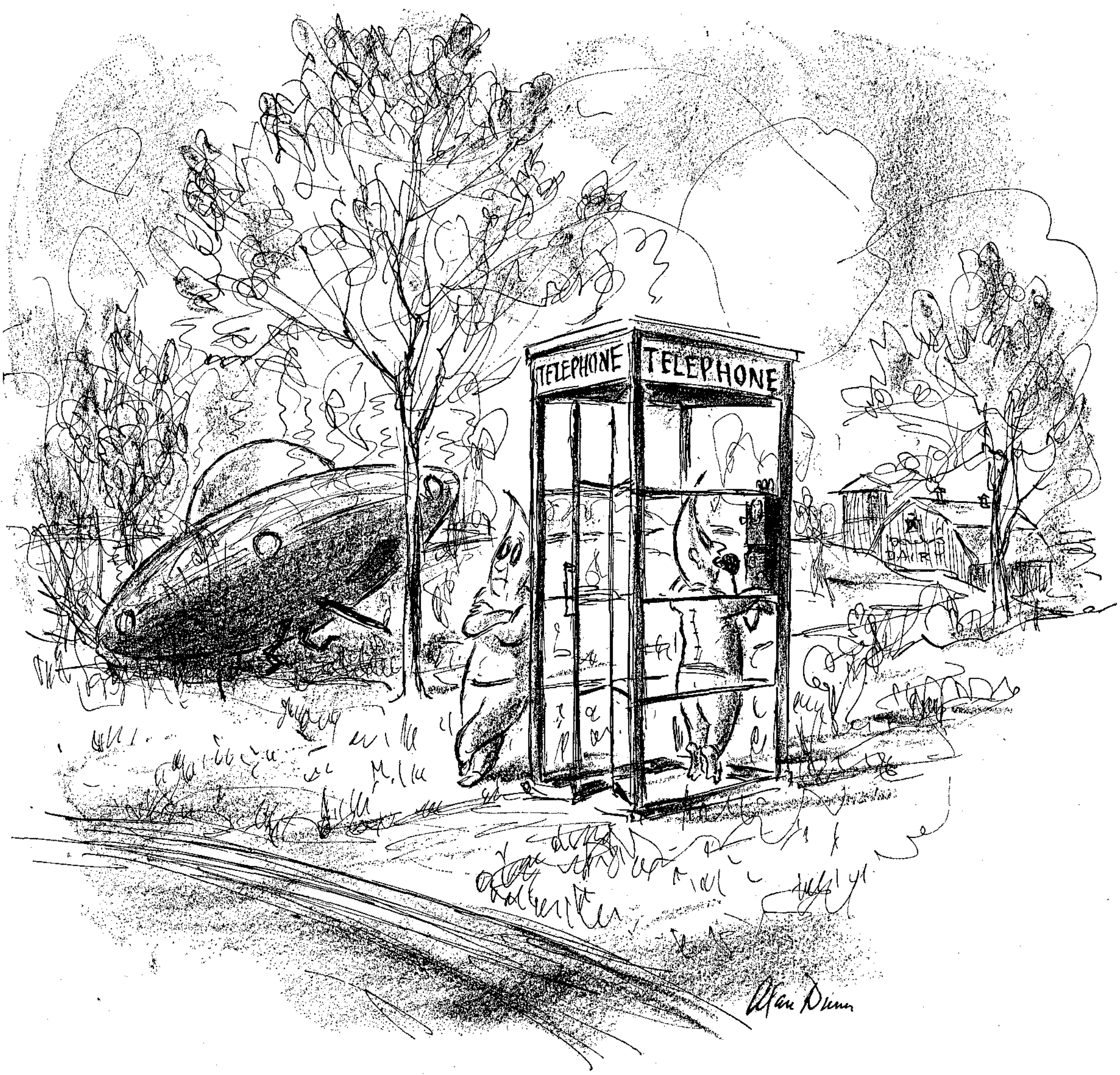
Tosh began to walk away. His legs worked all together, like his arms, as if they were incapable of bending. Bruce supposed Tosh must sometimes sit down, but he had never really seen him. In a minute, he was back again. "Basket," he said, leaving one beside Bruce on the ground. Tosh always walked away when he was being thanked, so Bruce didn't bother to thank him. He just put the leaves in the basket, got up, and reached in his pants for the pruning knife.



It was the era of knickerbockers for boys, and there was a particularly bad style of them made from a cloth that looked like silver burlap. They were equipped with tongues and buckles at the knees, and were never known to stay either under or over stockings longer than the first strenuous motion. All the kids hated them, but they all wore them, because they were expendable. High-laced Keds sneakers and a sleeveless shirt customarily completed the unlovely costume. Into his silver-burlap pocket Bruce reached his right hand for the pruning knife. He pushed down. His hand kept on going. The imbalance of his pants released the buckle on his left leg, his left stocking subsided, and a mosquito bit him. The night before, he had had a vision of the pleasure this errand, this flower-gathering, would be for him. Every year, Bruce and his brother and sister decorated their mother's chair on her birthday, and their father's on his. This was the first year he had come down to the garden alone. He hadn't wakened his brother and sister. They had been up all night the night before at a dance, and were tired. Anyway, he saw this flower-gathering as a personal tribute to his mother, to the flowers themselves, even to the summer. Now, as his hand came up empty from his right-hand pocket, he saw why it was empty. The pocket was bottomless, torn. It was not a pocket at all, and the knife was his mother's, a rather pretty knife with ivory sides, two folding blades, and one permanent ivory tongue that emerged from one of the steel ends. The purpose of the tongue was to break the stems of the flowers.

Bruce now saw himself as a thief, as many a borrower has before who has not been able to repay. He knew he would not be able to find the knife It had had all the way from the pen tray on his mother's desk to here to get lost. Even if it was found, there would first have to be a search. And what would he have to show for it? A few wilted leaves. A few massacred gladiolas. Some ragged snaps. Some phlox.

Bruce hiked his pants up, and in so doing released the right-hand stocking, which subsided on his ankle. The cold metal of the dangling buckle was against his skin. Both stockings were down now. Bruce picked up the basket and started toward the gladiolas. He was crying. He always cried when he was angry, and he started to pull the flowers up by the roots. After he had stripped the third from its surrounding leaves like an ear of corn, he became aware that he was again in the red-faced and rigid presence of Tosh. Tosh was holding out a knife. A plain, small, wooden-handled one. Tosh and Bruce looked at each other.



"2157836 dash 98632170053798176429763O, and reverse the charges, please."

"She don't want the roots," Tosh said. His voice was always carefully bled of all expression. It had none of that lilting madness that was part of the way of talking of the Irish maids in the house.

"I lost her knife," Bruce said. He didn't sniffle or choke. Five feet seven was too old for that. Besides, he was sweating—it was going to be a hot day all right—and sweat and tears in him were frequent enough to be indistinguishable.

There was a terrifying pause while Tosh considered his crime.

"You'll find it," Tosh finally said.

Everything, with Tosh's words, now became dependent on his finding the knife. The freshness of the flowers that they picked and put into the basket, and of the fireweed, which Tosh said would look all right braided through the lattice in the back of the chair, became dependent on the fact that he was a thief. There had to be an act of expiation. The rightness of all the ceremonies of the day, even of his lonely ascent to the house, depended upon that. He had to find the knife before there was a search for it.

The house was one of those stone dreams with arches and towers given to the world by the architectural office of H. H. Richardson. It had awnings at all the windows, and looked as if it were going to fly right off the top of its high green hill. Bruce went in the back way, across the drying yard and through the back door, and put his basket on one of the zinc-covered wooden tables in the big brown-and-yellow kitchen. The pendulum wall clock said seven-thirty-five, which gave him not very much time to arrange his offering—for offering it was now more than ever, because there must not be a search. If there was a search, he had somehow got it into his head, the flowers would fade, and the flowers must not fade. He filled the huge old steel sink with water and dumped the flowers in. And the leaves. Then he went into the dining room for the Chinese Chippendale armchair that his mother sat in. It looked like the arbor—all bits of wood at odd geometric angles to each other and a little pagoda on top of the back rail. It was very delicate. He must not break it. He carried it into the kitchen.

"Ain't them lovely," the cook said as Bruce started to wind the grape leaves through the lattice.

"Just look at them flowers," the waitress and the kitchen maid said.

Bruce's brother and sister came into the kitchen.

"Hurry up," Larry said. He was practicing his long jaw so he would look more grown-up.

"We only have ten minutes," Bets said. Her jaw was already the right length, but she wouldn't have minded if it hadn't been.

"It's lucky I'm not old enough to go to dances yet," Bruce said. Then Larry and Bets began to help. Through the kitchen windows they could see the big Packard limousine being brought up for the day. They could see Beaulieu, in his uniform cap, at the wheel.

The heat was already getting to the ice in the bucket standing beside the wooden, zinc-lined kitchen icebox. Cornelius would put it in when he came up from the cellar with some coal for the stove. The stove was already going, but birthdays were always big days and you needed a lot of coal. Cornelius was the man in the house. Beaulieu was the man in the garage. Tosh was the man on the place. The knife had belonged to Bruce's grandmother—something she always carried in the pocket of her whipcord suit as she made the rounds of her acres and servants and flowers. In the same pocket she always carried an ivory whistle, to call the numerous dogs—the Great Danes, the Persian gazelle hound, and the whippet—that all lived in places they called home in the huge Tudor house in Ipswich, two miles upriver. The whistle had a hole in it, just under the hole you were meant to blow through. The hole was made the day his grandmother was thrown from her horse and a little dead branch poked right through it in the forest where she fell. She was killed by the fall, and Bruce's mother went every day to have lunch with his grandfather and take him for a drive in her car. Grandfather was nervous about driving with anyone else but Snodgrass, the family chauffeur, or Bruce's mother. But Snodgrass was dead. He had died, Bruce's father had said, of a broken heart, because he could no longer get parts for the old car. Snodgrass and the Pierce Arrow, Bruce's mother and the Lincoln coupe. Tosh on the place, and Cornelius in the house, and Beaulieu in the garage, and of all these, while Bets and Larry helped with the flowers, only Snodgrass and the Pierce Arrow had perished. Everything on a birthday was a ritual, and so with a minimum of quarrelling—it was too hot to quarrel—the three of them finished the chair and carried it into the dining room.

BONNARD: A NOVEL

The tea party at Le Cannet. Just as we arrived it began,
a downpour, and kept on.
This might have been the time
before: Charles-Xavier playing Scriabin études, all the others
at the open window.
A landscape—lawn, garden,
strawberry patch, Japanese footbridge, barges moving on the river
beyond—as in Verlaine
behind a mist of rain,
and the regular noise of the rain on tens of thousands of leaves:
such is the prose that wears
the poem's guise at last.
White cats, one in almost every chair, pretend not to be watching
young Jean worry the dog.
Lucie, damp, dashes in
dishevelled from the forest, dumping out a great bag of morels
on the table; the white
cloth will surely be spoiled,
but the mushrooms look iridescent, like newly-opened oysters
in the raindark air, blue
by this light. Calling it
accidental is only declaring that it exists. Then tea
downstairs, Jean opening
the round pantry window,
the smell of wet soil and strawberries with our cinnamon toast. All
perception is a kind
of sorting out—one green
from another, parting leaf from leaf—but in the afternoon rain
signs and shadows only,
the separate life renounced,
until that resignation comes, in which all selfhood surrenders . . .
Upstairs, more Scriabin
and the perfect gestures
of Lucie and Jean playing ball with the dog. All the cats are deaf.
Steady rain. The music
continues, Charles-Xavier
shouting over the notes, ignoring them, "Beatitude teaches
nothing. To live without
happiness and not wither—

• •

"THEY say that flowers are for remembrance," Mrs. Larcom said when she saw the chair. It was the first thing she said, and the most important.

Mr. Larcom was always embarrassed by praising anything. He took the flowers for granted when it came time for his own birthday, and he could still blush. He sat down now in his own chair. Bruce and the others sat down, Mrs. Larcom gingerly so as not to crush the flowers. The butter was beginning to melt in the cut-glass butter dish on the Lazy Susan. The ice in the dish had already melted. What a contrast they were, the Larcoms. His tall mother, with her oval head and hair pulled straight in a bow at the back, her tanned face and hands, and the riding suit of the inevitable morning family rodeo. His father, in his sports shirt and jodhpurs, the rimless glasses, the air of aggressive concentration as he bent over the morning paper, just as if this were an ordinary day and he were off in a few minutes for Boston and the office. His sister, Bets, with her dark hair only just up from a braid, and his brother, Larry, fair and already losing his.

"Who has a knife to open the presents with?"

Mrs. Larcom had a straight, not very flexible, but deep-toned voice that was always pleasant to hear when it was saying pleasant things. Only to Bruce was this simple question not pleasant—knives just then were not a pleasant subject. He reached for his pocket, but Bets had already got up. "I'll get your pruning knife from the desk," she said.

Not only had Bets put the phlox so it completely obscured the fireweed that was meant to be a backdrop for it but now she was about to spoil the whole occasion. Bruce's mother didn't take a tally every day of all her personal possessions, but Bruce knew that the pruning knife and the ivory whistle were valuable to her. They had always lived in the same pocket. They were his grandmother's life, and his grandmother's death.

"I can't find it," Bets said, returning from the living room.

"Never mind."

"Here," Bruce said, producing Tosh's knife from his pocket. Not un-

there is an occupation, almost a profession." Take the trees—
we could "contrive to do
without trees," but not leaves,
Charles-Xavier explains from the piano, still playing, "we require
their decorum that is
one of congestion, till
like Shelley we become lewd vegetarians." Apprehensive
about the rain, I ask
Jean to order a closed
carriage for Simone. The doctor frowns—a regular visitor
these days?—and frightens her,
eying Lucie's mushrooms;
his diagnosis: toadstools. Scriabin diminishes. Is the dog
lost? Jean rushes outside.
Punishment of the dog:
he is forbidden the strawberry patch. Darker now. One candle
is found for the piano,
and the music resumes
with Debussy, a little sphere of yellow in the sopping dusk.
The river's surface looks—
is it the rain?—like the sea
in shallows; this moment is an instance of the world becoming
a mere convenience,
more or less credible,
and the old questions rise to our lips—but have we spoken a word?—
before we remember,
prompted by the weather
probably, or the time of day, that we already know something;
we are not new-born, then.
What is it that we know?
The carriage comes at last, but it is an open carriage, merely
hooded. We crowd under,
fending off the last drops
with a violet golf-umbrella Charles-Xavier has somehow
managed for us. A slow
cold drive under the trees,
Simone balancing the suspect mushrooms in her lap. I tell her
it is not dangerous;
we cannot die, but are
in this light or lack of it—trees dripping, the green sky fraudulent—
much less individuals
than we hope or fear to be.
Once home, we shall have a little supper of Lucie's fresh-picked morels.

—Richard Howard

• •

til he produced it did he think of reaching for it, and not until his mother began to open her presents with it did he remember that he had pocketed it.

All that day, the events seemed to Bruce to work backward from the knife. It was as if all history were bound up with it. And the promise of heat became a kept promise, indeed, as they all went horseback riding, and then picnicking on the river, and then to Grandfather's for supper. Between all these diversions, Bruce looked at the flowers, his father looked through them, his mother looked at Bruce, and Bets and Larry looked at each other. The flowers did not fade. There was nothing wonderful about this, perhaps, to those who take flowers for granted. Bets and Larry did. Mr. Larcom did. Flowers were not parties or newspapers. They had no language. They had no sex.

"They are just there," Bets said on the river, "to be cut or to be thrown out." Bruce was paddling stern, since he was the heavier of the two, and he could see the dark, so recently braided hair of his sister's glint in the sudden highlights made by the sun as it filtered through the overhanging trees.

"But they are pretty," Bruce said.

"Not if you have to arrange them."

Bruce hated paddling stern. He had never learned to steer.

"I love to arrange them," he said.

"You lost Mother's knife, didn't you?"

"You knew that when you went looking for it."

"What d'you mean?"

"I can't explain. It's all backward."

"But I didn't," Bets said, turning round. "I didn't know anything."

"Look out," he said, but they ran into the bank anyway. The other canoe, with Larry and his father paddling and his mother in the middle, was disappearing around a corner.

He said, "Are you going to tell?"

"She knows," Bets answered him. "Wasn't that one of Tosh's knives we opened the presents with?"

"Would she recognize it?" Bruce asked.

Brother and sister looked at each other.

"If I borrowed his, why would she think I borrowed hers?"

Bets shipped her paddle. She was still looking at him.

"Because you pocketed his," she said.

"I might have been absent-minded."

"You were," she said.

"It might have been anyone," he said. "It isn't only a *pruning* knife, you know. Anyone could of taken it. For any reason."

"Not that early in the morning."

"Did she know it was there yesterday?"

"Did you?"

"All right," he said, "it was a silly question."

"I will look for it when we get back," Bets said.

"For God's sake, don't," he said.

"Why?"

"I can't explain."

"Is there something wrong with you?"

"Probably."

"I'm trying to help you."

"D'you think Mother'll be mad?"

"What do you think?"

"No. It's her birthday. But that isn't a reason."

"Don't you want me to help you?"

He told her about the flowers' fading if there was a search. "But then," he said, "maybe the knife has already been found. Maybe Tosh has found it."

"But Mother already knows," Bets said.

"The search would spoil everything," Bruce explained.

"The search has already started," Bets said. "I started it. And if you had looked for the knife, you would have started it."

She began to push the canoe away from the bank with the paddle.

"It's all over with," she said.

"You see," Bruce triumphantly said, backing water, "you did know it was me that lost it when you went looking for it."

"I can't explain," Bets said, push-ing violently against the riverbank.

“It’s all backward,” he said.

She refused to turn around to look at him, even though his eyes were boring holes in her back.

They were catching up with Larry and their parents when Bets said, “Why do you always feel you have to give somebody something to get something you want? Don’t you ever feel that anybody owes you something?”

“I have to get something I want if I want to give somebody something,” Bruce said.

“What do you want for your birthday?” Bets said.

“A pruning knife like Grandma’s.”

“Mother gave me a party when I was your age,” Bets said.

“I’m not a girl,” Bruce answered.

They paddled a little while in silence. The heat, even with the river breeze, was overwhelming. A haze rose over the water, and the yellow pond lilies rose on snakelike stems from the lagoons. Dragonflies flashed over the canoe into the increasing shadows. Treacherous grass promontories and islands of grass had marked the beginning of their trip, but now that the day was more than half over the trees grew thicker and thicker, and very soon they would reach Grandfather’s landing in Ipswich, where, instead of having their mother to lunch, he would have them all to supper. These suppers were not easy occasions, but Bruce never failed to be impressed by the big house, with its endless shadows and silences, its chiming clocks, and its shafts of sunlight almost palpable in the surrounding distances. Also, its incredible population of bronze statues, mostly of animals, and ghostly reminiscences of the wintergreen that had been sprayed over the doggy carpets so often that it clung even now that the dogs were dead.

“Are we going home to change?” Bruce asked his sister.

“No. Beaulieu is bringing our clothes when he comes with the car.”

It was the time-honored arrangement. Beaulieu always picked them up at Grandfather’s landing and took the two canoes back on the roof of the beach wagon to the Larcom landing, where the trip started. Sometimes he took the Larcoms, too, but this time, evidently, they were to change at Grandfather’s. Bruce loved this arrangement, as it meant he could bathe in the huge Crane bathtub, and change in the big bedroom that was furnished with tables and chairs and sofas just like a sitting room, and had a double bed with a high, arcaded headboard and a pair of big pillows with starched white pillow shams embroidered with raised initials. (Years later, when he was taking a last, long look at his favorite room in his favorite museum in Paris, a guard was to say searchingly to him, “*Cela vous est important, n’est-ce pas, monsieur*?” The Larcoms had always had French governesses, and they all would have understood the question. But Bruce was the only one who would have answered, “Yes, all this is important to me. The whistle is important. The knife is important. The flowers are important.”)

He was glad that the possibility of a general search for the knife was reduced to this evening, if it took place at all, and to the house, since it would be dark when they got home. Not to spoil the day, that was the important thing, even though the day was spoiled.

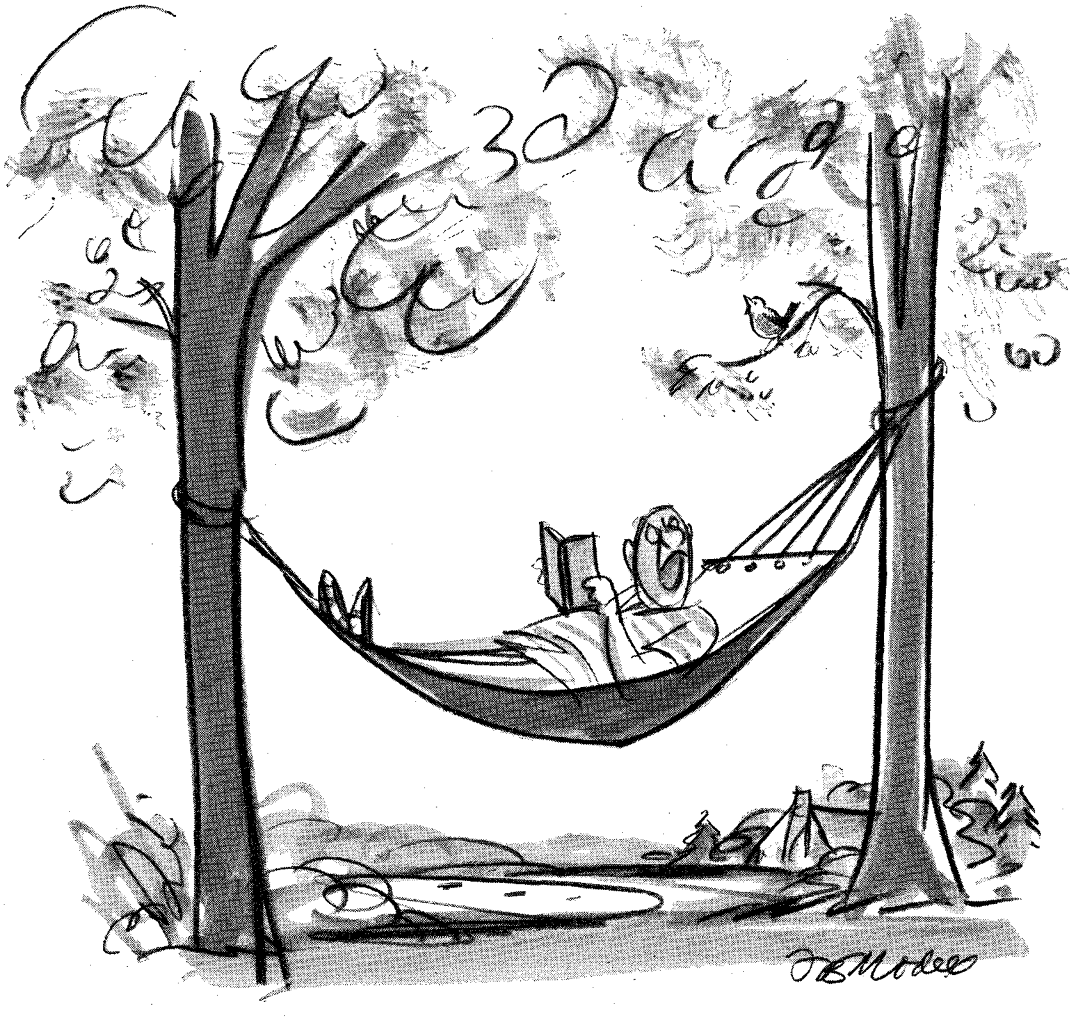
“It was a good play,” his mother was saying at supper at Grandfather’s over the tablecloth and crystal, “even if the last act wasn’t up to the others.”

Grandfather was owlish and had beautiful hands. He kept taking off one pair of glasses and putting on another one and then another all during the meal. When he wasn’t doing this, he was piling up the salad and entrée forks and then laying them side by side, and then the soup and dessert spoons and doing likewise. His conversation was a little bit like that of Tosh’s. “Then it wasn’t a good play,” he said.

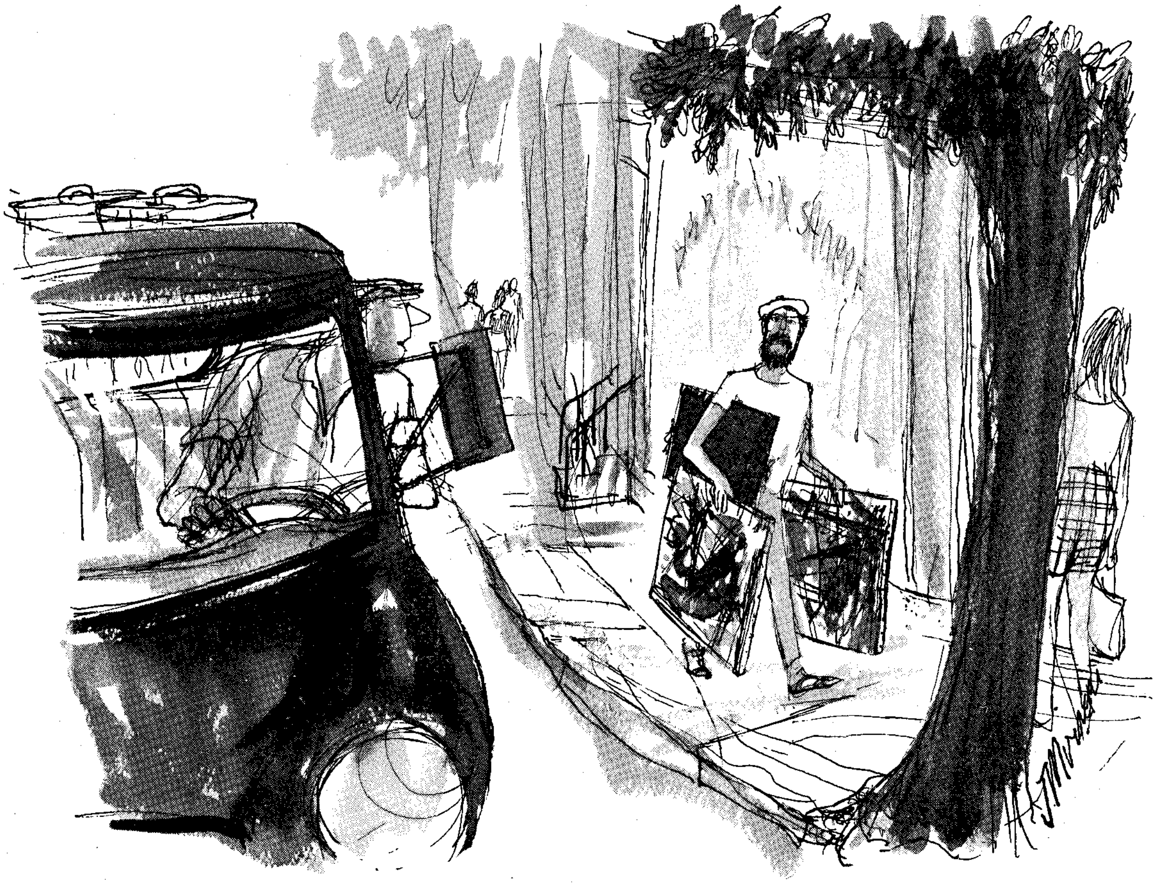
Bruce had rather settled something with Bets this afternoon on the river, and now, for the first time, Grandfather’s pronouncements, all in low key and couched, as it were, under the mustache, made sense to him.

“A bowl,” his grandfather said, “may be a good bowl, but not if it has a hole in it.”

There was a cut-crystal glass of cold raspberry juice at everyone’s place in concession to the heat, and the great casement windows of the dining room with their



“All right, all right! Knock it off!”



"Say, Mac! This the way to the dump?"

glittering diamond panes had been left open and the curtains drawn back.

"There was a promise of heat in the air this morning," Grandfather had said at one point.

"When people say it's going to be a hot day, that means it already is one," his mother had said.

Bruce looked at his grandfather and his mother. He had not cried since this morning. He was too old to cry. But a feeling came to him now that things had finally been either taken out of his hands or put into them—he could not have said which. Larry and his father ate their soup in silence, Larry's fair hair thin on his forehead, his long-jawed grown-up expression on his face, his father's glasses brilliant as the windows, his eyes as blank as the dark behind them.

It was like the dragonflies on the river, Bruce thought. Somebody said that they only lived for a day, and yet they were beautiful. Somehow, their beauty was over before it was begun, like finding the knife before there was a search for it.

"It could be a Lowestoft bowl, Father," his mother said.

"Or a work of art," Grandfather said.

"A bowl has to be broken sometime," Bruce said. He was eating soup, but he had put his spoon down to speak, and he had all their attention.

"Curious," Grandfather said, "how Lowestoft has taken over. In my day it was Minton. And in the days of Bernard Palissy, it was Bernard Palissy."

But as he spoke he looked at Bruce—possibly, Bruce felt, for the first time.

On the way home in the station wagon, with Beaulieu at the wheel, Bruce's mother sat in the back with Bruce. The two other children sat in the middle seat, and Bruce's father up front. It was one of those beach wagons made of wood, with roll-down isinglass curtains, and seats around the sides and back like a paddy wagon. A year later, it was to be driven by Beaulieu to the top of their hill and left there without being sufficiently braked, and was to plunge down and wreck on one of the two stone cairns that served as gateposts to the driveway. There would not be enough left of it to hold a single memory.

Not a single one.

None.

Bruce's mother said, "It doesn't matter about the knife."

"How do you know about it?" Bruce asked her. He reviewed in his mind all Bets' reasons, but for some reason of his own rejected them.

"Because you had a knife," she said.

"It was Tosh's."

"Was it?"

"Yes. You know, he always uses those knives with thick wooden handles and thin blades."

"Does he?"

Bruce, hearing the deep tones of his mother's voice in the darkness, knew from the sound that this conversation was not going to be the round robin he had had in the afternoon with Bets.

"Yes, he does," Bruce said.

"And what do you use?"

Bruce began to cry. The second time today. He knew she was looking at him in the dark. "An ivory whistle," he said.

There was a long silence between them. Bruce wondered if Bets was listening. There was enough silence in the car for everybody to be listening.

His mother put her arm around his shoulders. "You don't like things to be broken, do you?"

"Or lost," he said.

"Or faded," Bets put in.

His mother tightened her arm. "It was a lovely birthday. The flowers were lovely."

As they pulled up to the house, Bruce made out a figure outlined in the light that came from above the great stone arch of the front door. It was Tosh. As they got out of the car, he held something toward them in his hand.

"You know what the promise of heat is, don't you?" his mother asked Bruce. Bruce again sensed something beyond the round robin.

"Heat," he said.

His mother pushed him gently toward Tosh. "He has something for you," she said.

—Ethan Ayer

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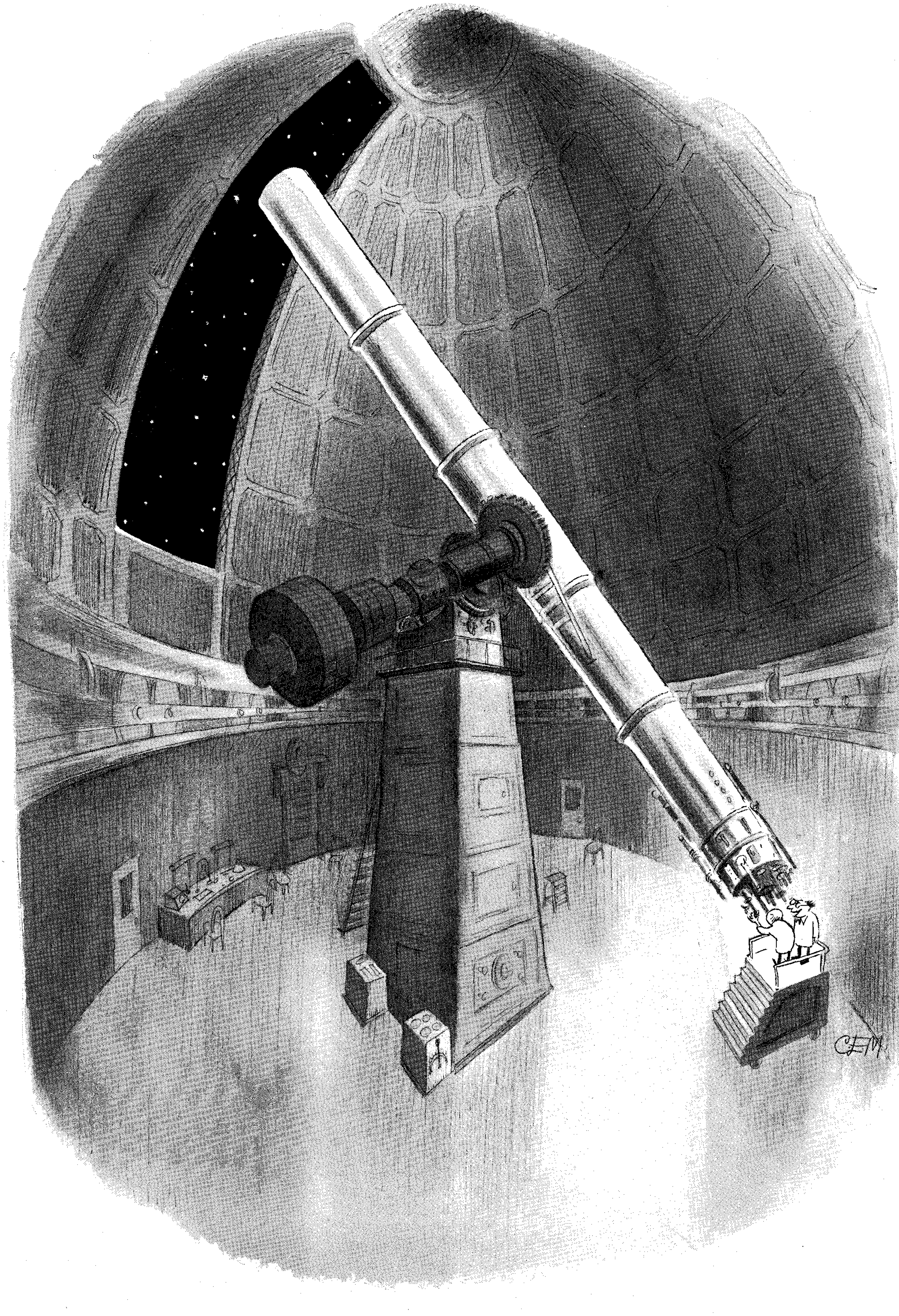
In 1963 and 1965 Canada faced the United States in the first round, and in 1964 Mexico was the first-round foe. The Canadians were overpowered each time.

Since then they have dried out gradually, becoming playable each day at noon.
—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

After several fast Alka-Seltzers.



"What I like is the way they twinkle."

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR

THE accursed day when Anton Petrovich made the acquaintance of Berg existed only in theory, for his memory had not affixed to it a date label at the time, and now it was impossible to identify that day. Broadly speaking, it happened around Christmas, 1926. Berg arose out of non-being, bowed in greeting, and settled down again—into an armchair instead of his previous non-being. It was at the Kurdyumovs', who lived way off in the sticks, in the Moabit section of Berlin, I believe. The Kurdyumovs remained the paupers they had become after the Revolution, while Anton Petrovich and Berg, although also expatriates, had since grown somewhat richer. Now, when a dozen identical ties of a smoky, luminous shade—say, that of a sunset cloud—appeared in a haberdasher's window, together with a dozen handkerchiefs in exactly the same tints, Anton Petrovich would buy both the fashionable tie and fashionable handkerchief, and every morning, on his way to the bank, have the pleasure of encountering the same tie and the same handkerchief, worn by two or three gentlemen who were also hurrying to their offices. At one time he had business relations with Berg; Berg was indispensable, would call up five times a day, began frequenting their house, and would crack endless jokes—God, how he loved to crack jokes. The first time he came, Tanya, Anton Petrovich's wife, found that he resembled an Englishman and was very amusing. "Hello, Anton!" Berg would roar, swooping down on Anton's hand with outspread fingers (the way Russians do), and shaking it vigorously. Berg was broad-shouldered, well built, clean-shaven, and liked to compare himself to an athletic angel. He once showed Anton Petrovich a little old black notebook. The pages were all covered with Xs, exactly five hundred twenty-three in number. "Civil war in the Crimea—a souvenir," said Berg with a slight smile, and coolly added, "Of course, I counted only those Reds I killed outright." The fact that Berg was an ex-cavalry man and had fought under General Denikin aroused Anton Petrovich's envy, and he hated it when Berg would tell, in front of Tanya, of reconnaissance forays and midnight attacks. Anton Petrovich himself was short-legged, rather plump, and wore a monocle, which in its free time, when not screwed into his eye socket, dangled on a narrow black ribbon and, when Anton Petrovich sprawled in an easy chair, would gleam like a foolish eye on his belly. A boil, excised two years before, had left a scar on his left cheek. This scar, as well as his coarse, cropped mustache and fat Russian nose, would twitch tensely when Anton Petrovich screwed the monocle home. "Stop making faces," Berg would say. "You won't find an uglier one."

A light vapor floated over the tea glasses; a half-squashed chocolate éclair on a plate released its creamy insides; Tanya, her bare elbows resting on the table and her chin leaning on her interlaced fingers, gazed upward at the drifting smoke of her cigarette, and Berg tried to convince her that she must wear her hair short, that all women, from time immemorial, had done so, that the Venus de Milo had short hair, while Anton Petrovich heatedly and circumstantially objected, and Tanya only shrugged, knocking the ash off her cigarette with a tap of her nail.

And then it all came to an end. One Wednesday at the end of July Anton Petrovich left for Kassel on business, and from there sent his wife a telegram that he would return on Friday. On Friday he found that he had to remain at least another week, and sent another telegram. On the following day, however, the deal fell through, and without bothering to wire a third time Anton Petrovich headed back to Berlin. He arrived about ten, tired and dissatisfied with his trip. From the street he saw that the bedroom windows of his flat were aglow, conveying the soothing news that his wife was at home. He went up to the fifth floor, with three twirls of the key unlocked the thrice-locked door, and entered. As he passed through the front hall, he heard the steady noise of running water from the bathroom. "Pink and moist," Anton Petrovich thought with fond anticipation, and carried his bag on into the bedroom. In the bedroom, Berg was standing before the wardrobe mirror, putting on his tie.

Anton Petrovich mechanically lowered his little suitcase to the floor, without taking his eyes off Berg, who tilted up his impassive face, flipped back a bright length of tie, and passed it through the knot. "Above all, don't get excited," said Berg, carefully tightening the knot. "Please don't get excited. Stay perfectly calm."

Must do something, Anton Petrovich thought, but what? He felt a tremor in his legs, an absence of legs—only that cold, aching tremor. Do something quick. . . . He started pulling a glove off one hand. The glove was new and fit snugly. Anton Petrovich kept jerking his head and muttering mechanically, "Go away immediately. This is dreadful. Go away. . . ."

"I'm going, I'm going, Anton," said Berg, squaring his broad shoulders as he leisurely got into his jacket.

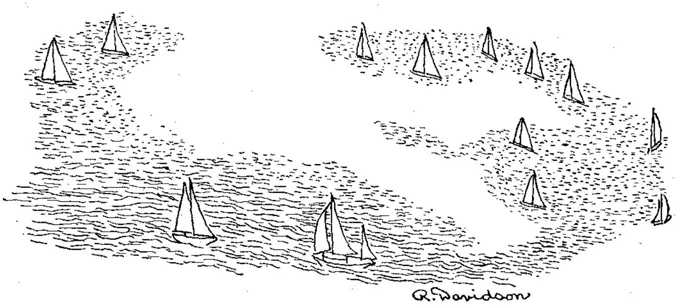
If I hit him, he'll hit me too, Anton Petrovich thought in a flash. He pulled off the glove with a final yank and threw it awkwardly at Berg. The glove slapped against the wall and dropped into the washstand pitcher.

"Good shot," said Berg. He took his hat and cane, and headed past Anton Petrovich toward the door. "All the same, you'll have to let me out," he said. "The downstairs door is locked."

Scarcely aware of what he was doing, Anton Petrovich followed him out of the apartment. As they started to go down the stairs, Berg, who was in front, suddenly began to laugh. "Sorry," he said without turning his head, "but this is awfully funny—being kicked out with such complications." At the next landing he chuckled again and accelerated his step. Anton Petrovich also quickened his pace. That dreadful rush was unseemly. . . . Berg was deliberately making him go down in leaps and bounds. What torture . . . Third floor . . . Second . . . When will these stairs end? Berg flew down the remaining steps and stood waiting for Anton Petrovich, lightly tapping the floor with his cane. Anton Petrovich was breathing heavily, and had trouble getting the dancing key into the trembling lock. At last it opened.

"Try not to hate me," said Berg from the sidewalk. "Put yourself in my place. . . ."

Anton Petrovich slammed the door. From the very beginning he had had a ripening urge to slam some door or other. The noise made his



"I've sown, I've reaped, and now what?"

ears ring. Only now, as he climbed the stairs, did he realize that his face was wet with tears. As he passed through the front hall, he heard again the noise of running water. Hopefully waiting for the tepid to grow hot. But now above that noise he could also hear Tanya's voice. She was singing loudly in the bathroom.

With an odd sense of relief, Anton Petrovich returned to the bedroom. He now saw what he had not noticed before—that both beds were tumbled and that a pink nightgown lay on his wife's. Her new evening dress and a pair of silk stockings were laid out on the sofa; evidently she was getting ready to go dancing with Berg. Anton Petrovich took his expensive fountain pen out of his breast pocket. "I cannot bear to see you. I cannot trust myself if I see you." He wrote standing up, bending awkwardly over the dressing table. His monocle was blurred by a large tear. The letters swam. "Please go away. I am leaving you some cash. I'll talk it over with Natasha tomorrow. Sleep at her house or at a hotel tonight—only please do not stay here." He finished writing and placed the paper against the mirror, in a spot where she would be sure to see it. Beside it he put a hundred-mark note. And, passing through the front hall, he again heard his wife singing in the bathroom. She had a gypsy kind of voice, bewitching voice. Happiness, a summer night, a guitar . . . She sang, that night he suddenly remembered, seated on a cushion in the middle of the floor, and slitted her smiling eyes as she sang. He had just proposed to her. . . . Yes, happiness, a summer night, a moth bumping against the ceiling. "My soul I surrender to you, I love you with infinite passion. . . ."

"How dreadful! How dreadful!" he kept repeating as he walked down the street. The night was very mild, with a swarm of stars. It did not matter which way he went. By now she had probably come out of the bathroom and found the note. Anton Petrovich winced as he remembered the glove. A brand-new glove afloat in a brimming pitcher. The vision of this brown wretched thing caused him to utter a cry that made a passerby start. He saw the dark shapes of huge poplars around a square and thought, Mityushin lives around here someplace. Anton Petrovich called him up from a bar, which arose before him as in a dream and then receded into the distance like the tail-light of a train. Mityushin let him in, but he was drunk, and at first paid no attention to Anton Petrovich's livid face. A person unknown to Anton Petrovich sat in the small dim room, and a black-haired lady in a red dress lay on the couch with her back to the table, apparently asleep. Bottles gleamed on the table. Anton Petrovich had arrived in the middle of a birthday celebration, but he never understood whether it was being held for Mityushin, the fair sleeper, or the unknown man, who turned out to be a Russified German with the strange name of Gnuschke. Mityushin, his rosy face beaming, introduced Anton Petrovich to Gnuschke and, indicating with a nod the generous back of the sleeping lady, remarked casually, "Adelaida Albertovna, I want you to meet a great friend of mine." The lady did not stir; Mityushin, however, did not show the least surprise, as if he had never expected her to wake up. All of this was a little bizarre and nightmarish—that empty vodka bottle with a rose stuck into its neck, that chessboard on which a higgledy-piggledy game was in progress, the sleeping lady, the drunken Mityushin, the drunken but quite peaceful Gnuschke.

"Have a drink," said Mityushin, and then suddenly raised his eyebrows. "What's the matter with you, Anton Petrovich? You look very ill."

"Yes, by all means, have a drink," Gnuschke said with idiotic earnestness. He was a very long-faced man in a very tall collar. He resembled a dachshund.

Anton Petrovich gulped down half a cup of vodka and sat down.

"Now, tell us what's happened," said Mityushin. "Don't be embarrassed in front of Henry—he is the most honest man on earth. My move, Henry, and I warn you, if after this you grab my bishop, I'll mate you in three moves. Well, out with it, Anton Petrovich."

"We'll see about that in a minute," said Gnuschke, revealing a big starched cuff as he stretched out his arm. "You forgot about the pawn at h5."

"H5 yourself," said Mityushin. "Anton Petrovich is going to tell us his story."

Anton Petrovich had some more vodka and the room went into a spin.

The gliding chessboard seemed on the point of colliding with the bottles; the bottles, together with the table, set off toward the couch; the couch with mysterious Adelaida Albertovna headed for the window; and the window also started to move. This accursed motion was somehow connected with Berg and had to be stopped—stopped at once, trampled upon, torn, destroyed.

“I want you to be my second,” began Anton Petrovich, and was dimly aware that the phrase sounded oddly truncated, but he could not correct that flaw.

“Second what?” said Mityushin absently, glancing askance at the chessboard, over which Gnuschke's hand hung, its fingers wriggling.

“No, you listen to me,” Anton Petrovich exclaimed with anguish in his voice. “You just listen! Let us not drink any more. This is serious, very serious.”

Mityushin fixed him with his shiny blue eyes. “The game is cancelled, Henry,” he said, without looking at Gnuschke. “This sounds serious.”

“I intend to fight a duel,” whispered Anton Petrovich, trying by mere optical force to hold back the table that kept floating away. “I wish to kill a certain person. His name is Berg—you may have met him at my place. I prefer not to explain my reasons.”

“You can explain everything to your second,” said Mityushin smugly.

“Excuse me for interfering,” said Gnuschke, and raised his index finger. “Remember, it has been said, ‘Thou shalt not kill’!”

“The man's name is Berg,” said Anton Petrovich. “I think you know him. And I need two seconds.” The ambiguity could now be ignored.

“A duel,” said Gnuschke.

Mityushin nudged him with his elbow. “Don't interrupt, Henry.”

“And that is all,” Anton Petrovich concluded in a whisper and, lowering his eyes, feebly fingered the ribbon of his totally useless monocle.

Silence. The lady on the couch snored comfortably. A car passed in the street, its horn blaring.

“I'm drunk, and Henry's drunk,” muttered Mityushin, “but apparently something very serious has happened.” He chewed on his knuckles and looked at Gnuschke. “What do you think, Henry?” Gnuschke sighed.

“Tomorrow you two will call on him,” said Anton Petrovich. “Select the spot, and so on. He did not leave me his card. According to the rules, he should have given me his card. I threw my glove at him.”

“You are acting like a noble and courageous man,” said Gnuschke with growing animation. “By a strange coincidence, I am not unfamiliar with these matters. A cousin of mine was also killed in a duel.”

Why “also,” Anton Petrovich wondered in anguish. Can this be a portent?

Mityushin took a swallow from his cup and said jauntily, “As a friend, I cannot refuse. We'll go see Mr. Berg in the morning.”

“As far as the German laws are concerned,” said Gnuschke, “if you kill him, they'll put you in jail for several years. If, on the other hand, you are killed, they won't bother you.”

“I have taken all that into consideration,” Anton Petrovich said solemnly.

Then there appeared again that beautiful expensive implement, that shiny black pen with its delicate gold nib, which in normal times would glide like a wand of velvet across the paper; now, however, Anton Petrovich's hand shook, and the table heaved like the deck of a storm-tossed ship. On a sheet of foolscap that Mityushin produced, Anton Petrovich wrote a cartel to Berg, three times calling him a scoundrel and concluding with the lame sentence “One of us must perish.”

This done, he burst into tears, and Gnuschke, clucking his tongue, wiped the poor fellow's face with a large red checked handkerchief, while Mityushin kept pointing at the chessboard, repeating ponderously, “You finish him off like that king there—mate in three moves and no questions asked.”

Anton Petrovich sobbed, and tried to brush away Gnuschke's friendly hands, repeating with childish intona-

YOUR FACE ON THE DOG'S NECK

It is early afternoon.
You sit on the grass
with your rough face on the dog's neck.
Right now
you are both as still as a snapshot.
That infectious dog ought to let a fly bother her,
ought to run out in an immense field,
chasing rabbits and skunks,
mauling the cats, licking insects off her rump,
and stop using you up.
My darling, why do you lean on her so?
I would touch you—
that pulse brooding under your madras shirt,
each shoulder the most well-built house,
the arms, thin birches that do not escape the breeze,
the white teeth that have known me,
that wait at the bottom of the brook,
and the tongue, my little fish! . . .
But you are stopped in time.

So I will speak of your eyes,
although they are closed.
Tell me, where is each stubborn-colored iris?
Where are the quick pupils that make
the floor tilt under me?
I see only the lids, as tough as riding boots.
Why have your eyes gone into their own room?
Good night they are saying
from their little leathery doors.
Or shall I sing of eyes
that have been ruined with mercy and lust,
and once with your own death,
when you lay bubbling like a caught fish,
sucking on the manufactured oxygen?
Or shall I sing of eyes
that are resting so near the hair
of that hateful animal?
Love twists me, a Spanish flute plays in my blood,
and yet I can see only
your little sleep, an empty place.
But when your eyes open
against the wool stink of her thick hair,
against the faint sickening neck of that dog,
whom I envy like a thief,
what will I ask?
Will I speak up, saying
there is a hurried song, a certain seizure
from which I gasp?
Or will your eyes lie in wait,
little field mice nestling on their paws?
Perhaps they will say nothing,
perhaps they will be dark and leaden,
having played their own game
somewhere else,
somewhere far off.

Oh, I have learned them, and know that
when they open and glance at me
I will turn like a little dancer,
and then, quite simply,
and all by myself,
I will fall,
bound to some mother/father,
bound to your sight,
bound for nowhere
and everywhere.
Or perhaps, my darling,
because it is early afternoon,
I will forget that my voice is full of good people,
forget how my legs could sprawl on the terrace,
forget all that the birds might witness—
the torn dress, the shoes lost in the arbor—
while the neighbor's lawnmower bites and spits out
some new little rows of innocent grass.
Certainly,
I need not speak of it at all.
I will crouch down
and put my cheek near you,
accepting this spayed and flatulent bitch you hold,
letting my face rest in an assembled tenderness
on the old dog's neck.

—Anne Sexton

* * *

tions, "I loved her so much, so much!"

And a new sad day was dawning.

"So at nine you will be at his house," said Anton Petrovich, lurching out of his chair.

"At nine we'll be at his house," Gnuschke replied like an echo.

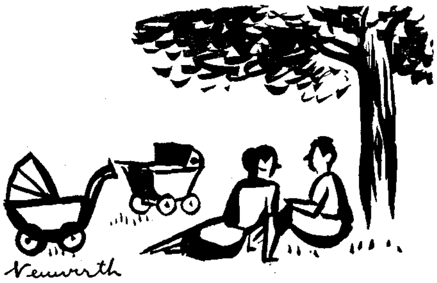
"We'll get in five hours of sleep," said Mityushin.

Anton Petrovich smoothed his hat into shape (he had been sitting on it all the while), caught Mityushin's hand, held it for a moment, lifted it, and pressed it to his cheek.

"Come, come, you shouldn't," mumbled Mityushin, and once more addressed the sleeping lady. "Our friend is leaving, Adelaida Albertovna."

This time she stirred, awakened with a start, and turned over heavily. Her face was full and creased by sleep, with slanting, excessively made-up eyes. "You fellows better stop drinking," she said calmly, and turned back toward the wall.

At the corner of the street Anton Petrovich found a sleepy taxi, which whisked him with ghostly speed through the wastes of the blue-gray city and fell asleep again in front of his house. In the front hall he met Elspeth, the maid, who opened her mouth and looked at him with unkind eyes, as if about to say something, but she thought better of it and shuffled off down the corridor in her carpet slippers.



"Wait," said Anton Petrovich. "Is my wife gone?"

"It's shameful," the maid said with great emphasis. "This is a madhouse. Lug trunks in the middle of the night, turn everything upside down—"

"I asked if my wife was gone," Anton Petrovich shouted in a high-pitched voice.

"She is," Elspeth answered glumly.

Anton Petrovich went on into the parlor. He decided to sleep there. The bedroom was out of the question. He turned on the light, lay down on the sofa, and covered himself with his overcoat. For some reason his left wrist felt uncomfortable. Oh, of course—my watch. He took it off and wound it, thinking at the same time, Extraordinary, how this man retains his composure—does not even forget to wind his watch. And, since he was still drunk, enormous, rhythmic waves immediately began rocking him, up and down, up and down, and he began to feel very sick. He sat up. The big copper ashtray—quick! His insides gave such a heave that a pain shot through his groin. And it all missed the ashtray. He fell asleep right away. One foot, in its black shoe and gray spat, dangled from the couch, and the light (which he had quite forgotten to turn off) lent a pale gloss to his sweaty forehead.

"Oh, there you are!"

MITYUSHIN was a brawler and a drunkard. He could go and do all kinds of things at the least provocation. A real daredevil. One also recalls having heard about a certain friend of his who, to spite the post office, used to throw lighted matches into mailboxes. He was nicknamed the Gnut. Quite possibly it was Gnuschke. Actually, all Anton Petrovich had intended to do was to spend the night at Mityushin's place. Then suddenly, for no reason at all, that talk about duels had started. Oh, of course Berg must be killed; only the matter ought to have been carefully thought out first, and if it had come to choosing seconds, they should, in any case, have been gentlemen. As it was, the whole thing had taken on an absurd, improper turn. Everything had been absurd and improper, beginning with the glove and ending with the ashtray. But now, of course, there was nothing to be done about it—he would have to drain this cup.

He felt under the couch, where his watch had landed. Eleven. Mityushin and Gnuschke have already been at Berg's. Suddenly a pleasant thought darted among the others, pushed them apart, and disappeared. What was it? Oh, of course! They had been drunk yesterday, and he had been drunk too. They must have overslept, then come to their senses and thought that he had been babbling nonsense. But the pleasant thought flashed past and vanished. It made no difference—the thing had been started and he would have to repeat to them what he had said yesterday. Still it was odd that they had not shown up yet. A duel. What an impressive word, "duel"! I am having a duel. Hostile meeting. Single combat. Duel. "Duel" sounds best. He got up, and noticed that his trousers were terribly wrinkled. The ashtray had been removed. Elspeth must have come in while he was sleeping. How embarrassing. Must go see how things look in the bedroom. Forget his wife. She did not exist anymore. Never had existed. All of that was gone. Anton Petrovich took a deep breath and opened the bedroom door. He found the maid there, stuffing a crumpled newspaper into the wastebasket.

"Bring me some coffee, please," he said, and went to the dressing table. There was an envelope on it. His name; Tanya's hand. Beside it, in disorder, lay his hairbrush, his comb, his shaving brush, and an ugly, stiff glove. Anton Petrovich opened the envelope. The hundred marks and nothing else. He turned it this way and that, not knowing what to do with it.

"Elspeth . . ."

The maid approached, glancing at him suspiciously.

"Here, take it. You were put to so much inconvenience last night, and then those other unpleasant things. . . . Go on, take it."

"One hundred marks?" the maid asked in a whisper, and then suddenly blushed crimson. Heaven only knows what rushed through her head, but she banged the wastebasket down on the floor and shouted, "No! You can't

Donald Reilly

bribe me, I'm an honest woman. Just you wait, I'll tell everybody you wanted to bribe me. No! This is a madhouse." And she went out, slamming the door.

"What's wrong with her? Good Lord, what's wrong with her?" muttered Anton Petrovich in confusion, and, stepping rapidly to the door, shrieked after the maid, "Get out this minute! Get out of this house!"

That's the third person I've thrown out, he thought, his whole body trembling. And now there is no one to bring me my coffee.

He spent a long time washing and changing, and then sat in the café across the street, glancing every so often to see if Mityushin and Gnuschke were not coming. He had lots of business to attend to in town, but he could not be bothered with business. Duel. A glamorous word.

In the afternoon, he went back to the apartment. Natasha, Tanya's sister, dropped in. She was so upset that she could barely speak. Anton Petrovich paced back and forth, giving little pats to the furniture. Tanya had arrived at her sister's flat in the middle of the night, in a terrible state, a state you simply could not imagine. Anton Petrovich suddenly found it strange to be saying "*ty*" ("thou") to Natasha. After all, he was no longer married to her sister.

"I shall give her a certain sum every month, under certain conditions," he said, trying to keep a rising, hysterical note out of his voice.

"Money isn't the point," answered Natasha, sitting in front of him and swinging her glossily stockinged leg. "The point is that this is an absolutely awful mess."

"Thanks for coming," said Anton Petrovich. "We'll have another chat sometime, only right now I'm very busy." As he saw her to the door, he remarked casually (or at least he hoped it sounded casual), "I'm fighting a duel with him." Natasha's lips quivered; she quickly kissed him on the cheek and went out. How strange that she did not start imploring him not to fight. By all rights she ought to have implored him not to fight. In our time nobody fights duels. She is wearing the same perfume as . . . As who? No, no, he had never been married.

A little later still, at about seven, Mityushin and Gnuschke arrived. They looked grim. Gnuschke bowed with reserve and handed Anton Petrovich a sealed business envelope. He opened it. It began, "I have received your extremely stupid and extremely rude message." Anton Petrovich's monocle fell out. He reinserted it. "I feel very sorry for you, but since you have adopted this attitude, I have no choice but to accept your challenge. Your seconds are pretty awful. Berg."

Anton Petrovich's throat went unpleasantly dry, and there was again that ridiculous quaking in his legs. "Sit down, sit down," he said, and himself sat down first.

Gnuschke sank back into an armchair, caught himself, and sat up on its edge.

"He's a highly insolent character," Mityushin said with feeling. "Imagine—he kept laughing all the while, so that I nearly punched him in the teeth."

Gnuschke cleared his throat and said, "There is only one thing I can advise you to do: Take careful aim, because he is also going to take careful aim."

Before Anton Petrovich's eyes flashed a notebook page covered with Xs: diagram of a cemetery.

"He is a dangerous fellow," said Gnuschke, leaning back in his armchair, sinking again, and again wriggling out.

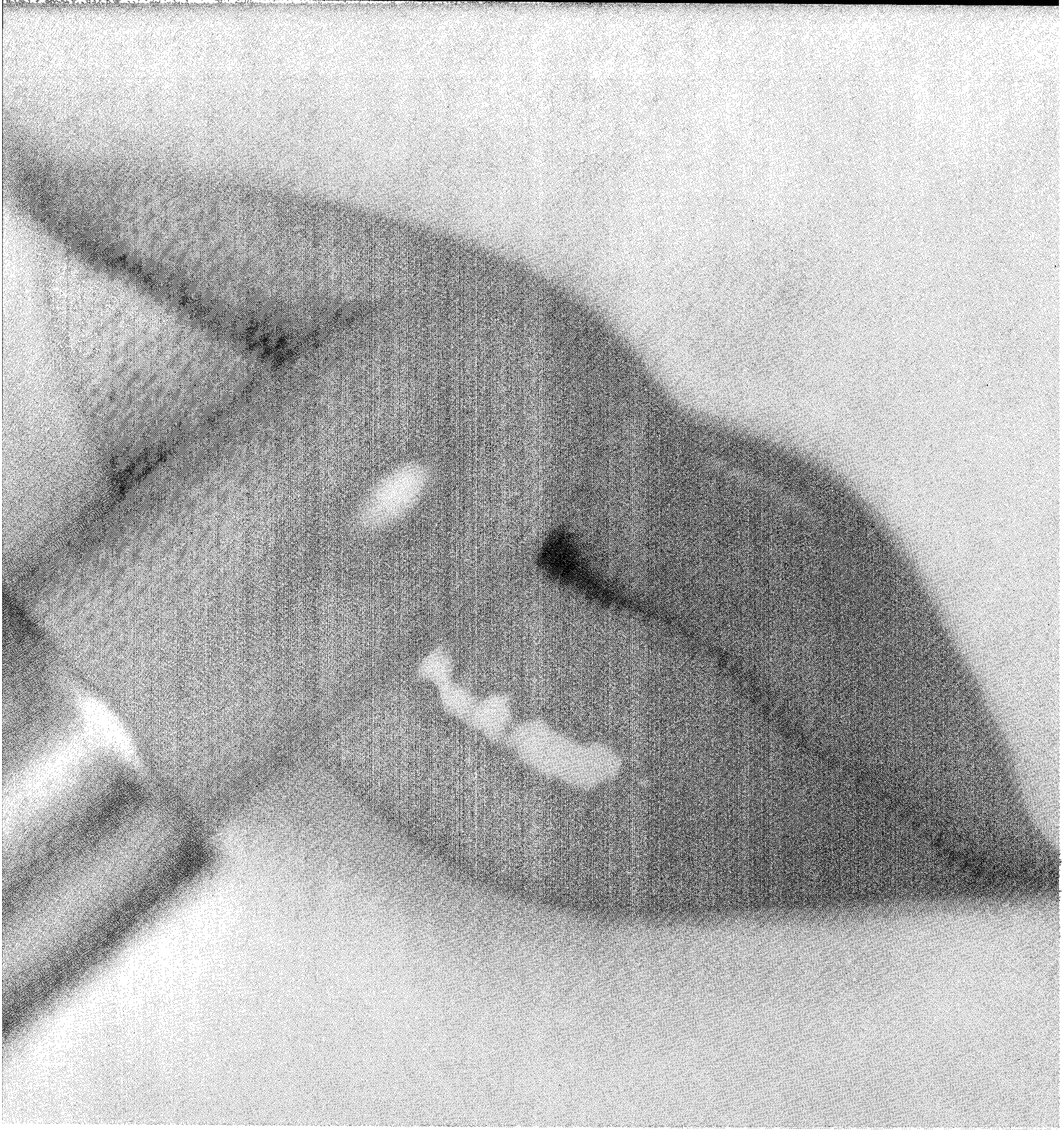
"Who's going to make the report, Henry, you or I?" asked Mityushin, chewing on a cigarette as he jerked at his lighter with his thumb.

"You'd better do it," said Gnuschke.

"We've had a very busy day," began Mityushin, goggling his baby-blue eyes at Anton Petrovich. "At exactly eight-thirty, Henry, who was still as tight as a drum, and I—"

"I protest," said Gnuschke.

"—went to call on Mr. Berg. He was sipping his coffee. Right off we



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handed him your little note. Which he read. And what did he do, Henry? Yes, he burst out laughing. We waited for him to finish laughing, and Henry asked what his plans were."

"No, not his plans but how he intended to react," Gnuschke corrected.

"To react. To this Mr. Berg replied that he agreed to fight and that he chose pistols. We have settled all the conditions. The combatants will be placed facing each other at twenty paces. Firing will be regulated by a word of command. If nobody is dead after the first exchange, the duel may go on. And on. What else was there, Henry?"

"If it is impossible to procure real duelling pistols, then Browning automatics will be used," said Gnuschke.

"Browning automatics. Having established this much, we asked Mr. Berg how to get in touch with his seconds. He went to his study to telephone. Then he wrote the letter you have before you. Incidentally, he kept joking all the time. The next thing we did was to go to a café to meet his two chums. I bought Gnuschke a carnation for his buttonhole. It was by this carnation that they recognized us. They introduced themselves, and, well, to put it in a nutshell, everything is in order. Their names are Marx and Engels."

"That's not quite exact," interjected Gnuschke. "They are Markov and Colonel Arkhangelski."

"No matter," said Mityushin and went on. "Here begins the epic part. We went out of town with these chaps to look for a suitable place. You know Weissdorf, just beyond Wannsee? That's it. We took a walk through the woods there and found a glade, where, it turned out, these chaps had had a little picnic with their girls the other day. The glade is small, and all around there is nothing but woods. In short, the ideal spot—although, of course, you don't get the grand mountain décor as in Lermontov's fatal affair. See the state of my boots—all white with dust."

"Mine too," said Gnuschke. "I must say that trip was quite a strenuous one."

There followed a pause.

"It's hot today," said Mityushin. "Even hotter than yesterday."

"Considerably hotter," said Gnuschke.

With exaggerated thoroughness Mityushin began crushing his cigarette in the ashtray. Silence. Anton Petrovich's heart was beating in his throat. He tried to swallow it, but it started pounding even harder. When would the duel take place? Tomorrow? Why didn't they tell him? Maybe the day after tomorrow? It would be better day after tomorrow.

Mityushin and Gnuschke exchanged glances and got up.

"We shall call for you tomorrow at 6:30 A.M.," said Mityushin. "There is no point in leaving sooner. There isn't a damn soul out there anyway."

Anton Petrovich got up too. What should he do? Thank them?

"Well, thank you, gentlemen. Thank you, gentlemen. Everything is settled then. All right then."

The others bowed.

"We must still find a doctor and the pistols," said Gnuschke.

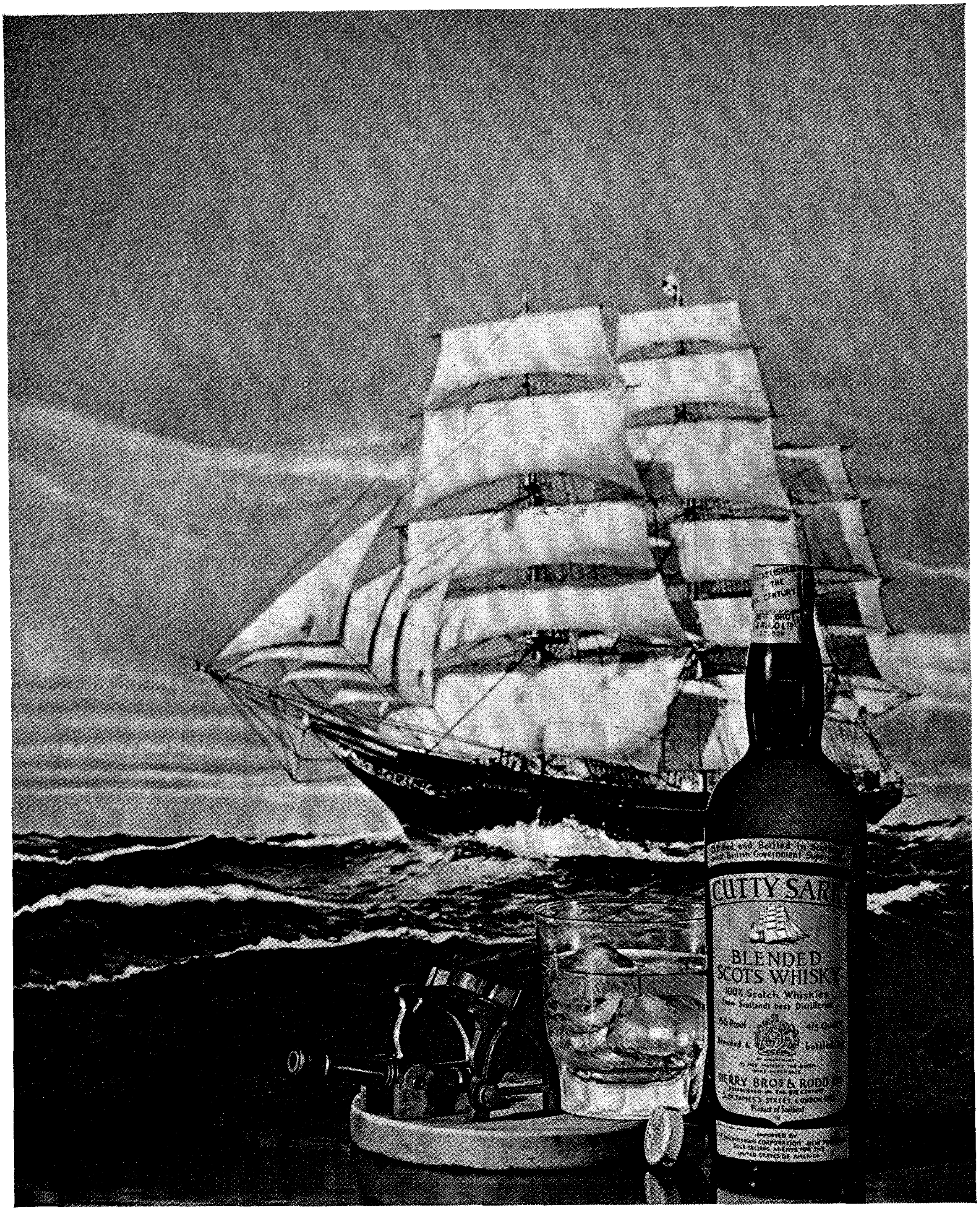
In the front hall Anton Petrovich took Mityushin by the elbow and mumbled, "You know, it's awfully silly, but, you see, I don't know how to shoot, so to speak. I mean, I know how, but I've had no practice at all."

"Hmm," said Mityushin. "That's too bad. Today is Sunday, otherwise you could have taken a lesson or two. That's really bad luck."

"Colonel Arkhangelski gives private shooting lessons," put in Gnuschke.

"Yes," said Mityushin. "You're the smart one, aren't you? Still, what are we to do, Anton Petrovich? You know what? Beginners are lucky. Put your trust in God and just press the trigger."

They left. Dusk was falling. Nobody had lowered the blinds. There must be some cheese and graham bread in the sideboard. The rooms were deserted and motionless, as if all the furniture had once breathed and moved about but had now died. A ferocious cardboard dentist bending over a panic-stricken patient of cardboard—this he had seen such a short time ago, on a blue, green, violet, ruby night, shot with fireworks, at the Luna Amusement Park. Berg took a long time aiming, the air rifle popped, the pellet hit the target, releasing a spring, and the cardboard dentist yanked out a huge tooth with a quadruple root. Tanya clapped her hands, Anton Petrovich smiled, Berg fired again, and the cardboard discs rattled as they spun, the clay pipes were shattered one after another, and the ping-pong ball dancing on a slender jet of water disappeared. How awful. . . . And, most awful of all, Tanya had then said jokingly, "It wouldn't be much fun fighting a duel with you." Twenty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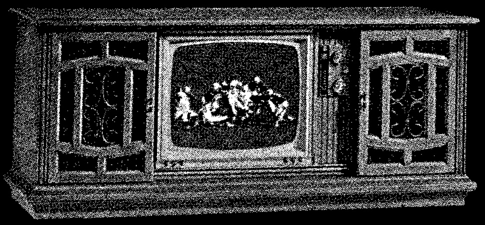

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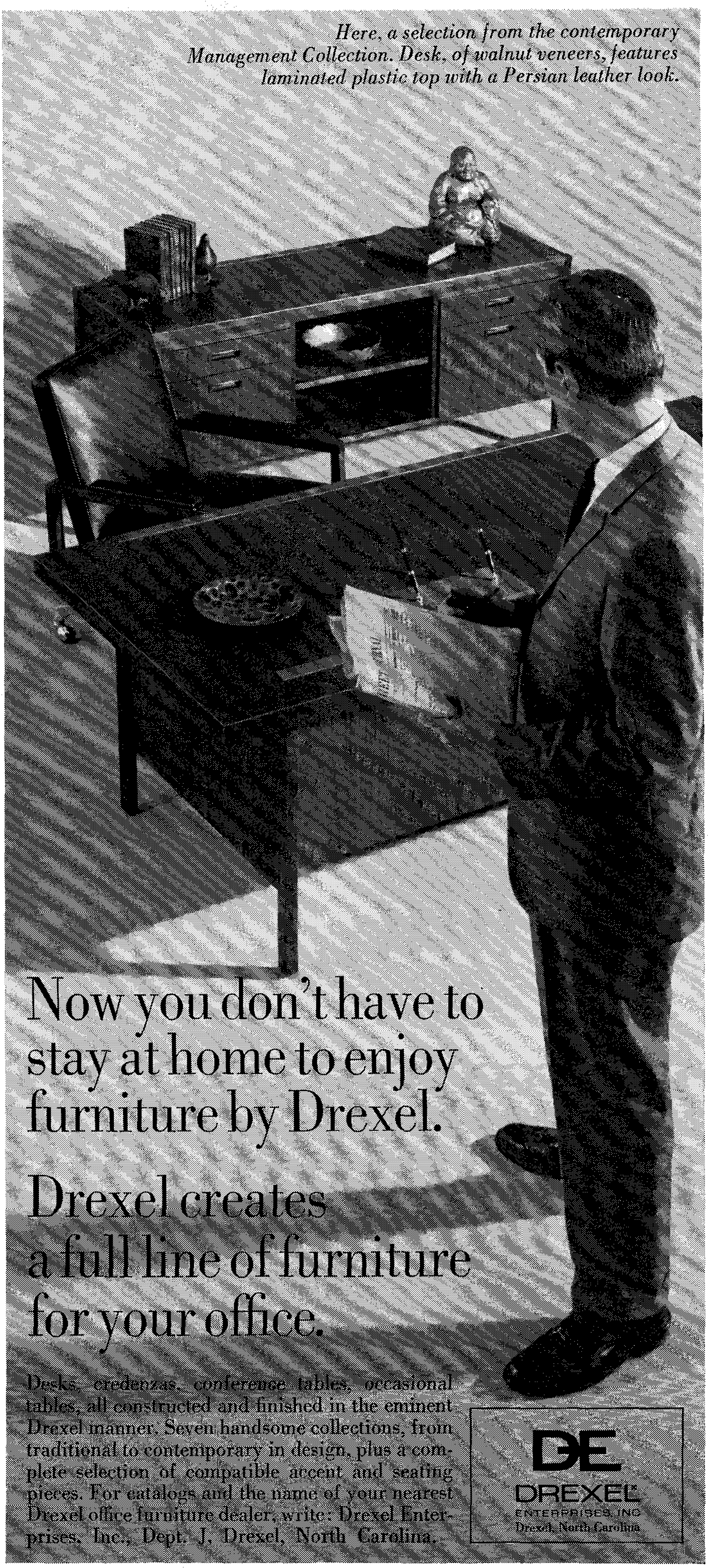
paces. Anton Petrovich went from door to window, counting the paces. Eleven. He inserted his monocle and tried to estimate the distance. Two such rooms. Oh, if only he could manage to disable Berg at the first fire. But he did not know how to aim the thing. He was bound to miss. Here, this letter opener, for example. No, better take this paperweight. You are supposed to hold it like this and take aim. Or like this, perhaps, right up near your chin—it seems easier to do it this way. And at this instant, as he held before him the paperweight in the form of a parrot, pointing it this way and that, Anton Petrovich realized that he would be killed.

At about ten he decided to go to bed. The bedroom, though, was taboo. With great effort he found some clean bedclothes in the dresser, recased the pillow, and spread a sheet over the leather couch in the parlor. As he undressed, he thought, I am going to bed for the last time in my life. "Nonsense," faintly squeaked some little particle of Anton Petrovich's soul—the same particle that had made him throw the glove, slam the door, and call Berg a scoundrel. "Nonsense!" Anton Petrovich said in a thin voice, and at once told himself it was not right to say such things. If I think that nothing will happen to me, then the worst will happen. Everything in life always happens the other way around. It would be nice to read something—for the last time—before going to sleep. "There I go again," he moaned inwardly. "Why for the last time? I am in a terrible state. I must take hold of myself. Oh, if only I were given some sign. Cards?"

He found a deck of cards on a nearby console and took the top card, the three of diamonds. What does the three of diamonds mean cartomantically? No idea. Then he drew, in that order, the queen of diamonds, the eight of clubs, the ace of spades. Ah! That's bad. The ace of spades—I think that means death. But then that's a lot of nonsense, superstitious nonsense.... Midnight.... Five past. Tomorrow has become today. I have a duel today.

He sought peace in vain. Strange things kept happening: the book he was holding, a novel by some German writer or other, was called "Der Zauber*berg;*" he decided that if he counted to three and a streetcar went by at "three" he would be killed, and a streetcar obliged. And then Anton Petrovich did the very worst thing a man in his situation could have done: he decided to reason out what death really meant. When he had thought



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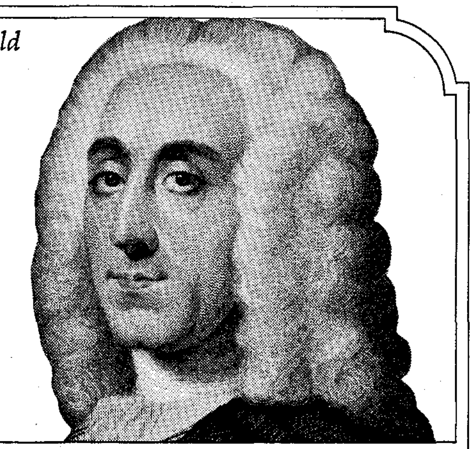

Lord Chesterfield

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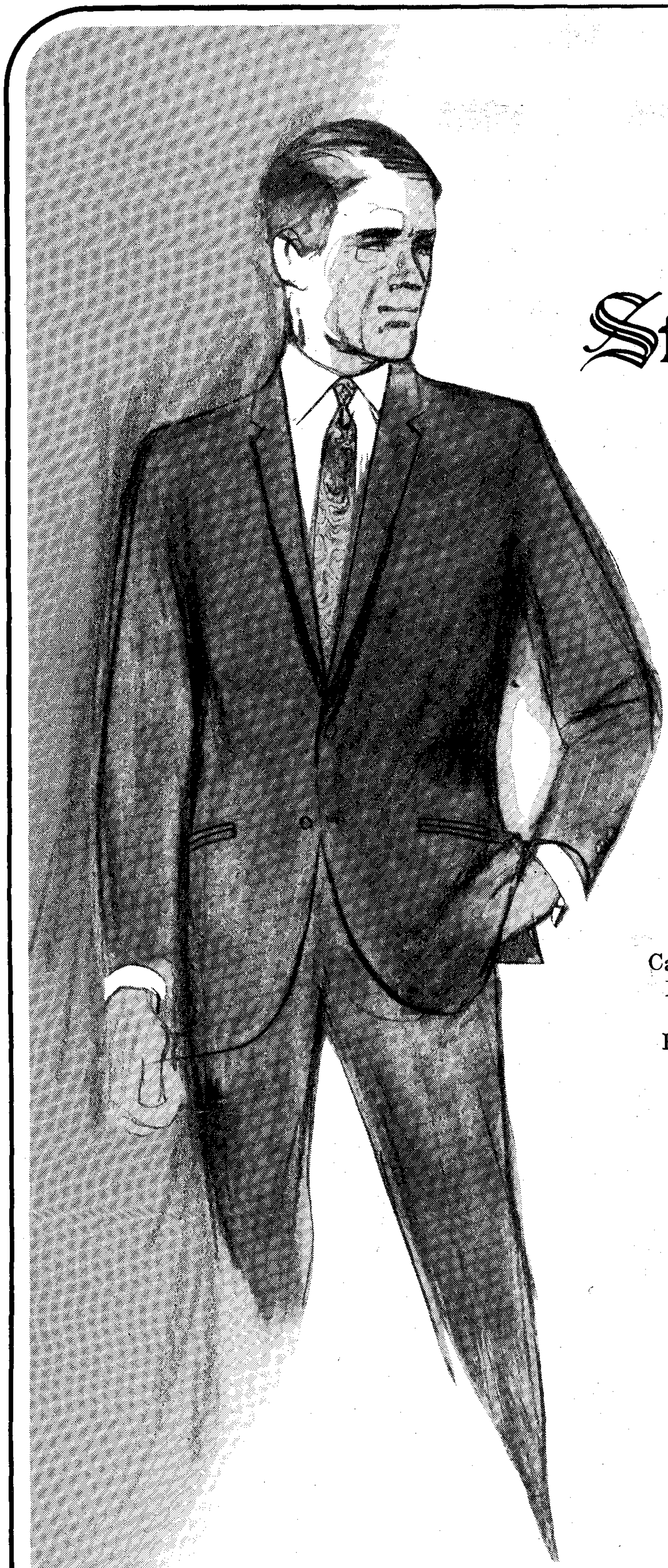
along these lines for a minute or so, everything lost sense. He found it difficult to breathe. He got up, walked about the room, and took a look out the window at the pure and terrible night sky. Must write my testament, thought Anton Petrovich. But to make a will was, so to speak, playing with fire; it meant inspecting the contents of one's own urn in the columbarium. "Best thing is to get some sleep," he said aloud. But as soon as he closed his eyelids, Berg's grinning face would appear before him, purposively slitting one eye. He turned on the light again and attempted to read, to smoke, though he was not a regular smoker. Trivial memories floated by—a toy pistol, a path in the park, that sort of thing—and he immediately cut short his recollections with the thought that those who are about to die always remember trifles from their past. Then the opposite thing frightened him; he realized that he was not thinking of Tanya, that he was numbed by a strange drug that made him insensitive to her absence. She was my life and she has gone, he thought. I have already, unconsciously, bid life farewell, and everything is now indifferent to me, since I shall be killed. . . . The night, meanwhile, was beginning to wane.

At about four he shuffled into the dining room and drank a glass of soda water. A mirror near which he passed reflected his striped pajamas, and thinning, wispy hair. I'm going to look like my own ghost, he thought. But how can I get some sleep? How?

He wrapped himself in a lap robe, for he noticed that his teeth were chattering, and sat down in an armchair in the middle of the dim room that was slowly ascertaining itself. How will it all be? I must dress soberly but elegantly. Tuxedo? No, that would be idiotic. A black suit then . . . and, yes, a black tie. The new black suit. But if there's a wound, a shoulder wound, say . . . The suit will be ruined. . . . The blood, the hole . . . and, besides, they may start cutting off the sleeve. Nonsense, nothing of the sort is going to happen. I must wear my new black suit. And when the duel starts, I shall turn up my jacket collar. That's the custom, I think—in order to conceal the whiteness of one's shirt, probably, or simply because of the morning damp. That's how they did it in that film I saw. Then I must keep absolutely cool, and address everyone politely and calmly. Thank you, I have already fired. It is your turn now. If you do not remove that cigarette from your mouth, I shall not fire. I am ready to con-



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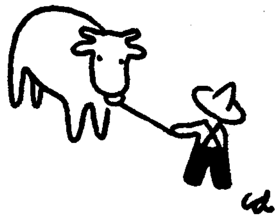
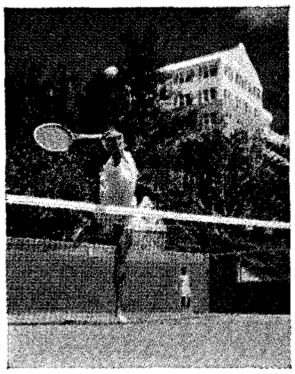
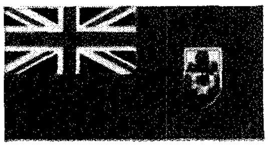
tinue. "Thank you, I have already laughed"—that's what you say to a stale joker. . . . Oh, if one could only imagine all the details! They would arrive—he, Mityushin, and Gnuschke—in a car, leave the car on the road, walk into the woods. Berg and his seconds would probably be waiting there already; they always are in books. Now, there was a question—does one salute one's opponent? What does Onegin do in the opera? Perhaps a discreet tip of the hat from a distance would be just right. Then they would probably start marking off the yards and loading the pistols. What would he do meanwhile? Yes, of course—he would place one foot on a stump somewhere a little way off and wait in a casual attitude. But what if Berg also put one foot on a stump? Berg was capable of it. Mimicking me to embarrass me. That would be awful. Other possibilities would be to lean against a tree trunk, or simply sit down on the grass. Somebody (in a Pushkin story?) ate cherries from a paper bag. Yes, but you have to bring that bag to the duelling ground—looks silly. Oh, well, he would decide when the time came. Dignified and nonchalant. Then they would take their positions. Twenty yards between them. It would be then that he should turn up his collar. He would grasp the pistol like this. Colonel Angel would wave a handkerchief or count three. And then, suddenly, something utterly terrible, something absurd, would happen—an unimaginable thing, even if one thought about it for nights on end, even if one lived to be a hundred in Turkey. . . . Nice to travel, sit in cafés. . . . What does one feel when a bullet hits one between the ribs or in the forehead? Pain? Nausea? Or is there simply a bang followed by total darkness? The tenor Sobinov once crashed down so realistically that his pistol flew into the orchestra. And what if, instead, he received a ghastly wound of some kind—in one eye, or in the groin? No, Berg would kill him outright. "Of course, I counted only those Reds I killed outright." One more X in that little black book. Unimaginable. . . .



The dining-room clock struck five: Ding-dawn. With a tremendous effort, shivering and clutching at the lap robe, Anton Petrovich got up, then paused again, lost in thought, and suddenly stamped his foot, as Louis XVI stamped his when told it was time, Your Majesty, to go to the scaffold. Nothing to be done about it. Stamped his soft clumsy foot. The execution was inevitable. Time to shave, wash, and dress. Scrupulously clean underwear, and the new black suit. As he inserted the opal links into the cuffs of his favorite shirt, Anton Petrovich mused that opals were the stones of fate and that it was only two or three hours before the shirt would be all bloody. Where would the hole be? He stroked the shiny hairs that went down his fat warm chest, and felt so frightened that he covered his eyes with his hand. There was something pathetically independent about the way everything within him was moving now—the heart pulsating, the lungs swelling, the blood circulating, the intestines contracting—and he was leading to slaughter this tender, defenseless inner creature that lived so blindly, so trustingly. . . . Slaughter! He grabbed the shirt, undid one button, and grunted as he plunged head first into the cold, white darkness of the linen enveloping him. Socks, tie. He awkwardly shined his shoes with a chamois rag. As he searched for a clean handkerchief, he stumbled on a stick of rouge. He glanced into the mirror at his hideously pale face, and then tentatively touched his cheek with the crimson stuff. At first it made him look even worse than before. He licked his finger and rubbed his cheek, regretting that he had never taken a close look at how women apply make-up. A light, brick-red hue was finally imparted to his cheeks, and he decided it looked all right. "There, I'm ready now," he said, addressing the mirror; then came an agonizing yawn, and the mirror dissolved in tears. He rapidly scented his handkerchief, distributed papers, handkerchief, keys, and fountain pen in various pockets, and slipped into the black noose of his monocle. Pity I don't have a good pair of gloves. The pair I had was nice and new, but the left glove is widowed. The drawback inherent in duels. He sat down at his writing desk, placed his elbows on it, and began waiting, glancing now out the window, now at the travelling clock in its folding leather case.

It was a beautiful morning. The sparrows twittered like mad in the tall linden tree under the window. A pale-blue velvet shadow covered the street, and here and there a roof flashed silver. Anton Petrovich was cold and had an unbearable headache. A nip of brandy would be paradise. None in





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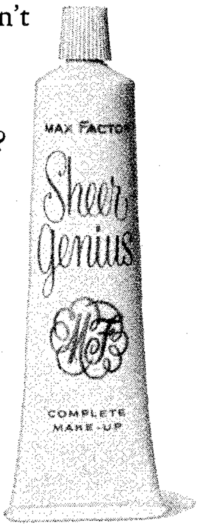

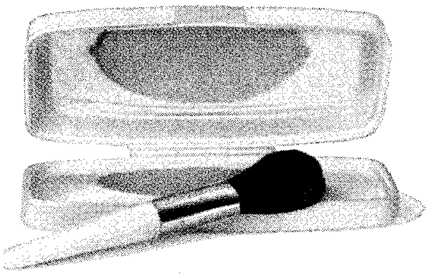

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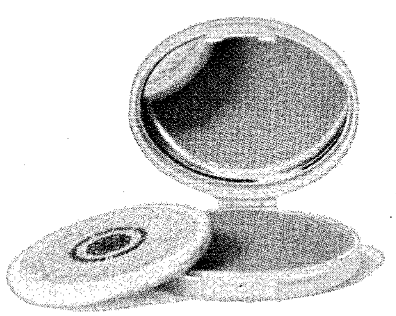

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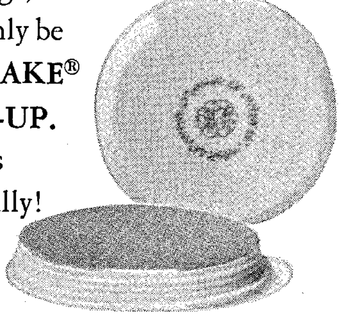

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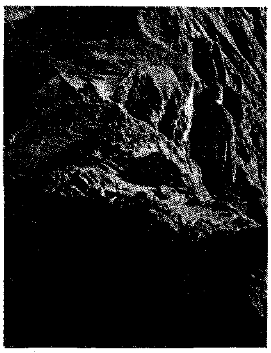


Peru

Venezuela

the house. House already deserted; master going away forever. Oh, nonsense. We insist on calmness. The front door bell will ring in a moment. I must keep perfectly calm. The bell is going to ring right now. They are already three minutes late. Maybe they won't come? Such a marvellous summer morning.... Who was the last person killed in a duel in Russia? A Baron Manteuffel, twenty years ago. No, they won't come. Good. He would wait another half hour and then go to bed—the bedroom was losing its horror and becoming definitely attractive. Anton Petrovich opened his mouth wide, preparing to squeeze out a huge lump of yawn—he felt the crunch in his ears, the swelling under his palate—and it was then that the doorbell brutally rang. Spasmodically swallowing the unfinished yawn, Anton Petrovich went into the front hall, unlocked the door, and Mityushin and Gnuschke ushered each other across the threshold.

"Time to go," said Mityushin, gazing intently at Anton Petrovich. He was wearing his usual pistachio-colored tie, but Gnuschke had put on an old frock coat.

"Yes, I am ready," said Anton Petrovich. "I'll be right with you."

He left them standing in the front hall, rushed into the bedroom, and, in order to gain time, started washing his hands, while he kept repeating to himself, "What is happening? My God, what is happening?" Just five minutes ago there had still been hope: there might have been an earthquake; Berg might have died of a heart attack; fate might have intervened, suspended events, saved him.

"Anton Petrovich, hurry up!" called Mityushin from the front hall.

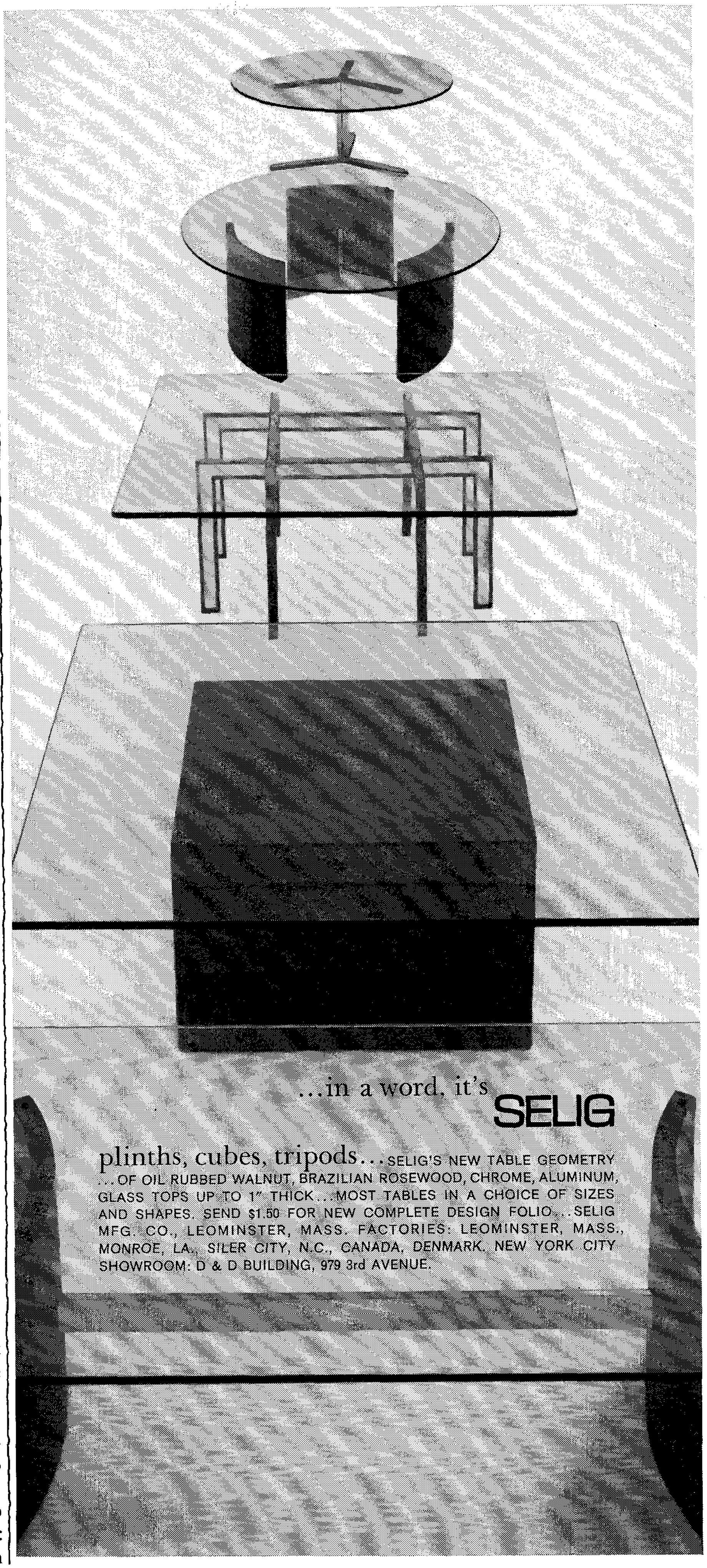
Quickly he dried his hands and joined the others. "Yes, yes, I'm ready, let's go."

"We'll have to take the train," said Mityushin when they were outside. "Because if we arrive by taxi, in the middle of the forest, and at this hour, it might seem suspicious, and the driver might tell the police. Anton Petrovich, please don't start losing your nerve."

"I'm not—don't be silly," replied Anton Petrovich with a helpless smile.

Gnuschke, who had remained silent until this point, loudly blew his nose and said matter-of-factly, "Our adversary is bringing the doctor. We were unable to find duelling pistols. However, our colleagues did procure two identical Brownings."

In the taxi that was to take them to the station, they seated themselves thus: Anton Petrovich and Mityushin in



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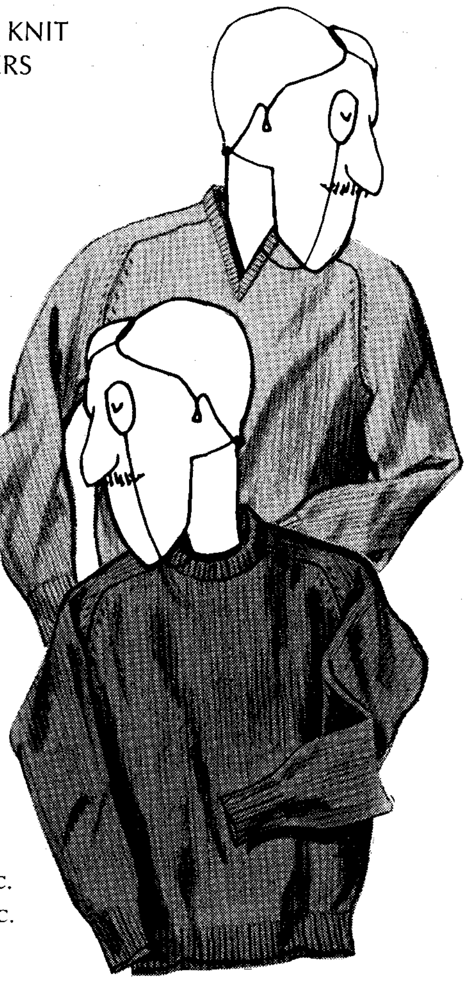

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back, and Gnuschke facing them on a jump seat, with his legs pulled in. Anton Petrovich was again overcome by a nervous fit of yawning. That revengeful yawn he had suppressed. Again and again came that humpy spasm, so that his eyes watered. Mityushin and Gnuschke looked very solemn, but at the same time seemed exceedingly pleased with themselves.

Anton Petrovich clenched his teeth and yawned with his nostrils only. Then, abruptly, he said, "I had an excellent night's sleep." He tried to think of something else to say.

"Quite a few people in the streets," he said, and added, "In spite of the early hour." Mityushin and Gnuschke were silent. Another fit of yawning. Oh, God. . . .

They soon arrived at the station. It seemed to Anton Petrovich that he had never travelled so fast. Gnuschke bought the tickets and, holding them fanwise, went ahead. Suddenly he looked around at Mityushin and cleared his throat significantly. By the refreshment booth stood Berg. He was getting some change out of his trouser pocket, thrusting his left hand deep inside it and holding the pocket in place with his right, the way Anglo-Saxons do in cartoons. He produced a coin in the palm of his hand and, as he handed it to the woman vender, said something that made her laugh. Berg laughed too. He stood with legs slightly spread. He was wearing a gray flannel suit.

"Let's go around that booth," said Mityushin. "It would be awkward passing right next to him."

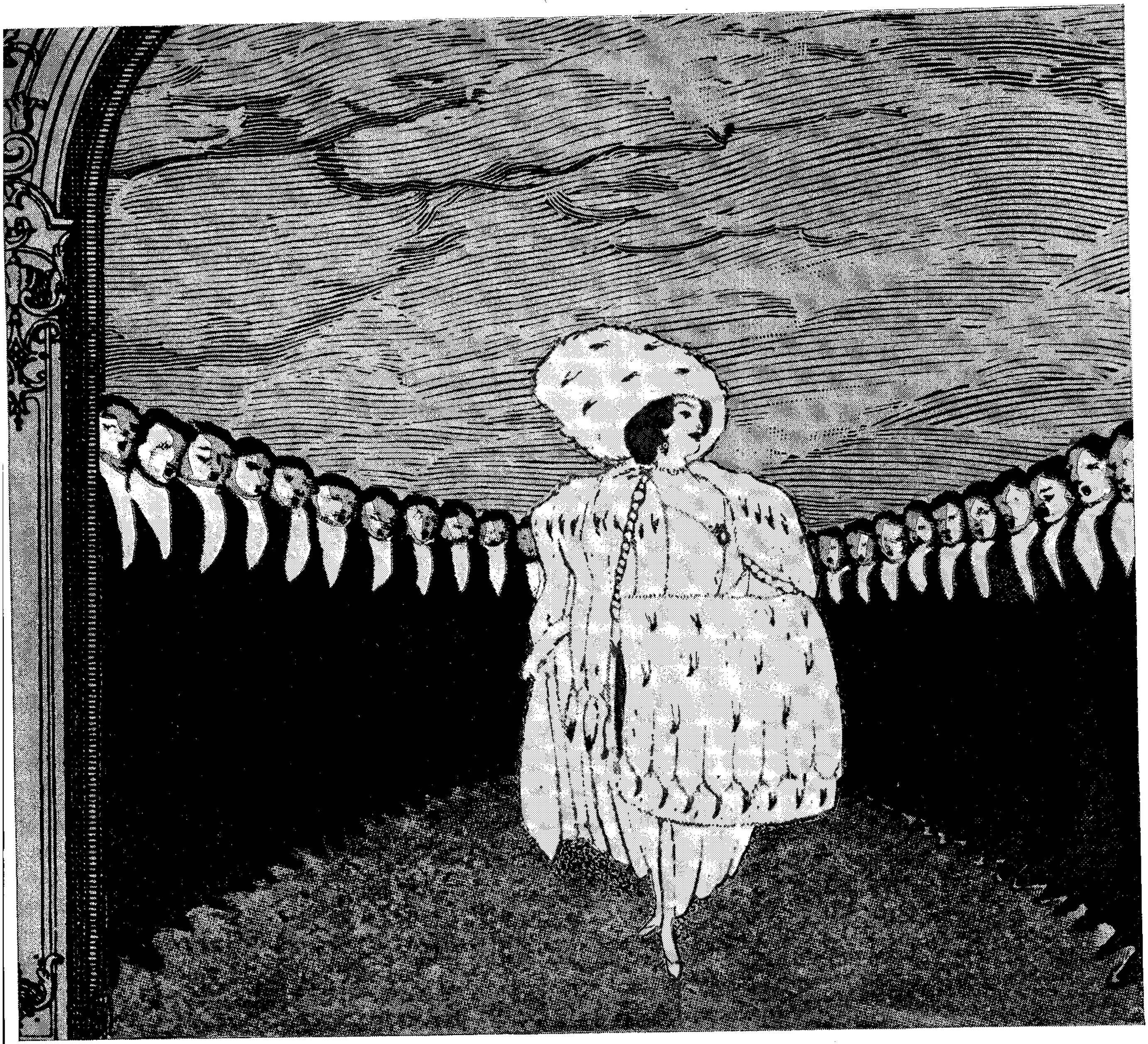
A strange numbness came over Anton Petrovich. Totally unconscious of what he was doing, he boarded the coach, took a window seat, removed his hat, donned it again. Only when the train jerked and began to move did his brain start working again, and in this instant he was possessed by the feeling that comes in dreams when, speeding along in a train from nowhere to nowhere, you suddenly realize that you are travelling clad only in your underpants.

"They are in the next coach," said Mityushin, taking out a cigarette case. "Why on earth do you keep yawning all the time, Anton Petrovich? It gives one the creeps."

"I always do in the morning," answered Anton Petrovich mechanically.

Pine trees, pine trees, pine trees. A sandy slope. More pine trees. Such a marvellous morning. . . .

"That frock coat, Henry, is not a success," said Mityushin. "No question



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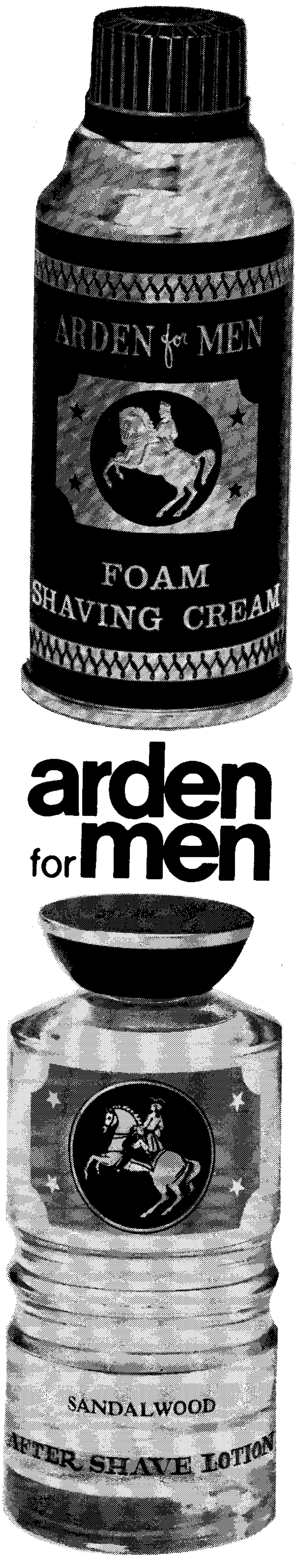


arden
for men

about it. To put it bluntly—it just isn't."

"That is my business," said Gnuschke.

Lovely, those pines. And now a gleam of water. Woods again. How touching, the world, how fragile. . . . If I could only keep from yawning again. . . . Jaws aching. If you restrain the yawn, your eyes begin watering. He was sitting with his face turned toward the window, listening to the wheels beating out the rhythm "Abattoir . . . abattoir . . . abattoir . . ."

"Here's what I advise you to do," said Gnuschke. "Blaze at once. I advise you to aim at the center of his body—you have more of a chance that way."

"It's all a question of luck," said Mityushin. "If you hit him, fine, and if not, don't worry—he might miss too. A duel becomes real only after the first exchange. It is then that the interesting part begins, so to speak."

A station. Did not stop long. Why did they torture him so? To die today would be unthinkable. What if I faint? You have to be a good actor. . . . What can I try? What shall I do? Such a marvellous morning. . . .

"Anton Petrovich, excuse me for asking," said Mityushin, "but it's important. You don't have anything to entrust to us? I mean, papers, documents. A letter, maybe, or a will? It's the usual procedure."

Anton Petrovich shook his head.

"Pity," said Mityushin. "Never know what might happen. Take Henry and me—we're all set for a sojourn in jail. Are your affairs in order?"

Anton Petrovich nodded. He was no longer able to speak. The only way to keep from screaming was to watch the pines that kept flashing past.

"We get off in a minute," said Gnuschke, and rose. Mityushin rose also. Clenching his teeth, Anton Petrovich wanted to rise too, but a jolt of the train made him fall back into his seat.

"Here we are," said Mityushin.

Only then did Anton Petrovich manage to separate himself from the seat. Pressing his monocle into his eye socket, he cautiously descended to the platform. The sun welcomed him warmly.

"They are behind," said Gnuschke. Anton Petrovich felt his back growing a hump. No, this is unthinkable, I must wake up.

They left the station and set out along the highway, past tiny brick houses with petunias in the windows. At the intersection of the highway and a soft, white road leading off into the forest, there was a tavern. Suddenly Anton Petrovich stopped. "I'm awfully thirsty," he muttered. "I could do with a drop of something."

"Yes, wouldn't hurt," said Mityushin.

Gnuschke looked back and said, "They have left the road and turned into the woods."

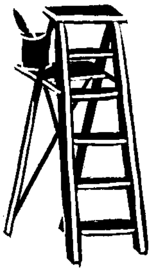
"It will only take a minute," said Mityushin.

The three of them entered the tavern. A fat woman was wiping the counter with a rag. She scowled at them and poured three mugs of beer.

Anton Petrovich swallowed, choked slightly, and said, "Excuse me for a second."

"Hurry," said Mityushin, putting his mug back on the bar.

Anton Petrovich turned into the passage, followed the arrow to men, mankind, human beings, marched past the toilet, past the kitchen, gave a start when a cat darted under his feet, quickened his step, reached the end of the passage, pushed open a door, and a shower of sunlight splashed his face. He found himself in a little green yard, where hens walked about and a boy in a faded bathing suit sat on a log. Anton Petrovich rushed past him, past some elder bushes, down a couple of wooden steps and into more bushes, then suddenly slipped, for the ground sloped. Branches whipped against his face, and he pushed them aside awkwardly, diving and slipping; the slope, overgrown with elder, kept growing steeper. At last his headlong descent became uncontrollable. He slid down on tense, outspread legs, warding off the springy twigs. Then he embraced an unexpected tree at full speed, and began moving obliquely. The bushes thinned out. Ahead was a tall fence. He saw a loophole in it, rustled through the nettles, and found himself in a pine grove, where shadow-dappled laundry hung between the tree trunks near a shack. With the same purposefulness he traversed the grove, and presently realized that he was again sliding downhill. Ahead of him water shimmered among the trees. He stumbled, then saw a path to his right. It led him to the lake. An old fisherman, suntanned, the color of smoked flounder, and wearing a straw hat, indicated the way to the Wannsee station. The road at first skirted the lake, then turned into the forest, and he



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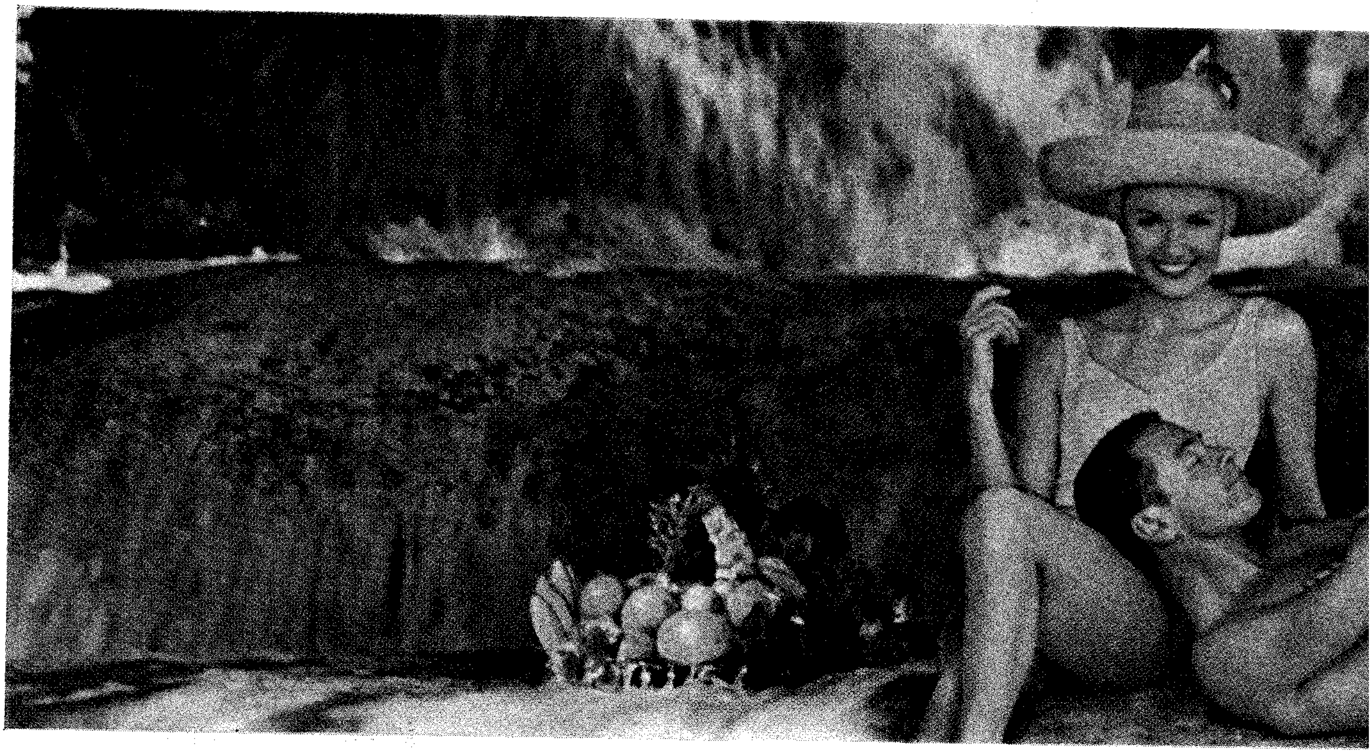

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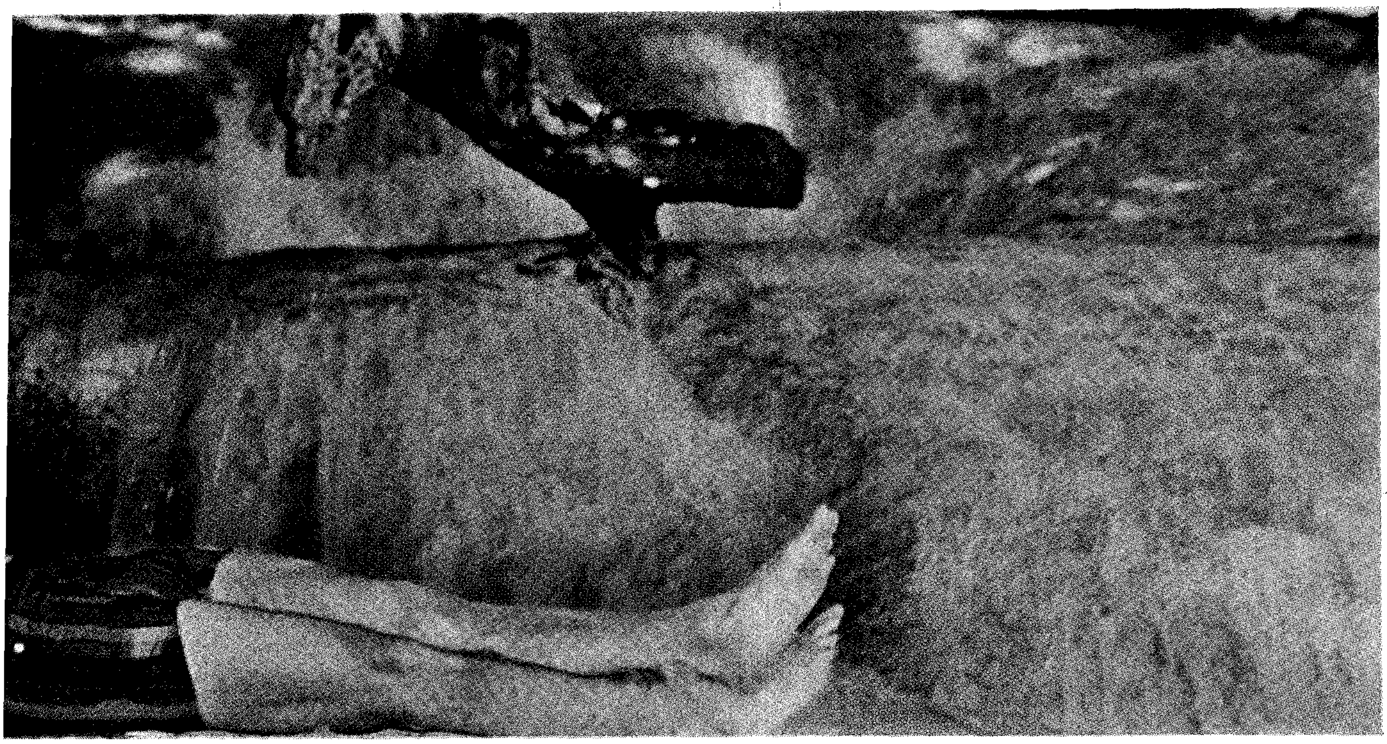

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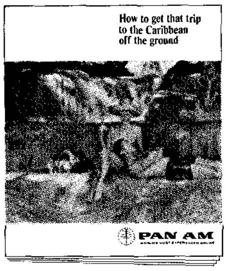

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wandered through the woods for about two hours before emerging at the railroad tracks. He trudged to the nearest station, and as he reached it a train approached. He boarded a car and squeezed in between two passengers, who glanced with curiosity at this fat, pale, moist man in black, with painted cheeks and dirty shoes, a monocle in his begrimed eye socket.

Only upon reaching Berlin did he pause for a moment—or at least he had the sensation that, up to that moment, he had been fleeing continuously and only now had stopped to catch his breath and look around him. He was in a familiar square. Beside him an old flower woman with an enormous woollen bosom was selling carnations. A man in an armorlike coating of newspapers was touting the name of a local scandal sheet. A shoeshine man gave Anton Petrovich a fawning look. Anton Petrovich sighed with relief and placed his foot firmly on the stand, whereupon the man's elbows began working lickety-split.

It is all horrible, of course, he thought, as he watched the tip of his shoe begin to gleam. But I am alive, and for the moment that is the main thing. Mityushin and Gnuschke had probably travelled back to town and were standing guard before his house, so he would have to wait a while for things to blow over. In no circumstances must he meet them. Much later he would go to fetch his things. And he must leave Berlin that very night.

"*Dobryi den'* [Good day], Anton Petrovich," came a gentle voice right above his ear.

He gave such a start that his foot slipped off the stand. No, it was all right—false alarm. The voice belonged to a certain Leontiev, a man he had met three or four times, a journalist or something of the sort. A talkative but harmless fellow. They said his wife deceived him right and left.

"Out for a stroll?" asked Leontiev, giving him a melancholy handshake.

"Yes. No, I have various things to do," replied Anton Petrovich, thinking at the same time, I hope he proceeds on his way, otherwise it will be quite dreadful.

Leontiev looked around and said, as if he had made a happy discovery, "Splendid weather!"

Actually he was a pessimist and, like all pessimists, a ridiculously unobservant man. His face was ill-shaven, yellowish, and long, and all of him looked clumsy, emaciated, and lugubrious, as if nature had suffered from toothache when creating him.

The shoeshine man jauntily clapped his brushes together. Anton Petrovich looked at his revived shoes.

"Which way are you headed?" asked Leontiev.

"And you?" asked Anton Petrovich.

"Makes no difference to me. I'm free right now. I can keep you company for a while." He cleared his throat and added insinuatingly, "If you allow me, of course."

"Of course, please do," mumbled Anton Petrovich. Now he's attached himself, he thought. Must find some less familiar street, or else more acquaintances will turn up. If I can only avoid meeting those two.

"Well, how is life treating you?" asked Leontiev. He belonged to the breed of people who ask how life is treating you only so they can give a detailed account of how it is treating them.

"Oh, well, I am all right," Anton Petrovich replied. Of course he'll find out all about it afterward. Good Lord, what a mess. "I am going this way," he said aloud, and turned sharply.

Smiling sadly at his own thoughts, Leontiev almost ran into him and swayed slightly on lanky legs. "This way? All right, it's all the same to me."

What shall I do, thought Anton Petrovich. After all, I can't just keep strolling with him like this. I have to think things over and decide so much. And I'm awfully tired, and my corns hurt.

As for Leontiev, he had already launched into a long story. He spoke in a level, unhurried voice. He spoke of how much he paid for his room, how hard it was to pay, how hard life was for him and his wife, how rarely one got a good landlady, how insolent theirs was with his wife.

"Adelaida Albertovna, of course, has a quick temper herself," he added with a sigh. He was one of those middle-class Russians who use the patronymic when speaking of their spouses.

They were walking along an anonymous street, where the pavement was being repaired. One of the workmen had a dragon tattooed on his bare chest. Anton Petrovich wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and said, "I have some business near here. They are waiting for me. A business appointment."

"Oh, I'll walk you there," said Leontiev sadly.

Anton Petrovich surveyed the street. A sign said "Hotel." A squalid and

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"I have to go in here," said Anton Petrovich. "Yes, this hotel! A business appointment."

Leontiev took off his torn glove and gave him a soft handshake. "Know what? I think I'll wait a while for you. Won't be long, will you?"

"Quite long, I'm afraid," said Anton Petrovich.

"Pity. You see, I wanted to talk something over with you, and ask your advice. Well, no matter. I'll wait around for a while, just in case. Maybe you'll get through early."

Anton Petrovich went into the hotel. He had no choice. It was empty and darkish inside. A dishevelled person materialized from behind a desk and asked what he wanted.

"A room," Anton Petrovich answered softly.

The man pondered this, scratched his head, and demanded a deposit. Anton Petrovich handed over ten marks. A red-haired maid, rapidly wiggling her behind, led him down a long corridor and unlocked a door. He entered, heaved a deep sigh, and sat down in a low armchair of ribbed velvet. He was alone. The furniture, the bed, the washstand seemed to awake, to give him a frowning look, and go back to sleep. In this drowsy, totally unremarkable hotel room, Anton Petrovich was at last alone.

Hunching over, covering his eyes with his hand, he lapsed into thought, and before him bright, speckled images passed by—patches of sunny greenery, the boy on the log, the fisherman, Leontiev, Berg, Tanya. And at the thought of Tanya he moaned and hunched over even more tensely. Her voice, her dear voice. So light, so girlish, quick of eye and limb, she would perch on the sofa, tuck her legs under her, and her skirt would float up around her like a silk dome and then drop back. Or else she would sit at the table, quite motionless, only blinking now and then and blowing out cigarette smoke with her face upturned. It's senseless. . . . Why did you cheat? For you did cheat. What shall I do without you? Tanya! . . . Don't you see—you cheated. My darling—why? Why?

Emitting little moans and cracking his finger joints, he began pacing up and down the room, bumping against the furniture without noticing it. He happened to stop by the window and glance out into the street. At first he could not see the street because of the mist in his eyes, but presently the street appeared, with a truck at the curb, a

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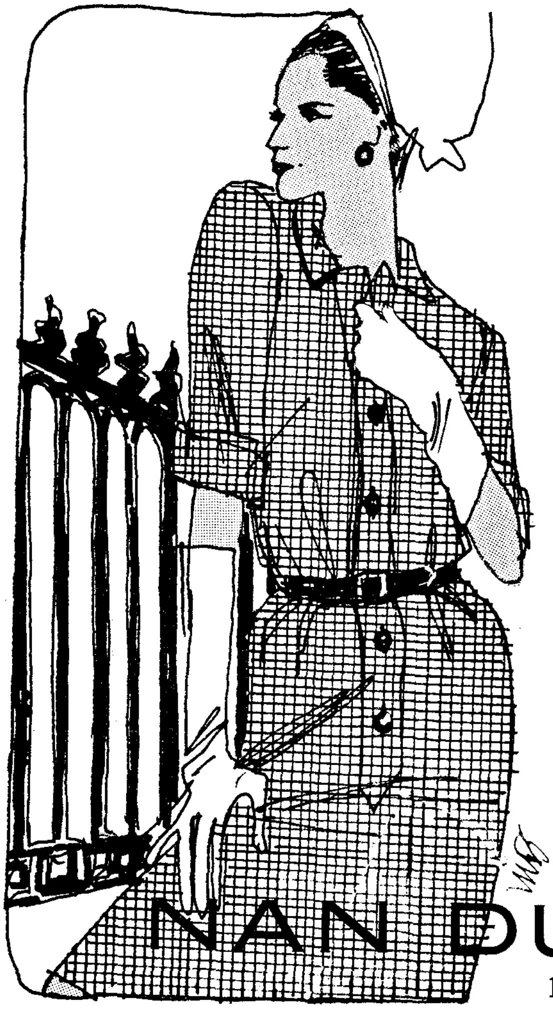

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bicyclist, an old lady gingerly stepping off the sidewalk. And along the sidewalk slowly strolled Leontiev, reading a newspaper as he went; he passed and turned the corner. And, for some reason, at the sight of Leontiev, Anton Petrovich realized just how hopeless his situation was—yes, hopeless, for there was no other word for it. Only yesterday he had been a perfectly honorable man, respected by friends, acquaintances, and fellow-workers at the bank. His job! There was not even any question of it. Everything was different now; he had run down a slippery slope, and now he was at the bottom.

"But how can it be? I must decide to do something," Anton Petrovich said in a thin voice. Perhaps there was a way out? They had tormented him for a while, but enough was enough. Yes, he had to decide. He remembered the suspicious gaze of the man at the desk. What should one say to the person? Oh, obviously, "I'm going to fetch my luggage—I left it at the station." So. Goodbye forever, little hotel! The street, thank God, was now clear; Leontiev had finally given up and left. "How do I get to the *nearest* streetcar stop?" "Oh, just go straight, my dear sir, and you will reach the nearest streetcar stop." No, better take a taxi. Off we go. The streets grow familiar again. Calmly, quite calmly. Tip the taxi-driver. Home! Five floors. Calmly, quite calmly, he went into the front hall. Then quickly opened the parlor door. My, what a surprise!

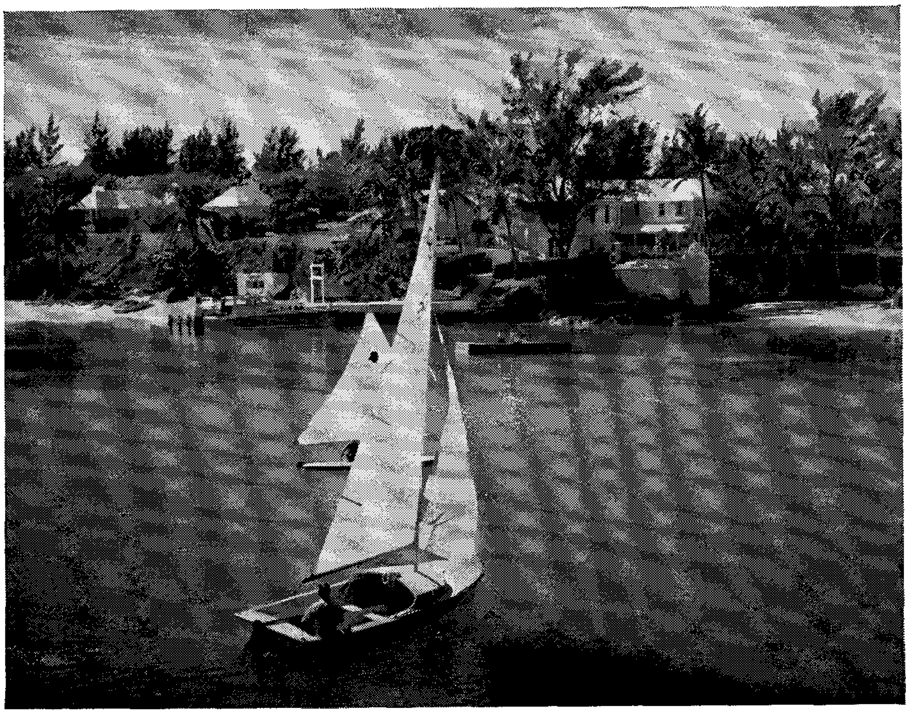
In the parlor, around the circular table, sat Mityushin, Gnuschke, and Tanya. On the table stood bottles, glasses, and cups. Mityushin beamed—pink-faced, shiny-eyed, drunk as an owl. Gnuschke was drunk too, and also beamed, rubbing his hands together. Tanya was sitting with her bare elbows on the table, gazing at him motionlessly.

"At last!" exclaimed Mityushin, and took him by the arm. "At last you've shown up!" He added in a whisper, with a mischievous wink, "You slyboots, you!"

Anton Petrovich now sits down and has some vodka. Mityushin and Gnuschke keep giving him the same mischievous but good-natured looks. Tanya says, "You must be hungry. I'll get you a sandwich."

Yes, a big ham sandwich, with the edge of fat overlapping. She goes to make it and then Mityushin and Gnuschke rush to him and begin to talk, interrupting each other.

"You lucky fellow! Just imagine—



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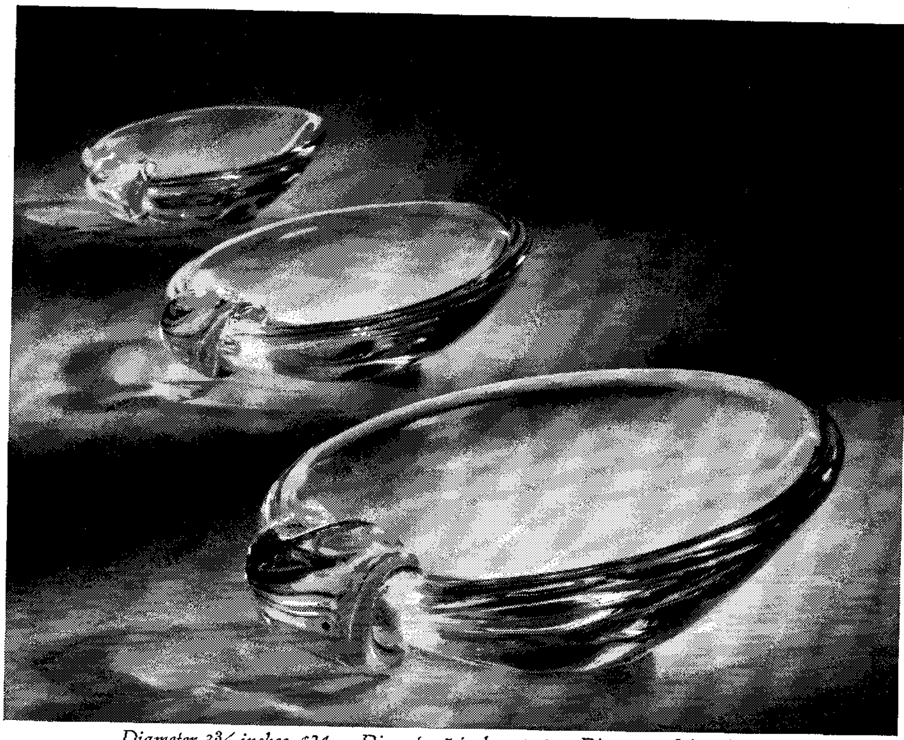

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Crystal ashtrays with sloping bowls—
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Mr. Berg also lost his nerve. Well, not 'also,' but lost his nerve anyhow. While we were waiting for you at the tavern, his seconds came in and announced that Berg had changed his mind. Those broad-shouldered bullies always turn out to be cowards. 'Gentlemen, we ask you to excuse us for having agreed to act as seconds for this scoundrel.' That's how lucky you are, Anton Petrovich! So, everything is now just dandy. And you came out of it honorably, while he is disgraced forever. And, most important, your wife, when she heard about it, immediately left Berg and returned to you. And you must forgive her."

Anton Petrovich smiled broadly, got up, and started fiddling with the ribbon of his monocle. His smile slowly faded away. Such things don't happen in real life.

He looked at the moth-eaten plush, the plump bed, the washstand, and this wretched room in this wretched hotel seemed to him to be the room in which he would have to live from that day on. He sat down on the bed, took off his shoes, wiggled his toes with relief, and noticed that there was a blister on his heel and a corresponding hole in his sock. Then he rang the bell and ordered a ham sandwich. When the maid placed the plate on the table, he deliberately looked away, but as soon as the door had shut he grabbed the sandwich with both hands, immediately soiled his fingers and chin with the hanging margin of fat, and, grunting greedily, began to munch.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

(*Translated from the Russian by Dmitri Nabokov.*)

•

The October meeting will be held on Monday, October 4 at 8:15 P.M. at Riverside School in Port Credit. Mrs. Doris Anderson, editor of Chatelaine Magazine, will be the guest speaker. University women from Port Credit and the surrounding area are welcome.

The female wood duck places a cover of plucked down over her eggs before leaving the nest.—*From the Clarkson (Ont.) Mississauga News.*

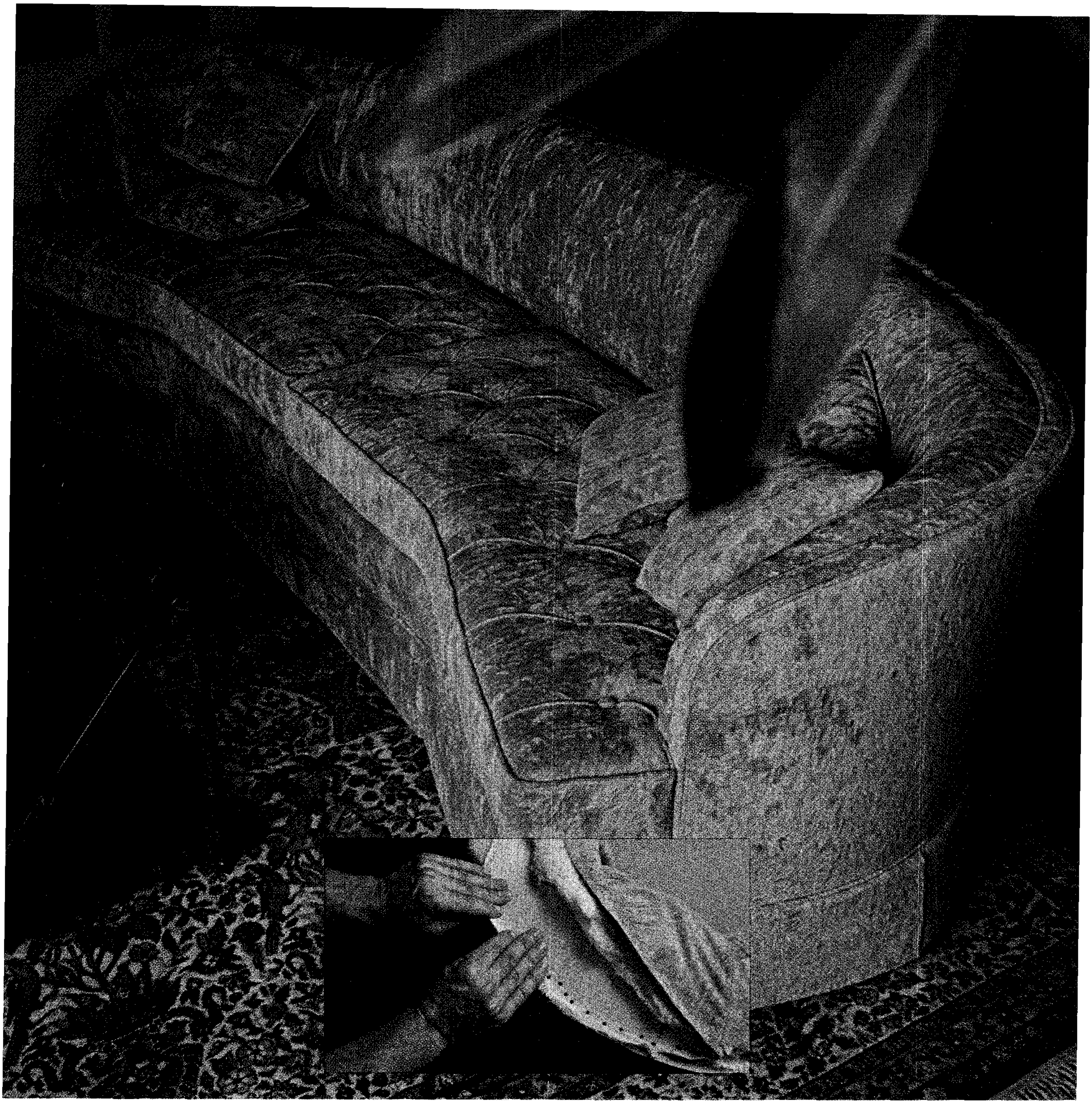
And how right she is.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE LAMU-MOMBASA TRAIL

[*From the international edition of the Times*]

The round-trip flight between Lamu and Mombasa comes to about $30 for each of the three passengers the plane carries. There is no wearying drive, no danger of flood and no more danger of a native attack than in Washington Square.



THE $200 DIFFERENCE

Before he fitted this sweep of crushed velvet, the Heritage upholsterer stretched, shaped and stitched four layers of support over the arms and back of the frame. When a sofa, or any piece of furniture, takes its shape from the inside out, only more money can buy it.

You might be able to find a sofa that looks like this for about $500. But you won't be buying the same sofa or one that's even close. As you'll soon find out when buffet suppers, day-to-day sitting, children and reupholstering take their toll on the comfort and looks you bought in the showroom.

Covered in rich crushed velvet, this 101-inch Heritage sofa will cost you about $700. Or $200 more than its "look-alike." Every spring, strip of webbing, length of thread and piece of burlap was hand-picked, then cut, fitted, sewn and secured to support the lines and comfort of this sofa.

The arms alone have burlap, fiberfill, muslin and batting back to back beneath the velvet.

Even the frame was shaped to support the sofa's design.

The higher price on this Heritage sofa, or any other piece of furniture we make, means something. Whether it's our concern for the support behind the looks and comfort of a design. Or the way we'll carve and finish wood by hand... because no machine or shortcut method can match it.

When you find work like this, you'll see the Heritage name. Hiding under the cushions of this monumental Heritage sofa. Burned inside the drawers of a chest. Swinging on a hangtag from one of our wing chairs.

If you'd like to know more about Heritage and see how it could fit into your home, send two dollars for a Heritage catalog collection and room planning kit, to Dept. NY9-3-6, Heritage Furniture Company, High Point, North Carolina.

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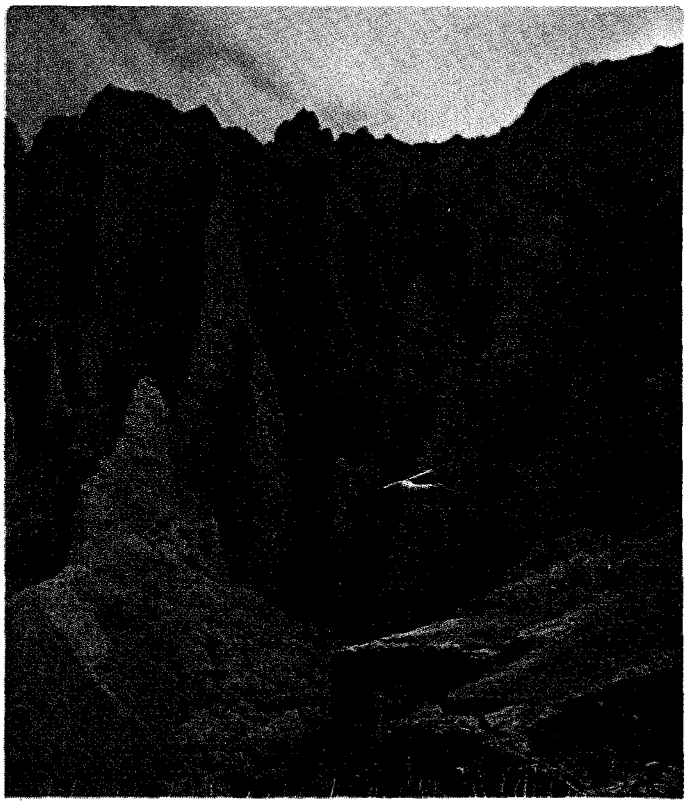
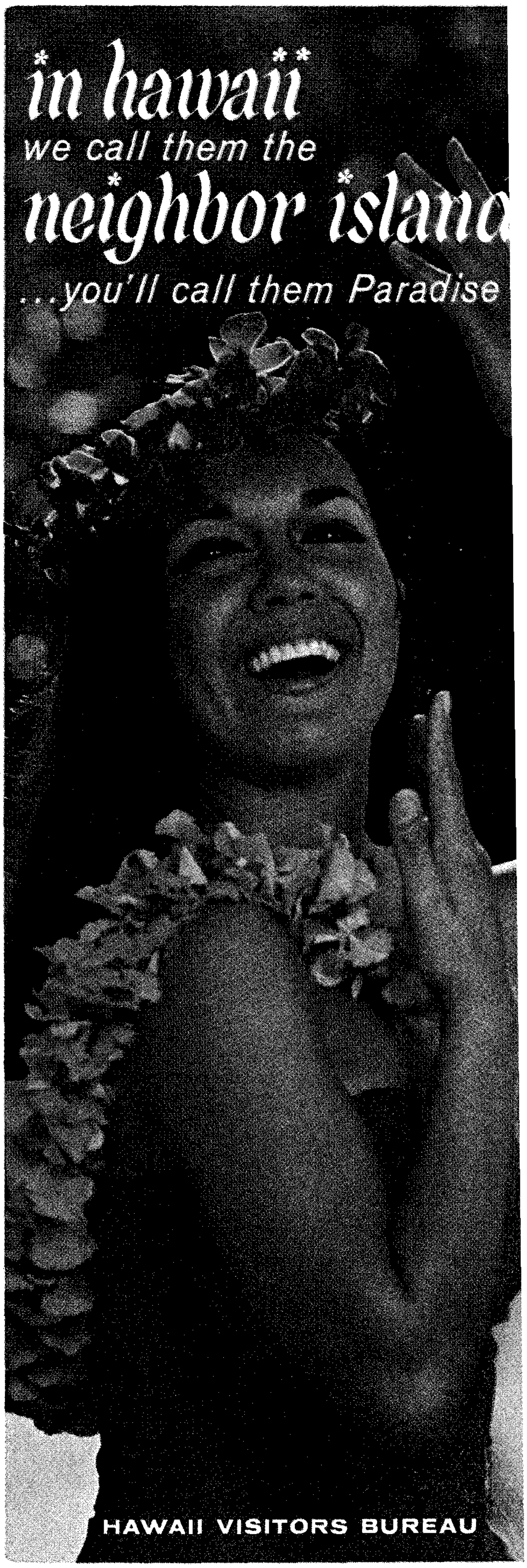

Kauai's magnificent Na Pali Coast is an awesome spectacle of jagged, emerald cliffs plunging 4,000 feet to the ocean

Memorable experience is 3-mile Wailua River excursion into heart of a tropical jungle, ending at haunting Fern Grotto

Island girl and boy typify a warm and hospitable people

When moviemakers need idyllic beaches, they pick Kauai

KAUAI—The Garden Isle is the oldest of our islands. That's why its mountains are more dramatically serrated, its foliage lusher, its beaches more jewel-like. Captain Cook first landed here and nowhere are Hawaiian legends more profuse.


in hawaii
we call them the
neighbor islan
...you'll call them Paradise
HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU

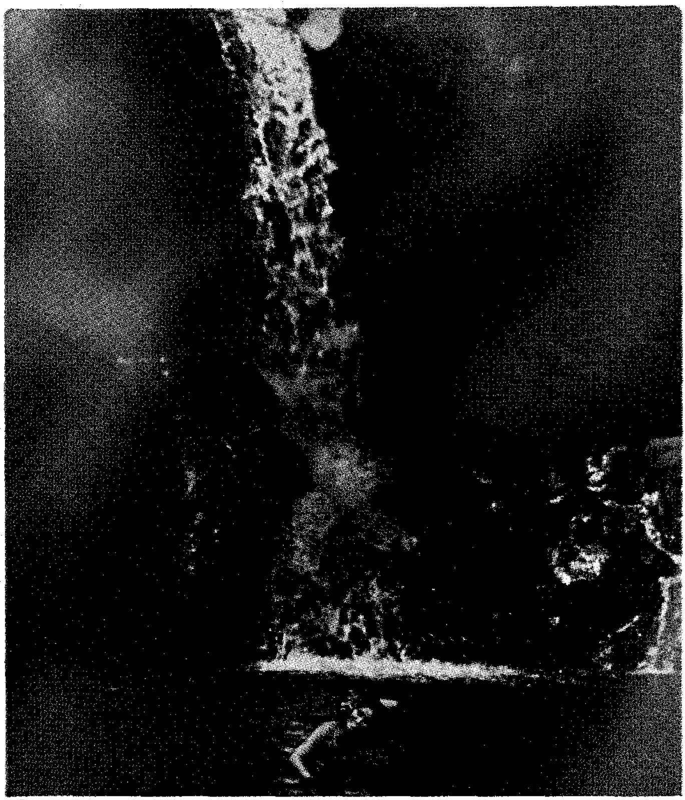
wer of orchids delights a pair of Hawaiian misses. Vast orchid gardens are typical of Islands' floral grandeur

los, Hawaiian cowboys, herd cattle across section of arker Ranch, nation's largest individually-owned ranch

n hisses from craters in 's only volcanoes park

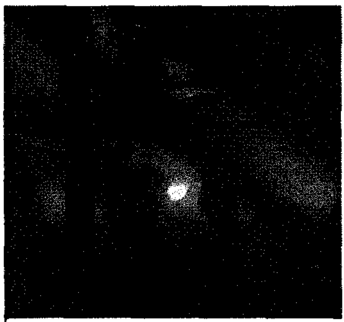
Kona is center for marlin fishing records and excitement

AWAII — The Orchid Isle is our biggest, big-r than all the rest put together. It's also the oungest, which is why its volcanoes still act up. cres of orchids, superb deep-sea fishing, wild oar hunting are a few facets of its big appeal.



Seven Sacred Pools, a chain of fresh-water jewels where royalty once frolicked, is beguiling highlight of Hana Coast

The sprawling floor of majestic Haleakala Crater is an astronaut training area, so closely does it resemble the moon

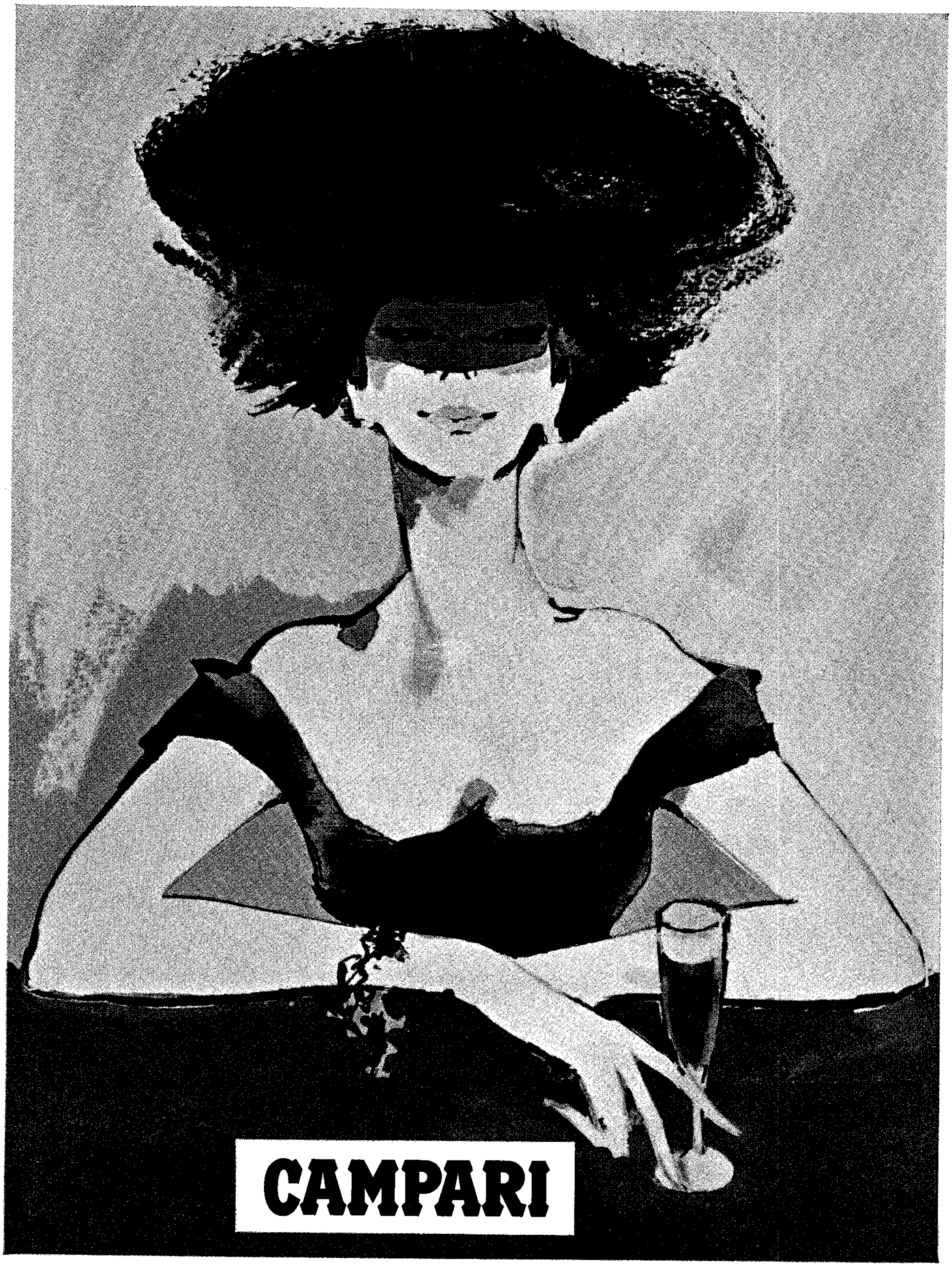


Dusk is time of incomparable beauty on West Maui shores

Lahaina preserves the charm of royalty and whaling eras

MAUI — The Valley Isle is probably our most tranquil. From the spectacular, untrammeled Hana coast to the ramshackle charm of old Lahaina, Pacific whaling capital of a century ago, Maui offers an array of Polynesian delights.

See Hawaii Vacation Tips on a following page!



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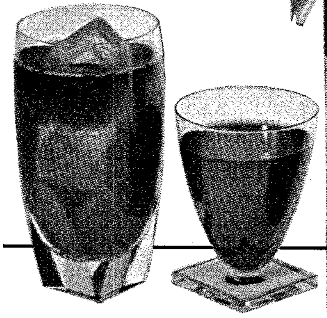

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Premature Abdication

MORE can be read into the title "Walk, Don't Run" than the makers of the movie might like us to put there. The wantonly tortuous plot of the picture, which stars Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar, and Jim Hutton (I hate to call a grown actor Jim, but that is how he bills himself; someday he'll be sorry), and much of which was shot in Tokyo during the Olympic Games of 1964, requires Mr. Grant and Mr. Hutton to become involved in a race whose distinguishing characteristic is precisely that one is obliged to walk and not run. Audiences literal-minded enough to assume that the title is simply a reference to the conduct expected of them in case of a fire may find the notion of its being applied to a track event hilarious; I did not. Still, the title has a certain interest on a symbolic level. It may be taken, for example, as a metaphorical summary of Mr. Grant's announced determination, at the age of sixty-two, to change the nature of his screen roles—to stop running as a romantic lead and amble along in future as a sort of Jolly, Knowing Uncle or Lovable Mr. Fixit. Better yet, it can be taken as a harsh but accurate commentary on the direction of the picture, which is by Charles Walters and is so sluggish that I often got the impression that I was watching a sequence of carefully posed stills; indeed, I felt a distinct pang of disappointment when I learned from the credits that the photographer in charge was Harry Stradling and not Mathew Brady.

"Walk, Don't Run" no doubt struck me as even trashier than it really is because it is unworthy—and is content to be unworthy—of Mr. Grant's incomparable energy and finesse; one grows irritated on his behalf that he should have had to work so hard to give us so little pleasure. A crucial defect of the picture is its silly jigsaw puzzle of a story, in which the position of all the pieces is evident at a single glance. In an effort to draw our attention away from this uncomfortable fact, Sol Saks, the author of the screenplay, has provided an intimidating assortment of verbal and sight gags, most of them so old that one responds to them with piety instead of amusement. After much preliminary huffing and puffing, a situation is devised in which Mr. Grant, Miss Eggar, and Mr. Hutton find themselves sharing the same tiny apartment (Mr. Saks tries to be terribly funny about who makes use of the bathroom when), and we are invited to believe the following propositions: that Mr. Grant considers himself too old to think of Miss Eggar in romantic terms, that Miss Eggar considers Mr. Grant too old to be thought of in romantic terms, and that, encountering the virile Mr. Grant and the callow Mr. Hutton under identical circumstances, Miss Eggar would unhesitatingly fall in love with the latter. Ridiculous! Mr. Grant has never looked handsomer or in finer fettle, and if "Walk, Don't Run" proves anything, it is that his attempted abdication as a screen dreamboat is premature and will have to be withdrawn; he is a good ten years away from playing anyone's Jolly, Knowing Uncle, and as for Lovable Mr. Fixit, he should be ready for that role in about the year 2000.

"TIME LOST AND TIME REMEMBERED" is a sad little Irish movie about a girl who loves not wisely and not too well, either. Having left her native fishing village in the west of Ireland to seek her fortune in London, she meets, has an affair with, and finally marries a young doctor, but her heart remains with a certain young fisherman back home, and back home she comes to take another look at him. Her husband, understandably miffed, follows her to the village, where she discovers that the young fisherman is getting ready to marry a girl as fresh and ignorant as she once was. There is nothing for her in Ireland, and, for that matter, nothing in England. Her marriage is coming to an end, and so is her youth, and we catch a final glimpse of her walking aimlessly over the wet strand, alone. It is the flaw of the picture to be not merely sad but dreary; the girl is a stereotype, and since her simplicity often approaches simple-mindedness, I felt a fatal impatience with her stealing over me at the very moment that I should have been pitying her. The screenplay is by Edna O'Brien and Desmond Davis, and the latter also directed the picture. The girl is played by Sarah Miles, and Cyril Cusack is pleasant to watch in a small part. Ireland, "that dear, dark head," never looked lovelier or lonelier or more necessary to escape from.

—BRENDAN GILL

hawaii

Vacation Tips

COSTS—Jet fares are as low as $200 roundtrip from Pacific Coast, $380 from Midwest, $490.69 from East Coast (this Fall there will be special "Discover America" transcontinental excursion fares); luxury ocean liner economy class from $280, first class from $414 roundtrip from Pacific Coast.

WHAT TO BRING—Naturally, you needn't bother with passports, visas or inoculations. Our average 74° temperature means you only need clothes for one climate. Supplement your wardrobe with some of our colorful Hawaiian leisure fashions. And don't forget your camera!

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

AMERICANS IN ISRAEL—II

THERE are about ten thousand American Jews now living in Israel with the intention of staying there permanently. They form a tiny minority among Israel's two million Jews and a still tinier one among the five and a half million Jews who are Americans. The effort of Jews to achieve a national identity of their own in Israel is obviously no simple matter, and for these Americans among them it is less simple still. Jews are coming together in Israel after a dispersion of some two thousand years. They are coming from non-industrialized as well as industrialized countries, and most of them have come in flight from massacre or its aftermath or from the threat of future persecution. The Americans who have migrated from America say they have done so not in flight but because they wanted to take part in the making of the new Jewish state, and also because, for the most part, they are individuals who felt that they were still somehow outsiders as Jews in America. The ironic outcome for most of them has been to discover that, for reasons deeply embedded within themselves, they have remained outsiders as Americans in Israel. I caught some glimpses of this experience when I went to Israel a while back to pursue my interest in the interaction of political change and group identity—the ways in which all people in our time are being compelled to revise their pictures both of themselves and of others.

Many American Jews who went to Israel to stay found themselves unable to do so. At least five came and left, one is told, for every one who has remained. Problems of living in Israel—housing, jobs, the cost of living, language—are not easy to solve, but for those who have had the stamina to stick it out, these problems have either subsided or become a way of life. They become part of the price to be paid for the satisfactions gained from staying. When I asked the American Jews I met in Israel to tell me what these satisfactions were, they usually fell back on two or three common formulas. One was "Here I am a Jew among Jews." Another was "Here the whole culture is Jewish," and another "Here I can lead a Jewish life." There were settlers who said they gained their satisfaction from the feeling that by taking part in the re-creation of the Jewish State of Israel they were living to some higher purpose, giving importance to their lives in a way they could not have hoped to do if they had held to the more purely private goals of their earlier lives in America. "We are taking part here. Life has more meaning here," they would say. There was, finally, a feeling that for some made all the difficulties of becoming a settler seem minor by comparison. "My little spot here is incomparably less comfortable than any place I would live in in America," said a *kibbutznik* of long standing, "*but this is mine.*"

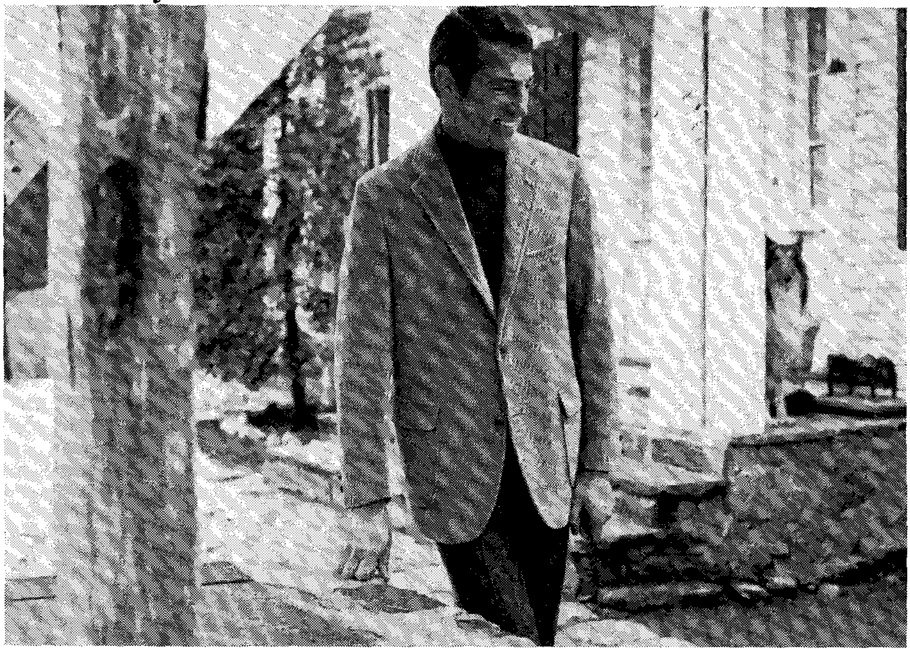
It would take a much more intimate knowledge than I could have about anyone I met in Israel to determine how any particular person struck his own balance among the pluses and minuses of life there; this is each man's individual story. The American Jews I encountered would doubtless range themselves in some kind of sequence on a scale of "satisfaction"—or, if you will, "happiness." I certainly met some who looked and sounded "happy," and others who did not look or sound "happy" at all, but I have no scales for measuring this most elusive of intangibles. What I could do, and did, was pursue each person's answers into the maze of multiplying complications, dilemmas, and further questions to which they led. This was a labyrinth into which each individual would take me only as far as his temperament and his tolerance of my questions would allow him to go. I could not presume

"To our first sunset year!"

to plumb the experience of any one person; I could only listen to what he said and try to relate it to what the others said. I met some individuals who seemed to stay "happy" by keeping out of the maze altogether. I met others who had gone deeply into it and, while they were not "happy" about being in it, would not have been "happy" anywhere else. There were those, finally, who were plainly and explicitly and quite vocally "unhappy." It is not my intention, however, to try to arrive at judgments of this kind either about any single individual or about the group. I am interested, rather, in trying to sort out those aspects of their experience that are common to these American Jews in Israel precisely because they *are* American, and to see how their identity as Americans imposes itself on their attempt to define their identity as Jews in Israel.

The sensation of being "a Jew among Jews" holds for only as long as one can go on seeing Jews as an undifferentiated mass. This seems most possible at the beginning—notably at the actual time of arrival, when a Jew come to Zion can feel himself washed over by the total presence of other Jews and all things Jewish. As I listened to some individuals describe how they felt on coming into a place where "everybody is a Jew and everything is Jewish," I remembered it as a sensation almost identically described by American Negroes in West Africa when, a few years ago, they recounted to me their experience of coming to a place where everyone was black. In both cases, some of this satisfaction seems to last. A Jew in a world without Gentiles and a Negro in a world without whites can feel relieved of that "uneasiness"—really, one gathers, fear—which the Gentile or white presence creates. Becoming "a Jew among Jews" was a way of ceasing to be a Jew, or at least ceasing to be the Jew that was the object of Gentile rejection and anti-Semitism. But it could—and, for many, did—also mean that in all-Jewish Israel a person was finally able to measure himself and others not as "Jews" but as individual persons. The realization of this was sometimes an important personal experience. "It was my temperament to idealize," an older American *kibbutznik* said of himself when he was young, "and in practice I had to learn that Jews are also human beings." While this might seem an unduly complicated way of having an elementary maturing experience, what it meant, essentially, was that in Israel one could at last cease to be special

Yesterday this Palm Beach jacket met the train and picked up the weekend guests. Today it will take them out and show off the countryside.



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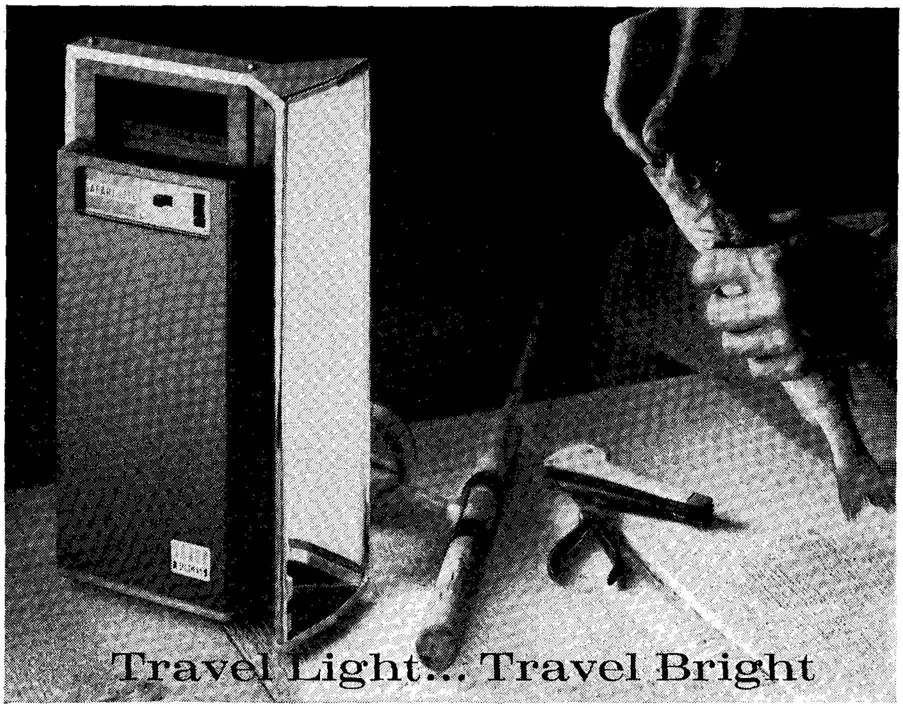

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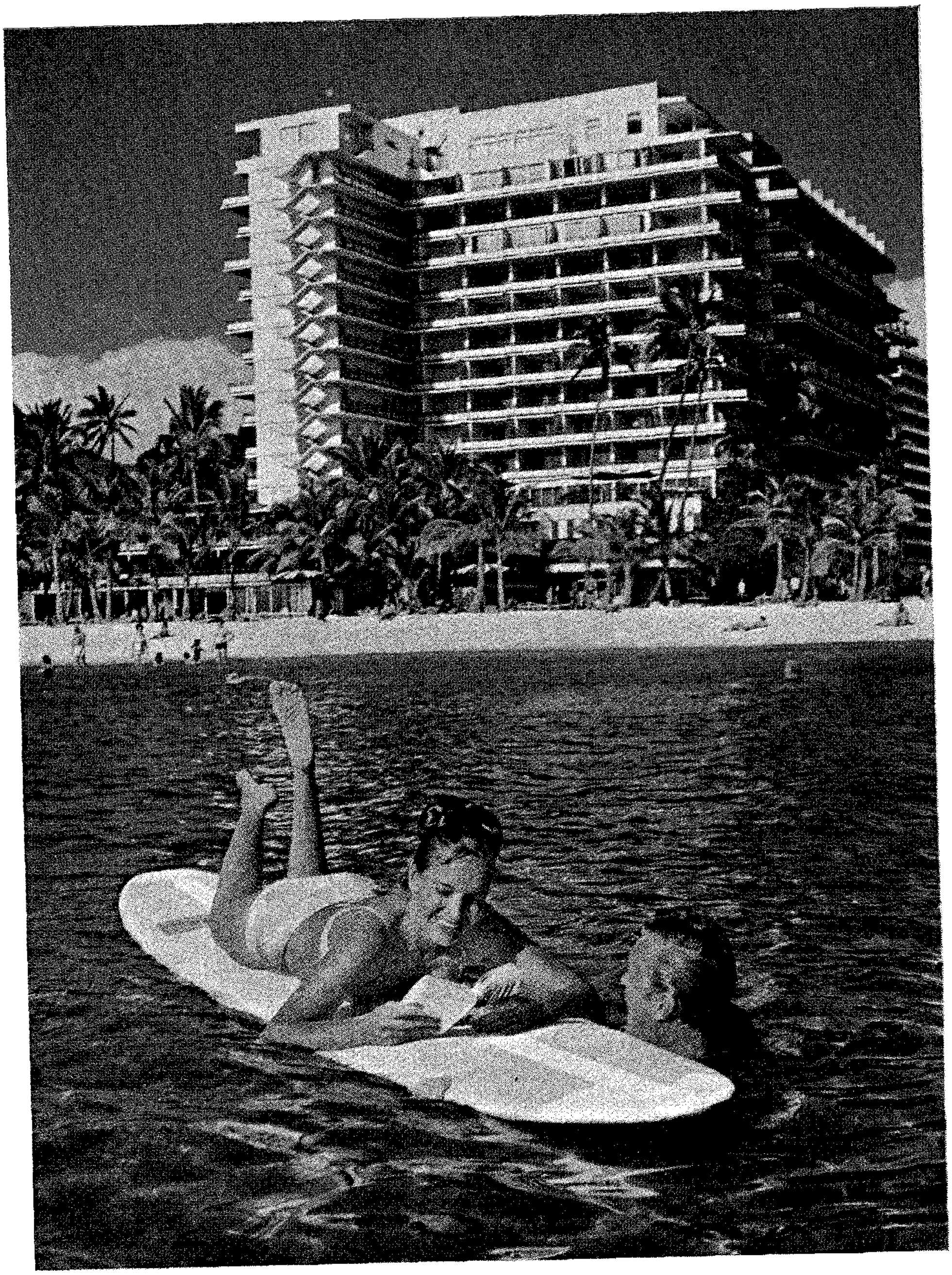

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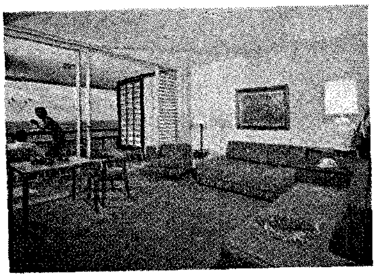

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EDWIN K. HASTINGS, General Manager

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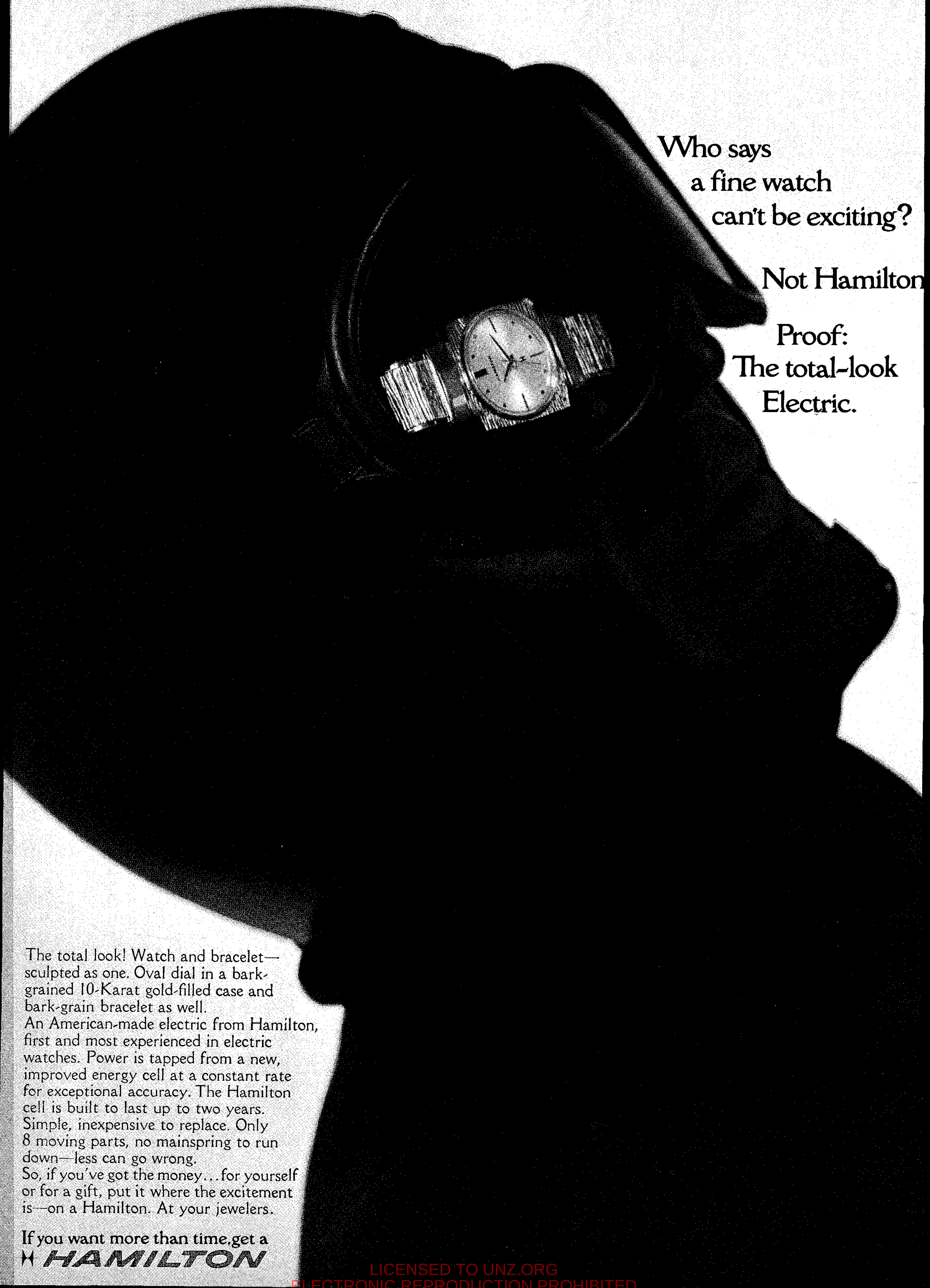

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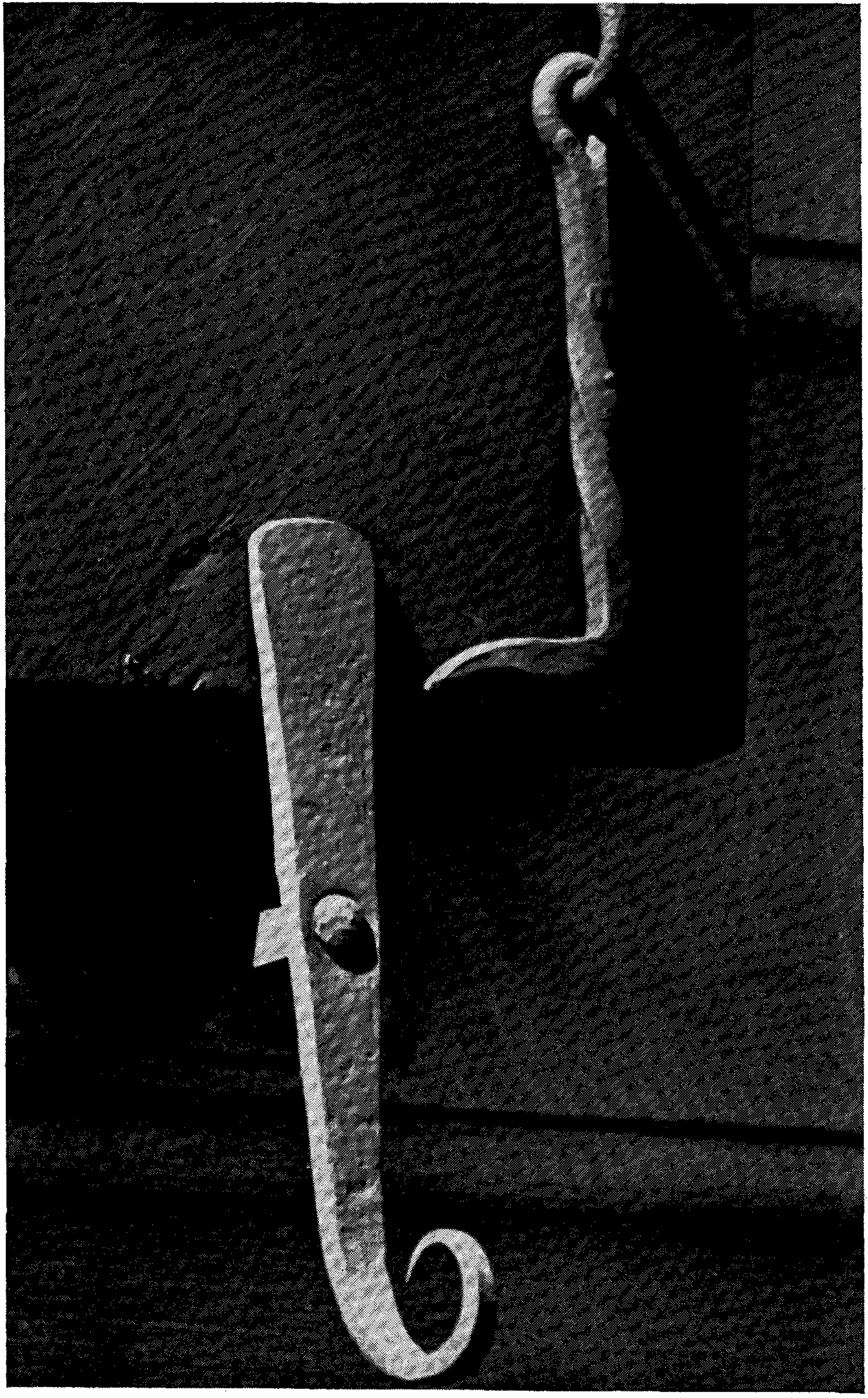
because one was Jewish. But what happened, ironically, was that one now became special because one was American. To be an American, it turned out, was to be clearly distinct from all the other kinds of Jews in many important ways.

One distinctive fact about American Jewish settlers in Israel that made them almost unique was that they had come not out of necessity but by their own choice. This was also true, if with a certain difference, of the other "Anglo-Saxons"—the English, the Australians, the South Africans—and of some Western Europeans. Because they came freely, many Americans tell you, Israelis tend to look upon them as either super-idealists or super-fools, or, often, both. In the most admiring Israeli view, the act of "free" migration links the Americans in spirit with the Zionist pioneers—a spirit not much in evidence in the great mass of present-day Israelis, most of whom came to Israel in flight from Hitlerian or post-Hitlerian Europe or from Arab hostility in North Africa or the Near or Middle East. Admiration for high idealism, like high idealism itself, has severe limits at best, however, and in Israel nowadays it is not likely to be carried very far. Most of the time, in any case, the "free migration" of the Americans is not seen admiringly at all. For one thing, the difference is not always acknowledged. As one American explained it, "No Israeli really admits he came here without a choice. Everybody feels he chose Israel as a voluntary act." Some Israelis will argue that Americans in truth had no choice either, this American went on, "warning in one breath that anti-Semitism is going to wipe out all the Jews in America and in the next breath that assimilation is going to do it." There is, finally, the not uncommon view among some Israelis that a person has to be out of his mind to leave the secure comforts of big America of his own accord for the insecure discomforts of little Israel; hence there must be some more compelling reason than just idealism. But there are several things about the American's freedom of choice that touch intimately on the quality of his relations with other Israelis. His having come freely means, for one thing, that he is in a position to leave freely. Unlike most of the people in Israel, he has a place he can go back to. If things get too rough, or if he simply changes his mind, he can pick up and leave, and many an American has done so. For this limit on his commitment he is both criticized and envied. There is something in it that cuts



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deeper still, however; this is that the American has a home and family back there—people, kinfolk, connections—which are things that many of the present adult generation of European immigrants to Israel no longer have. Sometimes, feeling about the difference crops out only at the shallower levels—for instance, in resentment and controversy on the *kibbutzim* over gifts that Americans get from home. ("We were looked upon as spoiled Americans who wouldn't stick it out anyway. We came with some things—household things—and they were envious of us.") But sometimes—and several persons spoke of it to me with an almost guilty sadness—it becomes a challenge to which there is no answer. ("One woman actually said to me once, 'It's so unfair! Your children have two sets of grandparents and ours have none!' ") The Americans are still intact in ways that many European Israelis are not, and this makes them "rich Americans" in ways that separate them far more effectually than the simpler kinds of greater affluence ever could.

To be sure, the simpler view of the "rich American" figures prominently in the set of hostile stereotypes that govern Israeli prejudices against Americans. These are applied to America and Americans in general, whether as part of the universal response of the weak to the strong, the beneficiary to the benefactor, or as a reflection of dislike or distrust of American world policy, especially in relation to the Arab countries. And they are applied with particular force to American Jews, who are most generally seen as rich Jews who think they can discharge their obligations to Israel simply by giving money, and who are most directly represented by the tourists who swarm into Israel from America each year. Much of this prejudice rubs off, finally, on the American Jews who have come to Israel to stay, and they have to take all the slings and arrows thrown at America in the large and American Jews in general as well as a few aimed at them in particular.

"Yes, there are prejudices against Americans," said a veteran American urban settler. "There is the rich-uncle feeling. The average Israeli sees the American Jew as a giver of gifts, and this entails a picture of the Israeli himself as a kind of '*schnorrer*'—that is, a beggar with his hand out—and this isn't a picture that the Israeli likes to accept. The Israeli image is more of a hard-muscled parachutist or pirate. But we are still dependent on the United States. In fact, our adverse trade balance is covered in large part by inflows of capital coming from the United States."

"Americans are disliked by Israelis," said the grown son of an American *kibbutznik*. "American tourists are regarded as horrible everywhere in the world, and also in Israel, and especially the Jews. American Jews gave money to help build Israel, and they feel they have some ownership in it. An American tourist will walk around the *kibbutz* and look in wherever he wants. If anybody says anything to him, he'll be hurt. He thinks of it as his place and sees everything in it as his. The tourists walk around that way—especially elderly people who have given money. When the youth groups come here, they are looked on not as Jews but as Americans, and they are forced to wave the American flag. Israelis make them answer for everything American, from American policy to the American tourist, and they find themselves fighting the fight of the Americans and feeling more American than they do in America."

During an evening I spent with some American students in Jerusalem, I listened to much vehement talk along these lines. Some of it was defensive. A certain embarrassed contempt was expressed for "American" money values, and a good deal was said about the practice of putting donors' names on plaques, as though this were a peculiarly American or American Jewish habit. On the other hand, one young man observed that Israel wants and needs the money it gets from America, and Israelis would dearly love to have all the things that American money can buy. "All I can see is that Israelis want TV, they want cars, they want vacations, they want money they can travel with," he said. "Israeli students go to the United States and don't come back in droves. They all want either to go to the United States or to have what people in the United States have. So what they feel is really admiration and resentment combined."

But there are much more profound ways in which the American identity of the American Jew in Israel has imposed itself on his experience there. An American visitor to Israel nearly fifteen years ago noted that the American Zionists who had settled there were less steeped in ideology than their European comrades—that, whether they were conscious of it or not, their thought had been fashioned largely by the pragmatism of James and the in-

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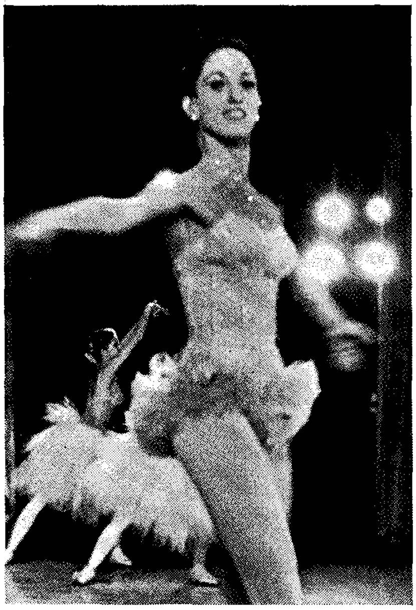

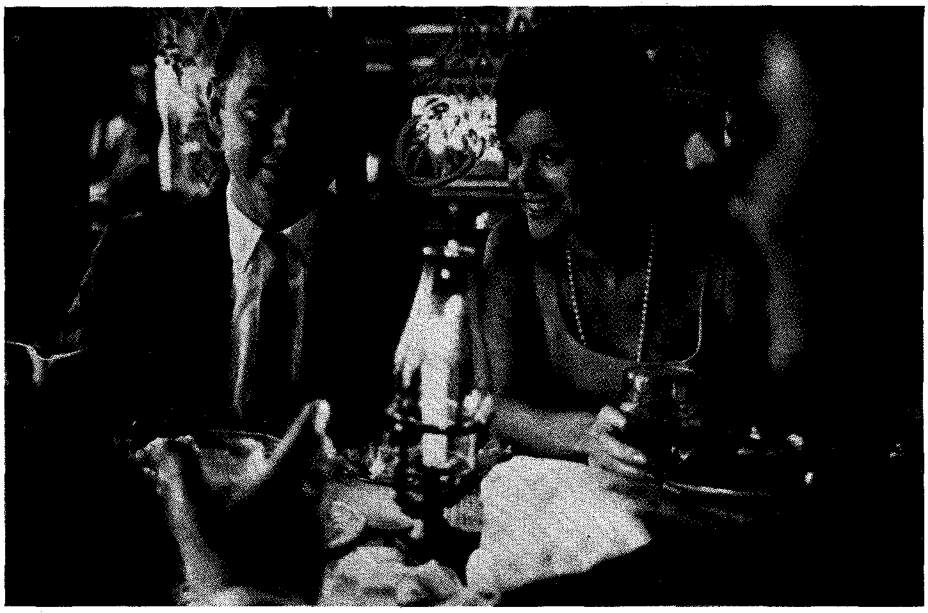

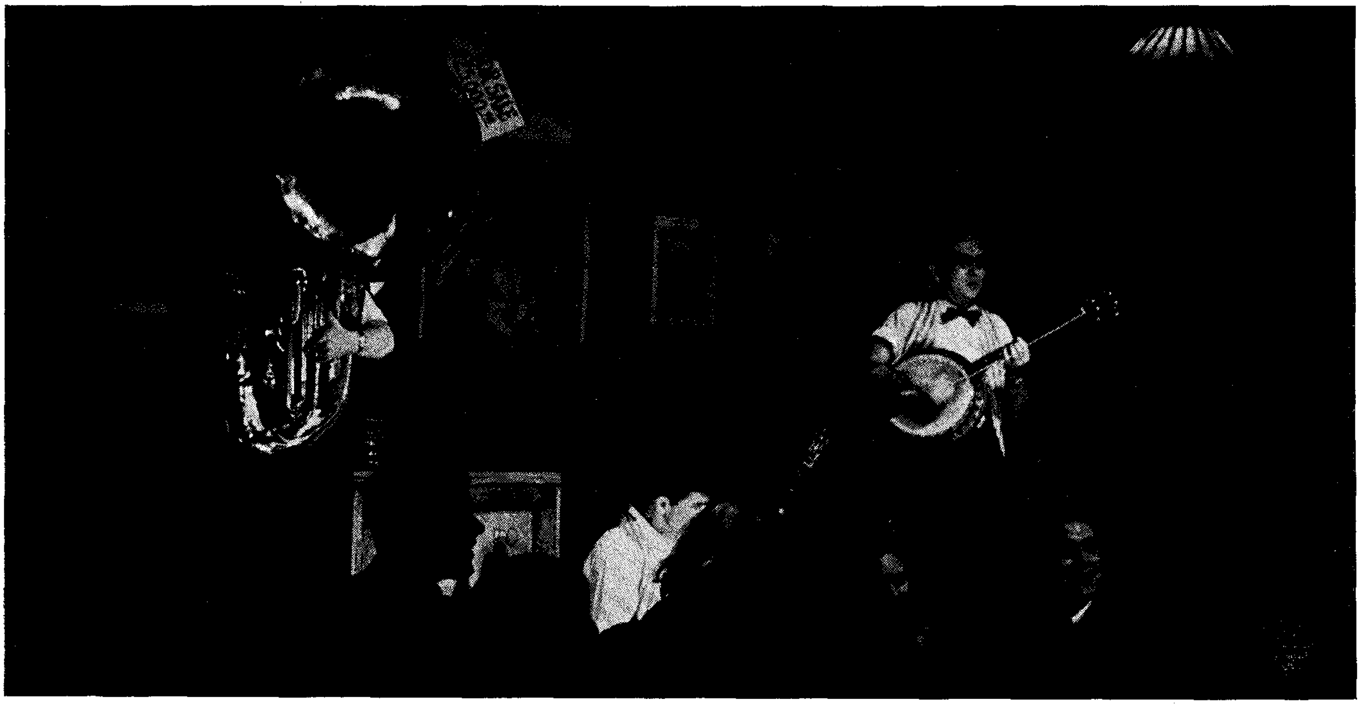

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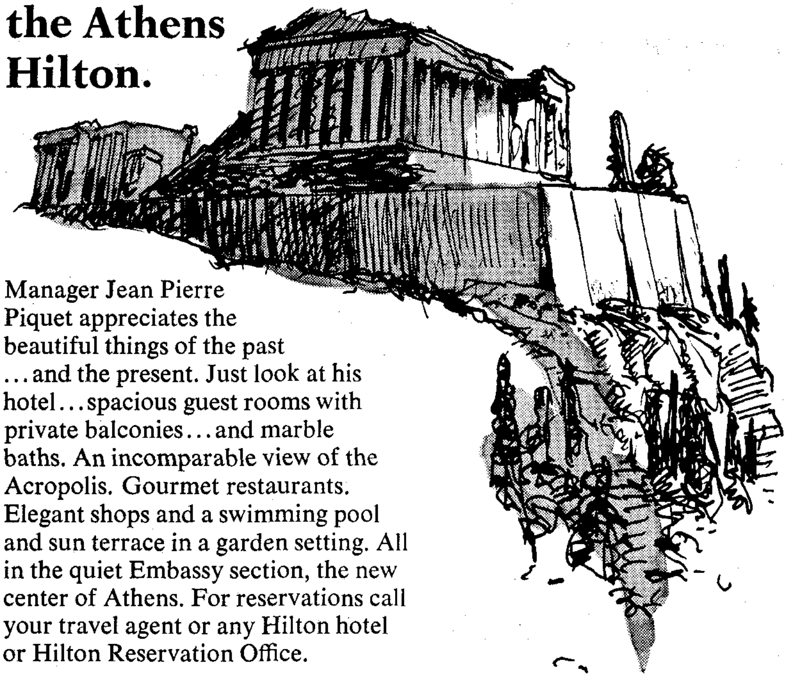

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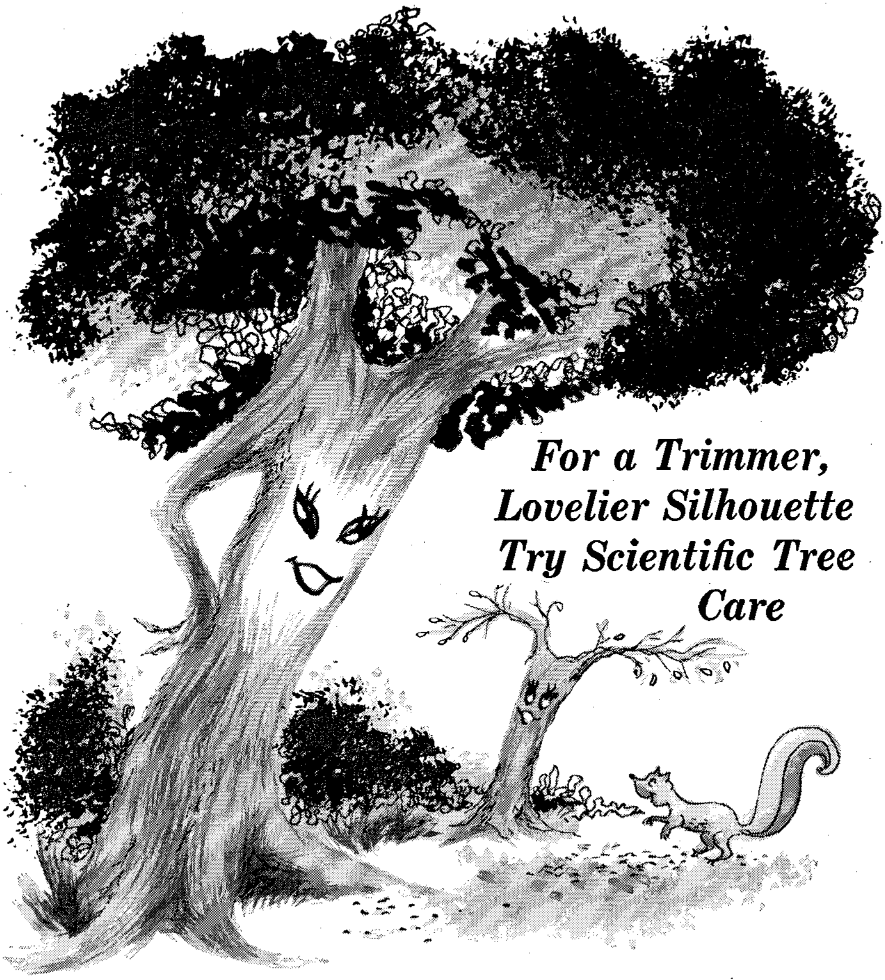
strumentalism of Dewey, and that this gave them a less "holy" view of Zionist tradition and a much greater readiness to submit their notions to "trial and error." He noted as an example that Americans who had come to Israel to join the highly doctrinaire *kibbutz* movement very soon began to resist some of its ideas about child rearing. They wanted mothers to "spend more time with their children," while the Europeans shrugged and asked, "Why indulge the children, the way all Americans do?" It was at a predominantly American *kibbutz*, just a few years ago, that the issue was fought to a decision. The decision took infant children out of the communal children's houses and put them back home with their mothers, much to the horror of some of the European communalists and some of their American emulators. Greatly liberalized styles of child rearing had been adopted at eleven *kibbutzim*, I was told during my visit, the majority of them with a large American or "Anglo-Saxon" membership.

Americans also bring a distinctive experience to what is perhaps the most critical of all the internal dilemmas confronting the new Jewish state—the one that has come to be referred to as the problem of "the two Israels." This is the problem of acculturation, integration, and assimilation raised by the coming together in Israel of two major streams—European Jews and non-European Jews, who now constitute approximately equal parts of the Israeli population. This has moved to the center of Israeli concerns, scarcely second even to the overriding concern about security from Arab attack. The way it is solved will determine the future shape of the Israeli society. Indeed, it will determine not only the cultural but also the physical characteristics of the "Israeli" who will emerge from it. For here, under the enveloping mantle of a still largely undefined common "Jewishness," in a tiny land facing all the complications of rapid development within and hostile foes without, an encounter takes place between Ashkenazi and Sephardic Jews that turns out to be also an encounter between European and non-European, "Western" and "Eastern," "modern" and "traditional," industrialized and non-industrialized, skilled and unskilled, educated and uneducated, and, for that matter, "white" and "non-white." As anyone can see who stands on a street anywhere in Israel, the ingathering of the wandering tribes has illustrated dramatically the extent to which Jews have become not only the cultural but also the physical products of the cultures they have lived in for so long as "outsiders." European Jews appear in all the ethnic varieties of Europeans, and "Oriental" Jews appear in all the shades of "whiteness," "semi-whiteness," and "non-whiteness" of skin common among the peoples of the countries in which they have lived. Jews seeking to regain homogeneity in Israel now have to bridge not only all the great differences of culture and civilization that separate peoples of industrialized and non-industrialized societies but also the gap of color. This creates in Israel a peculiarly "American" condition. It reproduces in the Israeli society much of what has been unfolding in the American society. In the United States, the government, the institutions, and the people have been struggling against intractable social, economic, and psychological facts of life in order to achieve the greater integration that the society now needs and demands. Israel is confronting a situation that contains many of the same elements. All kinds of Israeli Jews are trying to make their way through this sea of troubles, but American Jews approach it along a course all their own. Unlike any other Jews who have come to Israel, they come from a society whose unofficial motto has been "*E pluribus unum*" and whose national credo calls for equal rights and a mutual respect for differences among all groups and kinds of people. Jews in America have had a large part in the continuing struggle to translate this American credo into American reality. For Jews, this has been more and more successfully realized in recent decades, and in recent years at a steadily accelerating pace, Negroes have been moving with them out onto that great open common of American life where all Americans, regardless of race or creed, are entitled to enjoy their equal rights. The American Jews who come to Israel come from a country that is—*with all its difficulties—in the process of* becoming freer, more open, more effectively pluralistic every year. No people from any of the many other countries from which Jews have come to Israel can make that statement. It is in many ways the most peculiarly American peculiarity there is. How it is reflected in the experience and behavior of American Jews in Israel is something that flickered in and out of the interviews I had there. In some cases, it was folded into the complex reasons for migration, but even most of those who described themselves as having felt most excluded as "Jews" in America tended to insist



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on the strength of their continued attachment to the political and social ideas they had absorbed as "Americans," and on their wish to re-create them on Israeli soil. But American Jews seeking some greater "Jewish" homogeneity in Israel find themselves, instead, meeting a far greater heterogeneity among Jews than most of them had ever expected to see. It makes the problems of the Israeli society look a lot like the problems of the American society they left behind, and solving the Israeli problems is going to call for the adoption of what might be called "American" solutions. What part the Americans in Israel will play in this process must depend on what part they find it possible to play in shaping the Israel to which they want to belong.

AMERICAN Jewish settlers in Israel have written remarkably little about their experiences. In one of the rare examples I could find of any degree of ruminative self-scrutiny, Sholom Kahn, who now teaches American literature at Hebrew University, wrote, in 1955, an article, "The Pangs of Aliya," which touched upon those aspects of life in Israel "which may trouble his [an American Jew's] Americanism." He began his list with the problem of the lower standard of living, and went on to speak of the rigidities of Israeli political and trade-union life. He thought that the Zionist brand of Socialism, on the one hand, created an "unjust inequality"—especially as it affected the status of teachers—and, on the other hand, left room for acquisitive practices and "exorbitant profits" in certain economic sectors. Americans appreciate competition, he wrote, "but they resent being taken for 'suckers,' and they have been trained by their history to be suspicious of 'robber barons' who use the slogans of national idealism." Kahn wrote, too, of something he called, for want of a better word, "provincialism"—"I am referring, rather, to an almost physical sensation of smallness and narrowness which is likely to strike the American, accustomed to more spacious horizons, ambivalently." But he wrote most feelingly of all on the subject of religion. Kahn, who, unlike many European Zionists but like a great many American Jews in Israel, is strongly religious, became deeply troubled by the problem of Judaism in Jewish Israel. He quoted a visiting American rabbi as saying something I also heard said many times—that "there is a brighter future for 'Judaism' (as distinct from mere 'Jewishness') in America than in Israel." Kahn concluded with a certain dismay that "it is no more easy to be a Jew in Israel than it is in America."

The difficulty about being a "Jew" is that nobody can say what a "Jew" is, and that nobody agrees with anybody else on what the "Jewish life" consists of. These are old questions, to which many answers have been made over a long period, whether represented by the "Jew" of the Bible, the "Jew" created in the ghettos of the Diaspora, the "Jew" defined at Nuremberg, or the "Jew"—Reform, Conservative, Orthodox—variously self-labelled by individual choice in America during the last few generations. For most of this time, just as Negroes could be described, in the words of the late Kelly Miller, as "anybody who'd be Jim-Crowed in Virginia," Jews could be described as anybody regarded by the Gentile world as a Jew or anybody who regarded himself as a Jew. Whatever the complications, these definitions served for most practical purposes over a long period. But now these old questions press hard for new answers. For now there is a State of Israel, where new pools of meaning are forming around the terms "Israeli" and "Jew," taking forms that often dismay and even anger a great many Jews in America. There is also in the State of Israel an officially supported religious establishment which claims—often to the dismay and anger of some of Israel's secular leaders—that it alone can say who and what a Jew is. The Israeli rabbinate is officially empowered to determine the personal status of all Jews in Israel in all matters having to do with marriage, divorce, birth, and legitimacy, and it is the rabbinate's interpretation of Jewish religious law that establishes who is validly a "Jew" and what is validly "Jewish." This becomes much more than a broad legal, philosophical, or religious question, since it assumes such intensely personal forms as whether one is married or living in sin, and whether one's children are legitimate or illegitimate. As one American in Jerusalem wryly asked, "Where else in the world

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Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation could I live where no one knows who's a Jew, what's a Zionist, or who's married?" These issues are forced to the point of decision in actual case after actual case, and each decision, though it most directly affects Jews in Israel, also compels Jews outside Israel—who, of course, are not legally bound by any decisions made in Israel—to make up their minds whether, or how far, they agree with whatever the official Israeli view of their Jewish identity may turn out to be.

Defining a "Jew" in Israel has become a political issue, among other things. In 1958, the question split one of Ben-Gurion's coalition Cabinets, when there was a contest between the secular and the religious authorities over how the identification "Jew" could be claimed by Jews in Israel—whether, as Ben-Gurion's Minister of the Interior insisted, by a simple personal affirmation or, as the religious authorities demanded, only by proof that a person qualified according to Jewish religious law; that is, as the child of a Jewish mother, or as a convert. The issue was debated for months in Parliament and in the press, and Ben-Gurion appealed to Jewish lay leaders to come up with an acceptable definition of "Jew," but it was all to no avail; the confusion only grew deeper. The business of defining a "Jew" in Israel has become largely a business of court fights and court decisions, with great tugs of war between, on the one hand, the secular Israeli authority, represented by the dominant government parties and by the Supreme Court of Israel, and, on the other hand, the "Religious" establishment, represented by the government-supported rabbinate, with its own councils and rabbinical courts, and the "Religious" parties in politics, with a Minister of Religion drawn from their ranks sitting in the Cabinet, always as a member of a fragile coalition.

Court decisions in Israel, however, cannot answer the key questions. Is a Jew someone who believes in Judaism? Is he the product, or the heir, of Jewish history? Is "the Jewish life" a national life, a religious life, or some combination of both? Are Jews a "nation," a "people," a "folk," an assembly of believers in a certain creed? And, if they are the last, what creed, as defined when and by whom, and how practiced, and fitting where in the modern world? The questions are old questions, but they have lately become urgent ones, demanding rediscovery and redefinition. To pursue them is to move quickly into deeper parts of a maze crowded with confused ideas and hot

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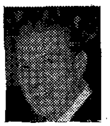

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When I asked American Jews in Israel what it meant to be a "Jew," the answers often led straight to the subject of religion. This took us swiftly into the very heart of the maze, for, of all that goes to make up the Jewish identity, nothing is more fundamental, or more confused, than the matter of the Jewish religion and its place in the

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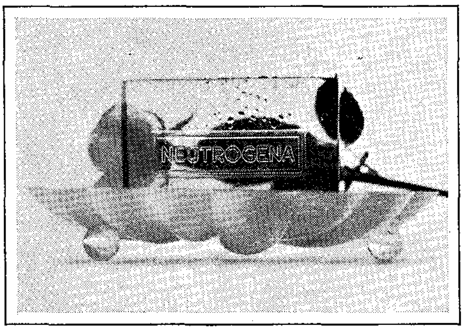

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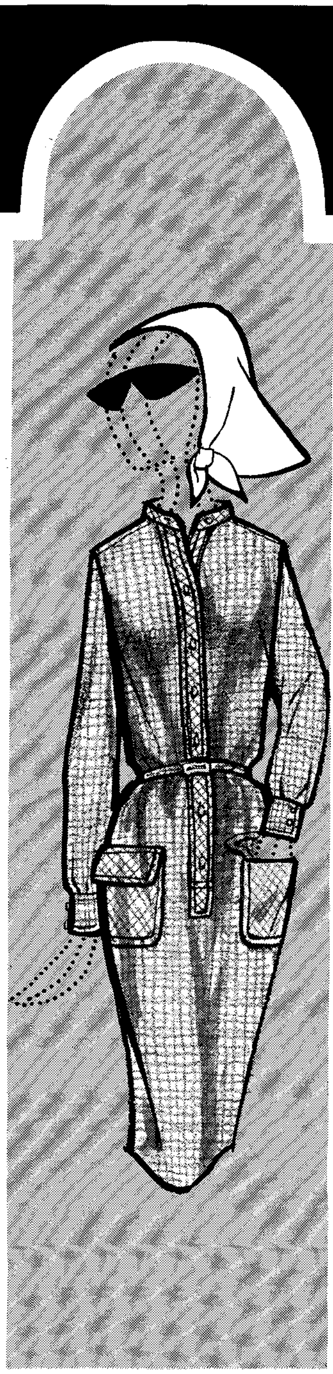

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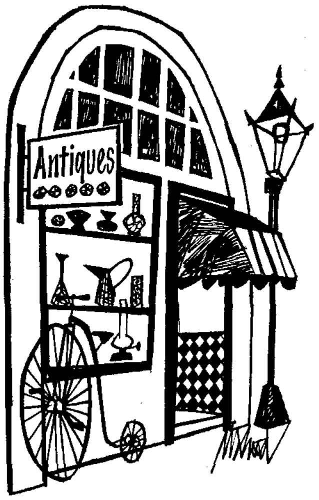
whole process of rediscovery and redefinition now going on. A young man on a *kibbutz* in the north, the son of an American settler, said, "Being a Jew means to me a moral code that I live by. This has nothing to do with God but is a basic way of thought—the rich cultural background, the Bible through all the years. . . ." And an older American on the same *kibbutz* said, "All of us are Jews by birth, desire, profession, but in my opinion the definition of being a Jew has to include some kind of affinity to God." A would-be American settler who had been in Israel for about a year spoke ruefully of an Israeli friend of his who had migrated in the opposite direction and had written to him from America, "Zion is *here*. The true Jewish life is in Chicago and New York, not in Israel at all." In this case, "the Jewish life" meant the religious life, which the Israeli was finding it easier to lead according to his own lights in America than the American was finding it in Israel.

The phrase "the two Israels," which usually refers to the two main segments of the present Israeli population, the European and the non-European, also sometimes includes that other, no less portentous division among Israel's Jews—that between the "religious" and the "non-religious" or, in some cases, "anti-religious."

The danger of polarization along these intersecting lines is seen by some Israelis as the greatest of the many dangers that the new Jewish state confronts. Former Premier Ben-Gurion was once quoted as saying that he feared a conflict of cultures in Israel more than he feared the Arabs, the Russians, the Chinese, or an economic collapse. In its most fundamental aspect—the shaping of some new religious synthesis by the people of a Jewish state—the process of change is, most optimistically, seen as a slow one, to be carried out only over several generations, producing new answers to the old questions about how Jews confront the human condition and how they understand man's relationship to God. On these matters, there has already been a certain amount of searching debate and discussion, but in its present shape the religious division forces critical decisions at much closer range. They rise sharply and unpostponably in the everyday affairs of the country and of each person in it. Indeed, if it were not for the constant Arab threat, these tensions "would make us explode from within," an Israeli scholar told an inquiring American Reform rabbi. "In a way, the Arab wall of hostility is our salvation, for at least this period of our history This is not quite the time to be setting off religious explosions here." Even so, friction on this issue is almost constant It heats up over matters that often go right to the center of some of the most profound problems of the new state and the new society coming into being there. Many of those who count on future generations to provide the answers are trying not to notice how the present generation is determining the shape of the questions that will have to be answered. The perplexity, however, is great and confounding. Hebrew University's noted historian Professor J. L. Talmon wrote in a recent article under the perennially recurring title "Who Is a Jew?": "It would be difficult to imagine a more complex, more insoluble, and indeed more poignant problem than the question of religion and State in present-day Israel." He sombrely concluded, "The Jewish religion may paradoxically be facing its supreme test precisely in the Jewish state, and the problem of Jewish identity may prove even more intractable in the Jewish National Home than in the countries of dispersion."



A phrase commonly used by Americans in Israel to explain the Israeli religious situation to a visitor is "Here you are either Orthodox or you are *nothing*." I think it is fair to guess that only a small number of American Jews in Israel are "Orthodox" in the Israeli meaning of the word. Orthodoxy in Israel means the Jewish religious practices prescribed and supervised by the official rabbinical establishment. This official Orthodoxy is flanked on the right by ultra-Orthodox groups, some of which refuse to recognize the State of Israel, seeing it as a man-created fraud anticipating the true coming of the Messiah. Nevertheless, the official Orthodoxy itself goes far beyond the American-style Orthodoxy in which many, if not most, of Israel's American Jewish settlers were raised. In Israel, the word "Orthodox" is synonymous with "religious," which is often ren-

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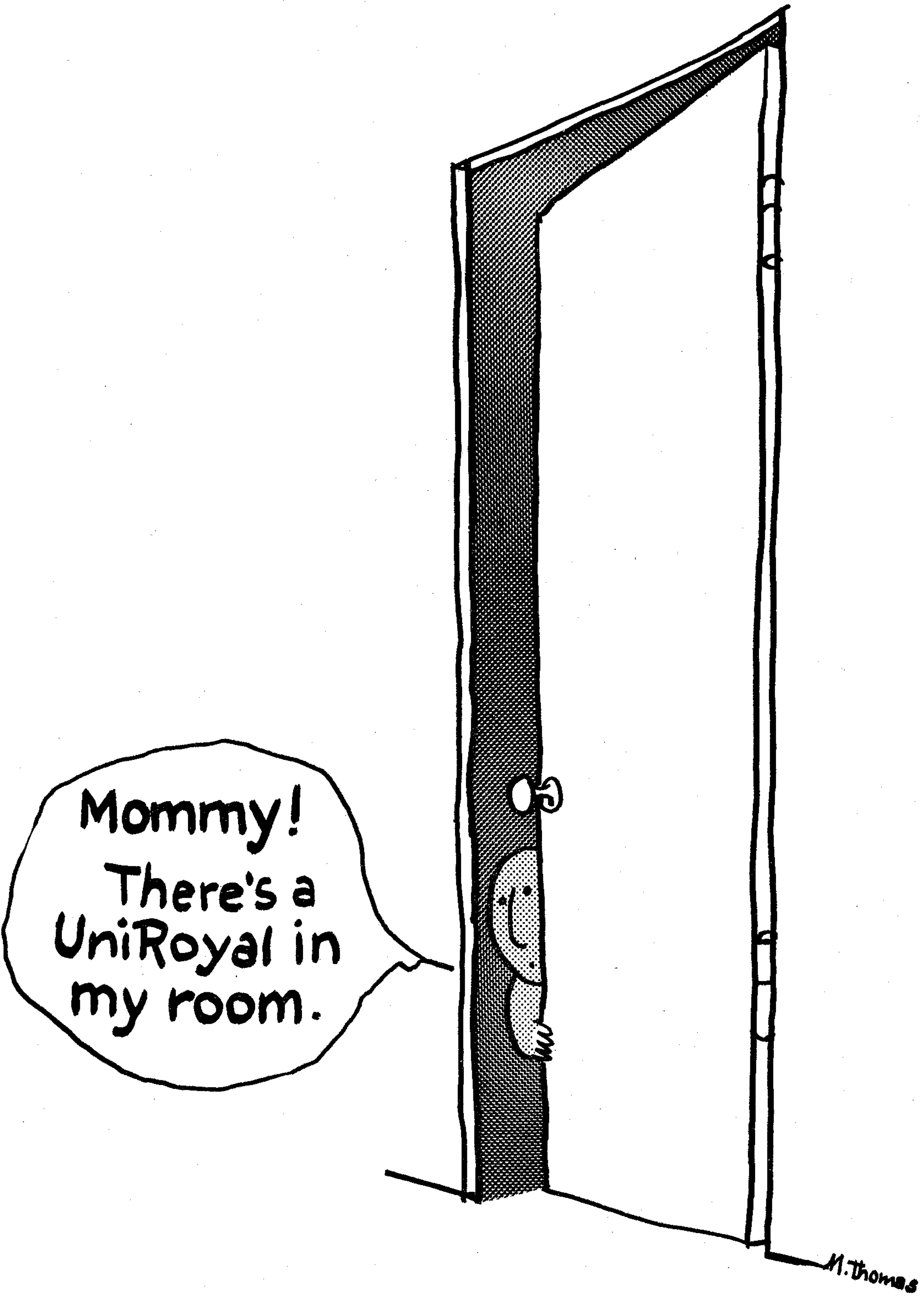
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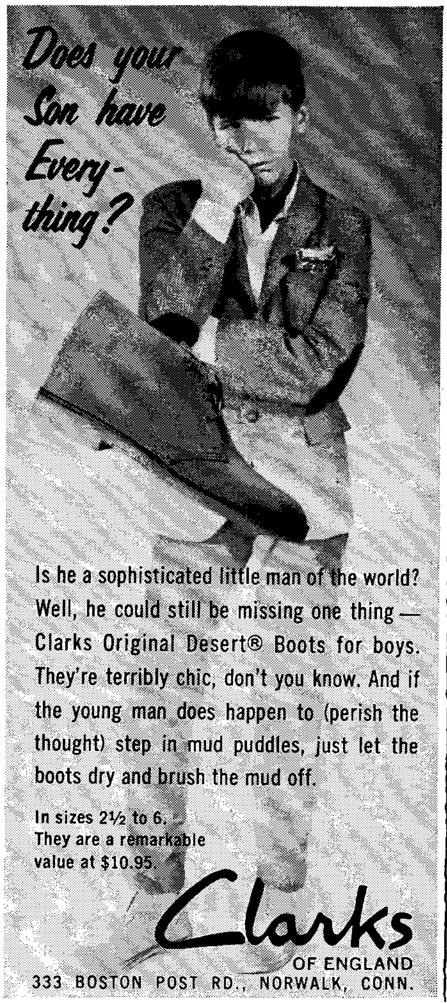
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dered as "Religious," the capital letter signifying the official place of the ecclesiastical authorities in the country's affairs. This establishment is supported by American Orthodox groups of various kinds, such as the Mizrachi organization, and there are some Americans in Israel who live and work in this milieu with the support of their parent organizations. A larger, but still small, number of American Jews in Israel, probably, are "nothing"—which in Israel means that they share some version of the dominant non-religiousness or anti-religiousness, a difference of degree more or less coinciding with the split between the politically moderate Mapai-type Social Democrats, who tend to be more open and less doctrinaire on this as on all other subjects, and the Mapam-type radical Zionists, who take the more rigid Marxist ideological view of the matter. These secular-minded Israelis want to recreate the *nation* as the core element of the Jewish identity. For them the nation is the thing. It displaces, or at least overrides, religion. Some, as Socialists, reject religion altogether as the people's opium, while some, as Zionists, reject post-Biblical Judaism as part of the unwanted baggage of the Diaspora. Most of the American settlers in Israel who came as recruits from Zionist youth organizations belong to one or the other of these two main Zionist groups but do not necessarily share their characteristic outlooks on religion. In between the "Orthodox" and the "nothing" are what I suspect a survey would show to be the largest group of American Jews in Israel—those who think of themselves as "religious" but not in the Israeli sense of the term. They are "religious" in some version of the Orthodox, the Conservative, or the Reform Jewish persuasions practiced in America, or in some private way of their own. Many of these Americans are troubled at finding themselves outside the pale of Israeli "religious" standards. They find Israeli Orthodoxy barren and resent its control over the society, and they are unwilling to be "nothing," but they find very little chance to be anything in between, especially if it involves engaging in any form of group worship. These guesses about the distribution of religious attitudes among American Jews in Israel correspond roughly to guesses that might be made about the Israeli population as a whole, on the basis of the unavoidably crude findings of a sample survey reported in 1963. This survey suggested that thirty per cent of an Israeli population sample was "religious," claiming to

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be totally or "for the most part" observant; twenty-four per cent were "not at all observant, completely secular;" and forty-six per cent said they "observe traditions to some extent."

American Jews in Israel react to the religious problem in accordance with what kind of Jews they are, and what kind of Zionists. They also react to a remarkable degree, I found, as *Americans;* that is, with strong convictions about the separation of Church and State and about the right of the individual to practice his religion as his own conscience dictates. There are many American Jews who came to Israel to be "Jews" without being religious at all, but in the lives of these Jews a time eventually comes when they have to deal with the religious authorities—if they want to get married, for example—and this they do with feelings that range from cynical indifference through annoyance and anger to revulsion. There was a bit of all these in the experience of a young American woman I met on a *kibbutz* at the edge of the Negev. She was not sure what she believed about anything, but she had left her home in Scarsdale because she thought American life was too "materialistic" and because she suffered an inner conflict over going to school on Jewish holidays. She came to Israel for a year with a youth group and decided to stay after falling in love with a type-cast Sabra (native-born Israeli), muscled, tanned, and mustached. They set about getting married, and it proved to be a trying experience. "Dealing with the Israelis was really terrible," she told me. "Everything cost money, and it was so unpleasant. I had to get a certificate that I had never been married. In the rabbinical court it is not enough simply to say you have not been married before. You have to bring witnesses or certification. I had to get a letter from our rabbi in Scarsdale and confirming witnesses. And then you also have to prove that your parents were married in a Jewish ceremony. The parents of a friend of mine who was in this same situation came to Israel and got remarried in the Jewish style in order to help their daughter get married. If your parents were not married by a rabbi, you see, your children can be classified as bastards. It took me three months to get the certificates I needed. We were furious about it all, it was so silly. Here I was, nineteen years old, and they just didn't believe I'd never been married!"

But if you came to Israel as a religious Jew in some American manner—

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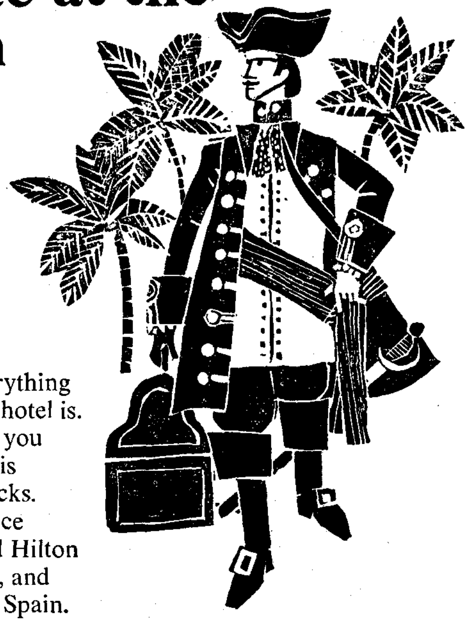

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choosing your own way of holding your beliefs and worshipping according to your own version of the Jewish conscience—you faced problems in Israel. "Religion is important for Jews in America—more important than it is for Jews in Israel—and many of them, when they come here, miss it," said an official of the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel whose job it was to help newly arriving immigrants. "They miss what they think of as a Jewish kind of religion. Back home in America, the synagogue is central in their lives. Here that kind of thing is nonexistent. You just go to the synagogue for certain ritualistic observances. Back home, the rabbi is a guide—a kind of chaplain, if you will. Here the rabbi is something for *she'elot*—questions about whether something is kosher or not. Nothing personal. Rabbis here are not people who cater to a flock, who work for people who need their wisdom or their help. Religion here is just more impersonal, and many Americans, used to a different kind of thing, don't get along with it at all."

I met one young American rabbi who was spending a year in Israel and had found a job in which he could be helpful to people who needed help. He told me, "In general, American Jews here find themselves out in the cold religiously. Rabbis who come here from America go to work at other jobs. As rabbis, they, too, are out in the cold. They have no way to participate. They are not allowed to perform ordinary rabbinical functions. When they come here, they work at all sorts of jobs. We have just organized an informal committee of six of these rabbis working in various places. Some of them are Orthodox in the American sense but are not as religious as the Israeli Orthodox require. Some of them have even gone into business. Not one of them is functioning as a rabbi. They would not function here as rabbis anyway, because rabbis are held in such low esteem in Israel that they couldn't stand it. A rabbi here is a purely ritualistic functionary, supported by the Ministry of Religion. The Orthodox in Israel are not altogether unlike some American Orthodox; the main difference is that they get themselves into politics and act primarily as representatives of a political party, not as religious leaders. We Americans don't think of this as a way of being religious." He said that Israel had six non-Orthodox congregations but that they were "poorly organized," with "no leadership." They have great difficulty maintaining themselves, and in at least one case had to battle in the courts to rent a public place to worship in. They could not have proper rabbis of their own, he explained, since non-Orthodox rabbis were not officially recognized and therefore could not perform marriages or preside at funerals or any other such functions. He had mixed feelings about religion in Israel. "It's the whole climate here," he said. "The attitude toward religion in general is negative. Here you're Orthodox or you're nothing. The close relationship between religion and politics has had a bad effect on religion in general. When it becomes part of a larger Jewish culture, the religious life suffers. Maybe this is a natural thing. Maybe if you live in a Jewish society, religion becomes less important. Here an Israeli often finds the Jewish part of his identity completely unnecessary."

"The Jewish part?" I asked.

"I mean the religious part," he replied. "To me, religion is essential to being Jewish; to the Israeli it is not. For many Sabras, Judaism is pure ritualism. It has nothing to do with the moral and the ethical. These things are completely divorced from what they identify as religious. I think the failure of religion to play more of a role here is having a profound effect on the morals of this society." He went on to catalogue a series of examples, adding that a "cutthroat, frontier mentality" dominated much of people's ordinary behavior, and that there was an absence of what he saw as religious values even in a religious school his children attended. "I want to temper all of what I am saying," he went on uncomfortably. "I feel that maybe it's all inevitable, because of the pressures Israel is subject to—maybe this is all unavoidable, and simply needs time. Things here are still more right than wrong. I have a firm conviction that things will get better here, not worse. But the things I see here that are wrong bother me. I didn't come with illusions, but it bothers me that things exist here that I don't think ought to exist in a Jewish state. My orientation toward religion is completely different from what I find here. I had considered staying here, but I've definitely de-

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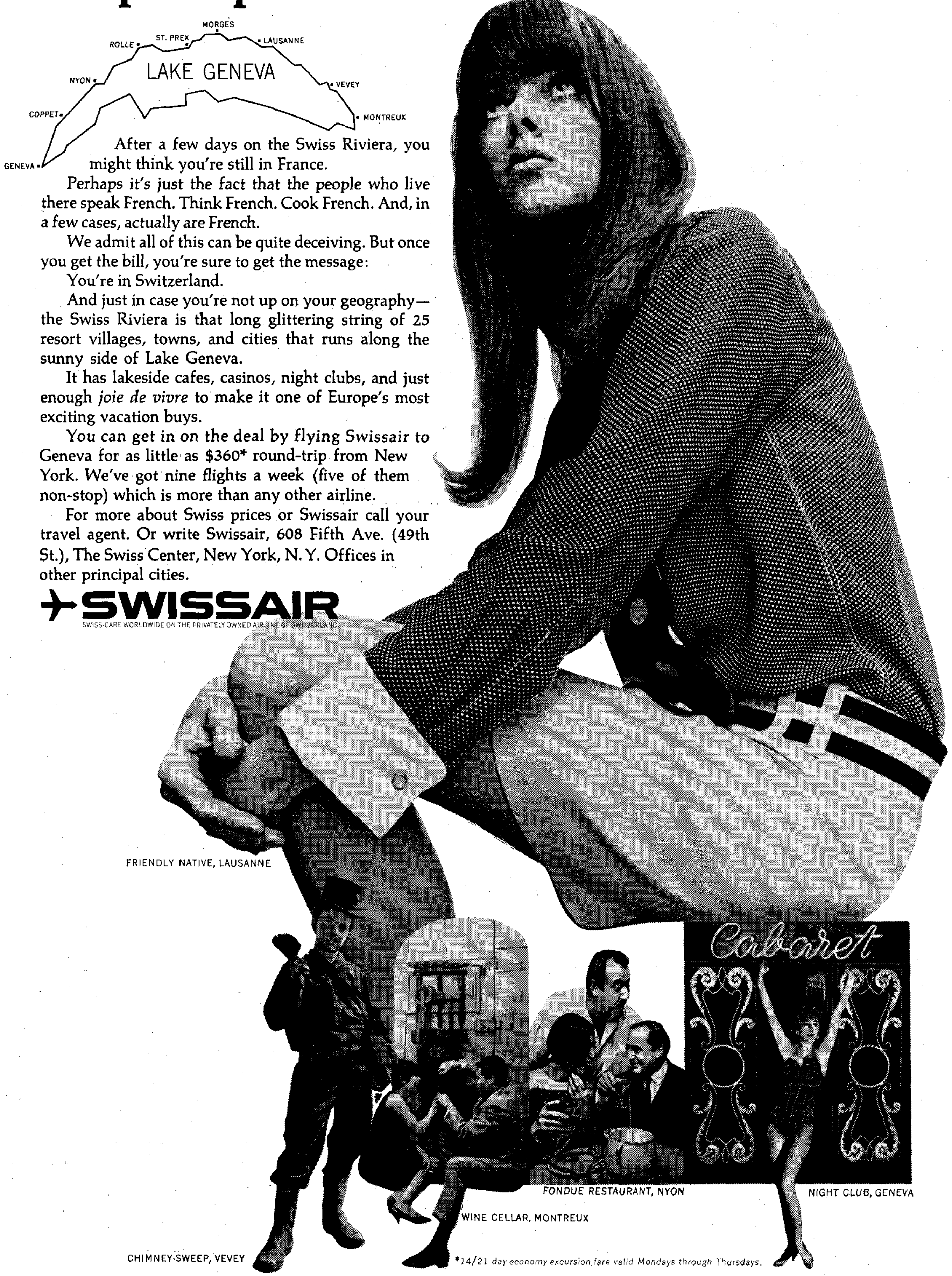

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cided to go back to America. The truth is that I have found that America is more conducive to living religiously than Israel is."

The Holy Land is not entirely barren of new religious growth, however. There is a reaching out for some new form of Jewish religious self-expression, one is told, quite outside the framework of organized religion. There is "a crisis of values" and "a yearning for something." Among Israeli intellectuals, there is a certain ferment over the question of the moral and religious content of the country's life. There is said to be a certain banding together in search of some new Jewish spirituality on the part of young people who are described as being people given neither to books nor to words. A veteran settler told me, with great relish, that a group of young people on a particularly doctrinaire type of *kibbutz* had gone through with a football game that had been scheduled on—of all days—Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, the holiest day in the Jewish religious calendar. But they had fasted, and later had gone out into the woods, where they spent the rest of the day reading the Bible and meditating. These were not Americans but Israeli-born children of Eastern Europeans. Their parents, my informant added, with obvious delight, were left speechless by this rebellion. He went on to tell me about a group in which he himself was taking part—a *chavurah*, or "comradeship" or "community," in which a number of people came together to commune on religious matters. "We are trying to keep down the number of Americans in it," he said self-consciously. "We want it to be indigenously Israeli. About one-quarter of its members are Germans, and there are also some Israeli-born children of East Europeans, and a few Iraqis." They had not organized themselves in any formal way, he explained—that could get troublesome. But they did meet at regular intervals, usually on Friday nights, and although they were careful not to call their meeting a religious service, they did read a weekly portion from the Bible, as is usually done on the Sabbath. Then they went on to a discussion, in which they sought to clarify their thinking about the problem of religion and about "the crisis of values" in Israel. They might talk, for example, about "the Jewish consciousness," a much debated subject that the Minister of Education introduced into Israel's public-school curriculum in response to the general feeling here that the youth were suffering somehow from a lack

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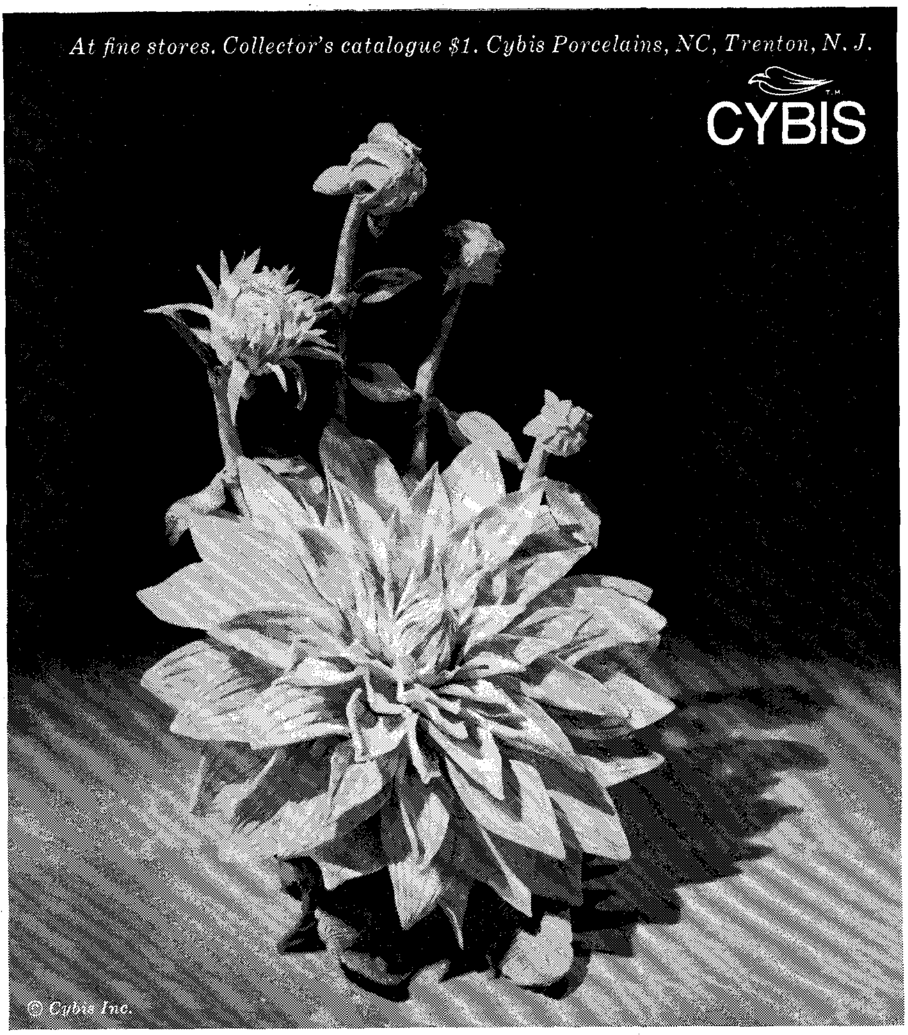
of genuine spirituality and also from the effects of negative attitudes toward the Jewish traditions associated with the two thousand years of the Diaspora. It was a small group, the settler said, but it was part of a minor current in Israeli life that some people hoped might become its mainstream sometime in the future. Meanwhile, I gathered, American Jews who are disturbed about these matters have to be content with what they can get out of life in Israel as they find it now.

THE "private agony" of a large number of the American Jews in Israel has mostly to do not with religion, however, but with the uniquely American, peculiarly private, and quietly anguishing question of citizenship. American Jews who go to Israel to live have to choose whether to remain Americans or to become Israelis. This does not mean choosing to remain Americans by background, education, sentiment, or guiding ideas, or to become Israelis by attachment and interest. It means choosing literally and formally whether to remain American citizens or to become citizens of Israel. This is uniquely a problem for Americans, because the United States, unlike many other countries, places the most severe restrictions on the holding of dual citizenship. If American Jews entered Israel as immigrants under the Israeli Law of Return, they would, like all other returning Jews, acquire Israeli citizenship automatically, by the fact of being Jews and by the act of returning. To avoid this, they must declare expressly on their arrival that they are not returning as *olim* (immigrants) but are coming to Israel as temporary residents. When they become "permanent residents," if they ever do, they must "opt out" of Israeli citizenship in order not to jeopardize their American citizenship. Whether they are "temporary residents" or "permanent" ones, that is what the great majority of American Jews in Israel have done.

The most reliable of the guesses I was offered about the number of Israeli citizens among Americans in Israel was "about ten per cent." Hence, if there are "about ten thousand" Americans in Israel, about a thousand are Israeli citizens. Most of these are to be found among the long-term settlers on the *kibbutzim,* where Zionist motivation and group pressures and sanctions are characteristically strong. Among the city dwellers I met who had become Israelis, several were old-timers who had come to Palestine



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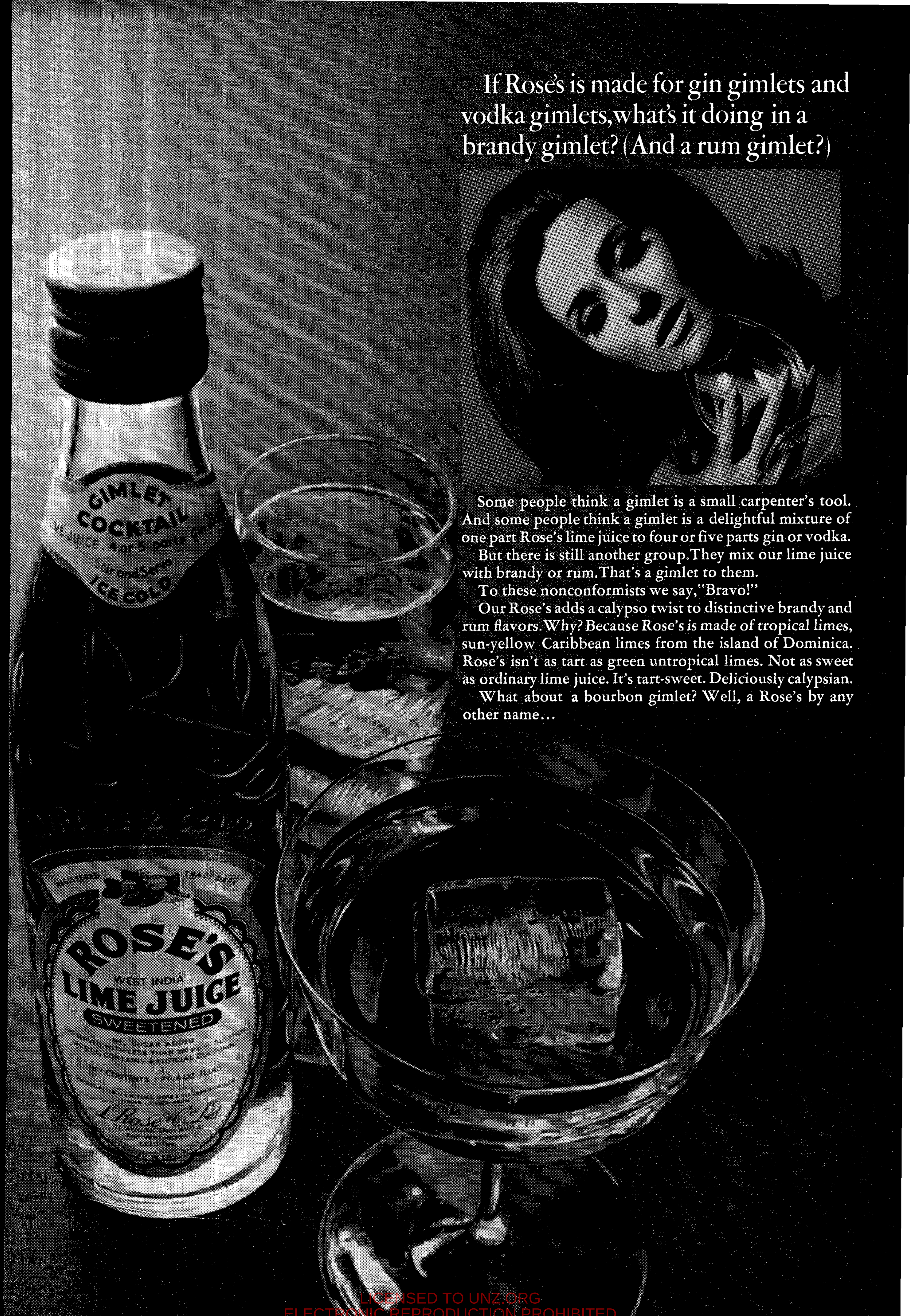
before the Second World War; some were ex-*kibbutzniks* who had come originally as young Zionist recruits; and a few were men who had come in 1948 to fight for the state in the war against the Arabs. Even so, there were no consistent patterns. I also met old-timers, ex-*kibbutzniks*, 1948 war veterans, and even some Zionist *kibbutzniks* who were still holding on very firmly to their American passports, and I was told of people who had been around as long as fifteen years or more but had never chosen to become citizens of the new state. Under Israeli law, one can remain a "temporary resident" for only three years. In practice, this can be extended by various maneuvers—sometimes indefinitely. I was told of some "temporary residents" who had held on to that classification for ten years or more; they were often referred to scornfully as "permanent temporary residents" or "temporary permanents." When every possible extension of the "temporary" status has been exhausted, the "temporary resident" must submit to a formidable bureaucratic procedure in order to become a "permanent resident"—a status carrying with it certain important changes in legal position but still strictly preserving the individual's status as an American and a non-Israeli.

This means that these Americans in Israel are outsiders who come to Israel to be insiders who, once they are *in* Israel, opt *out;* that is, they choose to remain outsiders. It is hardly to be wondered at that for many of these people the choice becomes a private and agonizing matter. Just how private, I discovered quite early in my inquiries. "This is a delicate question," I was cautioned by one of my first informants, an American who had held on to his American citizenship. "You don't ask about it. Why, I don't know among my own friends who has and who hasn't—given up his passport. I suspect that most of them are still American citizens. But I don't ask. It's one of those delicate personal things you just don't inquire about." I found, as I went on to inquire about it, that those who had not become Israeli citizens most commonly tried to dismiss the matter as unimportant—a mere formality, just a technicality—or to explain it on some purely "practical" grounds. But no American I met who *had* become a citizen thought the matter unimportant or merely technical. The citizens I met tended to speak of the non-citizens with a certain sympathy but also with sorrow.

Americans in Israel are just about the only people there who have to make a choice in the matter of their citizenship. It is one of their peculiarities as Americans that they would gladly do without. The McCarran-Walter Act of 1952 spelled out details that had previously been vague under American law. The 1952 statute specifically barred Americans from serving in a foreign army, voting in a foreign election, or entering the regular employ of a foreign government, under penalty (subject to certain exceptions) of forfeiture of American citizenship. Thus, what had been legal, or at least not illegal, for the Americans who flew for France before 1917 or for China before Pearl Harbor, or who fought in Allenby's Jewish Brigade against the Turks in 1916-18 or in Israel's Army against the Arabs in 1948, became illegal after 1952. Many Americans in Israel feel that this law is what has created their painful dilemma; they blame it, rather than their own ambivalence, for their acute discomfort. Chief among any citizen's national obligations in the world today is military service, and all Americans of military age in Israel have to thread their way through the assorted American and Israeli requirements in this area. Most American Jews who have migrated to Israel in recent years have either satisfied their military obligations at home or remained in proper contact with their draft boards through registration at an American consulate in Israel. Israeli law, for its part, requires men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-nine and women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-seven permanently residing in the country, whether citizens or not, to serve in the armed forces, with certain obligations to the reserve up to the age of fifty. The sons and daughters of Americans in Israel, then, are faced at the age of eighteen with *their* formal choice. With very rare exceptions, I was told, they make the choice their parents have not made; they opt *in*, by going off to the Army, and thereby nullify the claim to American citizenship that their parents may have carefully preserved for them by maintaining their own legal status as American citizens.

Americans who have not become Israeli citizens but are eligible for military service have to solve their dilemma one way or another. Many Americans are, of course, not legally affected, for some are too old, and others, who are young enough, are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"temporary residents" and so are not subject to call. This leaves a small number who are both of military age and, as "permanent residents," legally required to serve. A few such eligibles find ways around the difficulty. If they are *kibbutzniks,* they may be able to satisfy their military obligations "unofficially," since quite a few *kibbutzim* are in frontier areas and have a special status as defense positions. There are said to be some non-Israeli Americans who manage to serve in the Israeli armed forces and to keep this fact off their official records. But for the great bulk of those eligible it is a matter of not serving at all. This solution is arrived at with the informal agreement of the Israeli military authorities. Eligible Americans are exempted from serving simply because they are Americans who do not wish to jeopardize their American citizenship—a special kind of 4-F status that leaves these Americans in Israel with a feeling of considerable discomfort.

Much more direct pressure has been put on the three hundred-odd Americans working in Israel as government servants. Here, too, the Israeli government made special arrangements for those who wanted to remain American citizens. All American employees were put on a "contractual" basis—a status that satisfied the requirements of the American law. But Israeli feeling has changed, partly in respect to the indispensability of these American government workers but mainly in respect to the Israelis' own national sensibilities. In 1959, in an action apparently aimed directly at this group of Americans, a law was passed requiring all servants of the Israeli government to be Israeli citizens. This started quite a wrestling match. The result was that enforcement of the law was not immediately pressed but that recently extensions have been negotiated with progressively greater difficulty. As each man's contract comes up for renewal, or as new arrangements are made each year in the various Ministries, the issue has to be confronted again, and decided again. It remains as an irritant in each one's relations with his superiors and his fellow-officials—particularly with American fellow-officials who have become citizens—and, perhaps most of all, in each man's relations with himself.

It is easier for the American citizen not to vote than it is for him to abstain from military service or to insist on remaining a non-Israeli while working for the Israeli government. Israel's exposed and dangerous situation makes abstention from military service an un-

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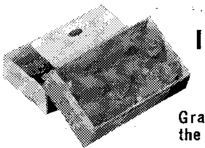

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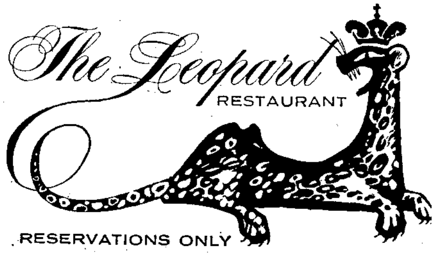

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comfortably glaring example of personal non-commitment. Having to confront one's superiors periodically on the citizenship issue is a painful ordeal in which this degree of non-commitment must be openly asserted and defended again and again. The act of non-participation by not voting is a more passive and generally a less visible act, at least for the individual living in town or city. On the *kibbutz*, the American citizen is much more exposed and comes under very heavy pressure at election time. But whether in the public glare of the *kibbutz* or in the private isolation of the town, this act of non-participation each time dramatizes again the individual's failure to do what he set out to do, *to take part* in the making of a Jewish state.

For the Americans who did become Israeli citizens, the choice was never easy but the commitment was always clear. This, after all, was what coming to Israel was all about: the reëstablishment of the Jewish nation. This is what Zionism was about—to restore nationhood to the Jews, to end their wanderings, to reëstablish a Jewish land so that Jews could at last cease to be alien dwellers in the lands of others. The American Jews who came to Israel came, they said, to take part in this process of re-creation, to *belong* to the Jewish nation in a way they could not belong elsewhere—not even in America. The first and most elementary act of belonging, then, was to embrace the new or reëstablished Jewish nationality. This, at least, was the Zionist logic, and the more Zionist the individual's background was, the easier it was for him to conform to it. For those who had been brought up to feel that the return to the Land of Israel was the ultimate goal of their lives, it was doubtless a natural step. For those who had come to fight for the new state and had then decided to settle in it for the rest of their lives, it must have seemed a necessary commitment, an expression of faith that gave consistency to their acts. To be sure, there are Zionists and 1948 veterans who have stopped short of this final act of attachment and allegiance, but I suspect that they suffer more than most others from the consequences of their partial commitment. The "happiest" Americans I encountered in Israel, I think, were those who had carried the logic of their commitment to the ultimate symbolic point of joining their fate to its fate, for better or worse, by becoming citizens. They were the most deeply integrated, if not always the most contented, and while they may

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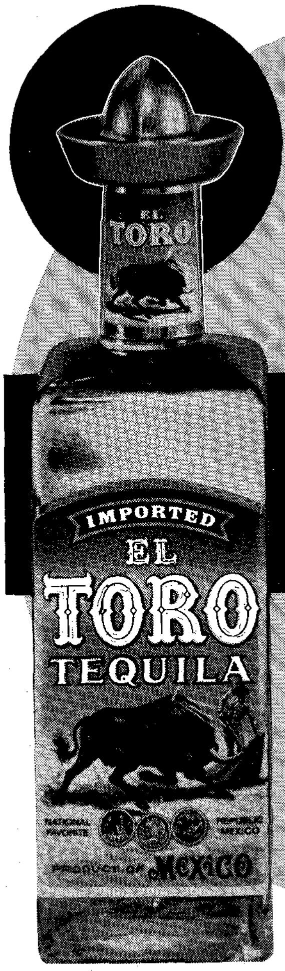

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have been coming up against troubles of many kinds, their trouble was not of *this* kind. They were sufficiently at peace with themselves and with their purposes. They were committed. The great majority of these committed American Israelis, as I have noted, are to be found on the *kibbutzim*. They are, in the main, products of the Zionist youth movements in America. Some came to Israel just before the creation of the state, and many came just afterward, to take part in the epic of reclaiming the land and making it flourish again, defending it against attack, and winning it, finally, for their own. For most of those who shared in the heroic period, the commitment to citizenship was automatic.

Now one hears on all sides that this kind of Zionist idealism is ebbing away. The accent has shifted to industrialization, to something called "normalization"—something far different from the communal-Socialist-utopian dreams that the *kibbutzniks* had of the good new life in the land of the Jews. The *kibbutzim* themselves are changing; their place in the economy is shifting, and the old communal austerity is giving way, whether slowly or swiftly, to the demand for greater individual well-being. Moreover, American recruits are hard to find nowadays, and those who do come do so usually not with stars in their eyes but with questions in their minds, and the questions are of a kind that are not easily answered by what they hear from their contemporaries on the *kibbutz*, the youthful Sabras. I caught only fleeting intimations of all this as I journeyed by, and have no basis for enlarging upon it. But it is a fact that no large stream of replacements and reinforcements now flows from America into the little communes, and that very few of those who do come make the additional small journey of renunciation to the nearest American consulate. Among those who come to Israel not to work in the *kibbutzim* but to find places in the cities, tentativeness and caution are even more in evidence. Those Americans I met who had become Israeli citizens in more recent years all seemed to have come to the decision only after a long time and under heavy pressure involving their positions in the government. They spoke of the move not with exhilaration but with a certain pain and with their hesitation still apparent. One such man was a well-known professional I met—an important government servant—who had taken the step a few years before. He began talking about it to me quite calmly, but as he went on it became clear that the agony of his decision was still very much with him. "What does one gain by becoming an Israeli?" he asked. "You can vote, you can serve in the Army. For me, neither of these things was ever part of the demands of Zionist ideology. As a matter of fact, this is a new thought. Citizenship is really an alien concept in Judaism." He went on to deliver a lengthy dissertation, with citations from the Bible, on how the Jews of old regarded their relationship to the state. Then he said, "If I come to Israel, I am not repudiating America. But if I give up my American citizenship, then I *am* repudiating America, and this is not the way I feel. *Why should one have to choose?*"

He paused to collect himself, and I murmured that migration was a kind of choice.

"Yes," he said. "Migration is a choice, but it is not an act of repudiation—why, there are a million Americans living abroad now! But the act of giving up one's citizenship makes everything formal and legal. Where is the definite point at which an American Jew who comes to Israel can say, 'Here, here is where *I cut myself off*'?"

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The great majority of Americans in Israel have not cut themselves off. For a great many of them, of course, this is not an agonizing matter at all. The newcomers are in almost every case unsure of themselves and their prospects, and uncertain whether they will be able to stay or will want to do so. Even the young recruits who come to the *kibbutzim* are prone to say now, I was told, "Give us three years and then we'll see." The old folks, the "senior citizens," almost without exception hold fast to their American citizenship, and for both practical and sentimental reasons do not dream of yielding it. There are some long-established residents who remain quite untroubled by the whole matter. One such was a businessman who said, "The people who think about citizenship are the idealists—or the people who worry about ideology—on the one hand, and the people who worry about rights and benefits on the other. I'm not worried about either." I do not

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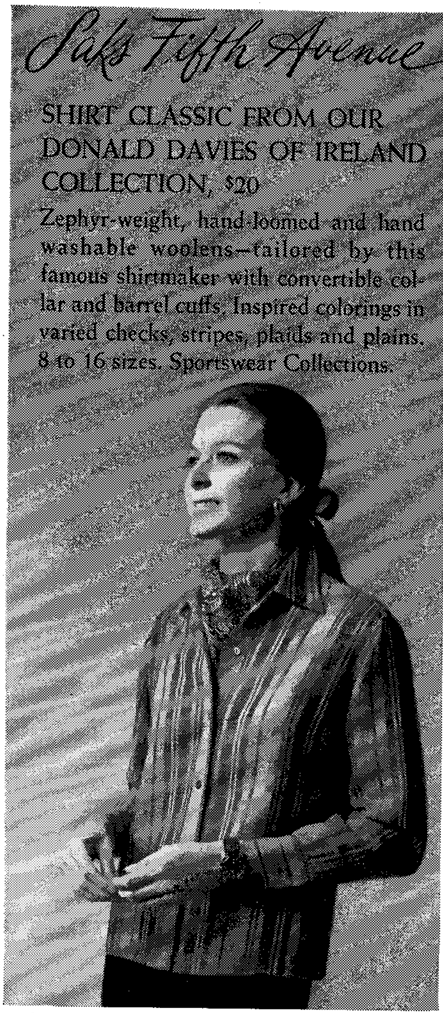
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know how one would slice up these groups by numbers, but it is possible to estimate that the "worriers" and the "idealists" who are troubled by this matter of citizenship may include perhaps half of this small universe of Americans in Israel.

They are individuals who have been living in the country long enough to get as "settled" or as "adjusted" as they are ever going to but have not made their decision on citizenship. They have had ample time to face this decision and to reach some conclusion about it. The conclusion that some have reached is not to come to any decision at all. Some keep trying to push the question out of sight. Some content themselves with a half answer and manage to live with it, though it does not even half solve their problem of identity. The shapes of their adaptation are endless, and from my brief exploratory encounters with some of these individuals I can certainly offer no final word on how any of them have struck their balance. But, if not a final word, I do offer a first word—enough, I believe, to suggest something of the range and variety of their response to their dilemma, enough to constitute at least an initial outline of how some of these American Jews in Israel describe their condition of semi-commitment. The answers from those who had chosen to remain American citizens soon became familiar, recurring until they began to form identifiable clusters. To remain an American citizen in Israel was "unimportant," it was "convenient," it was a matter of "security," it was a "tie back" to home, family, country.

Convenience was the reason that was by far the most commonly offered. It was part of nearly every reply to my questions about citizenship. "It's easier to travel on an American passport." "You don't have to stand on line or fill out papers at the consulate." "There's the family back home—you might want to get back there in a hurry." Each person presented his own variation on the theme. "I came in 1950," said a well-established dweller in Jerusalem. "I met people who in the enthusiasm of the fighting or in the Messianic spirit of the time had become Israeli citizens. But then they had awful trouble getting a visa to go back to the United States. It would take six weeks sometimes, with all kinds of red tape. I was advised, 'Don't give it up; it's convenient.' So I held on." He continued, "I am careful not to vote, and I fill out a slip each year to be released from military service." Then he added, "I know I can't go on indefinitely this

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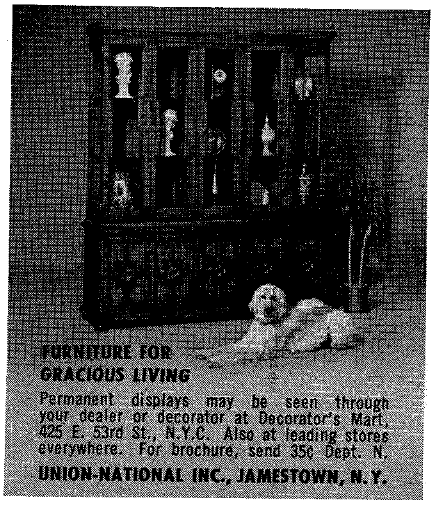
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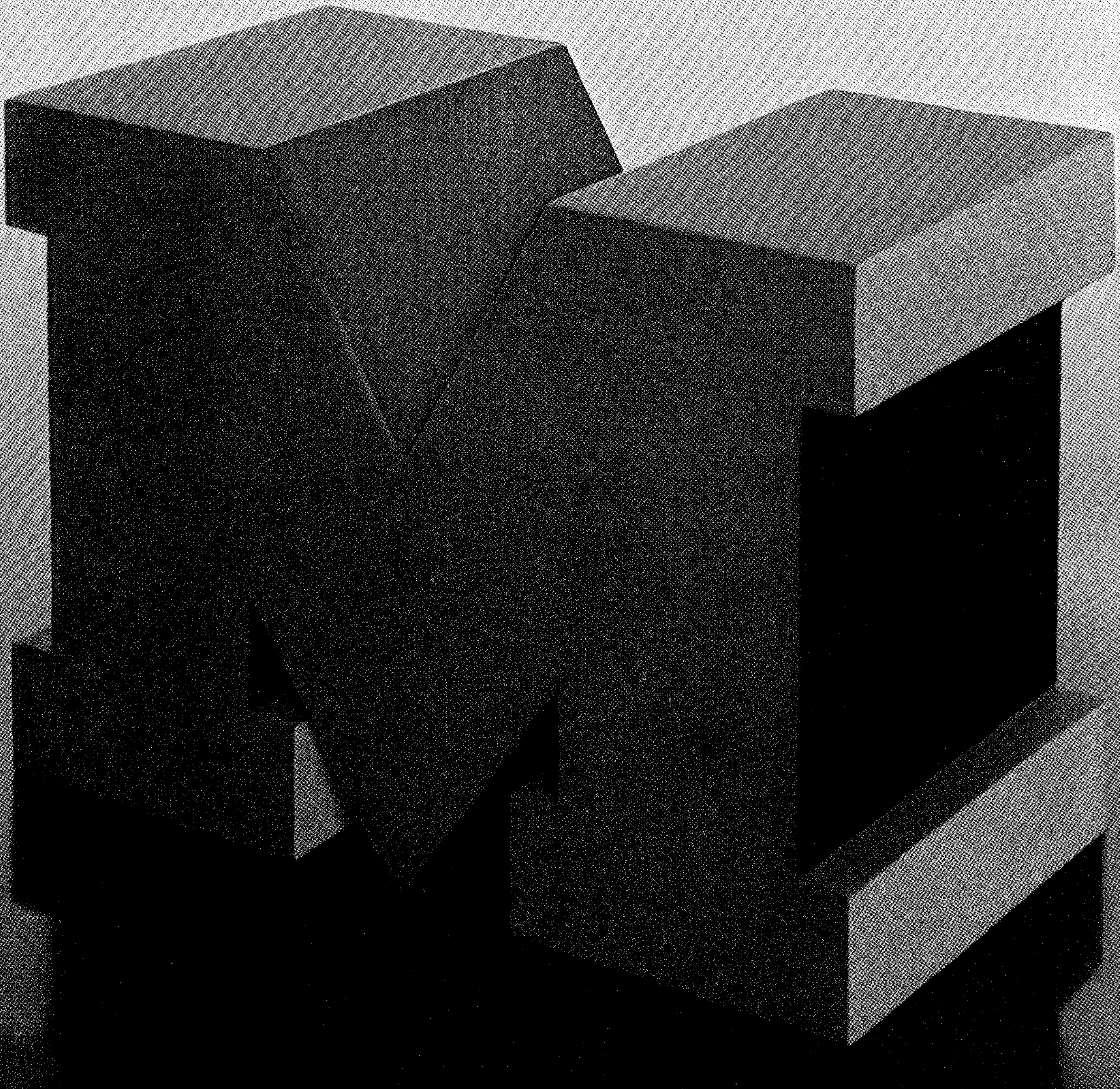

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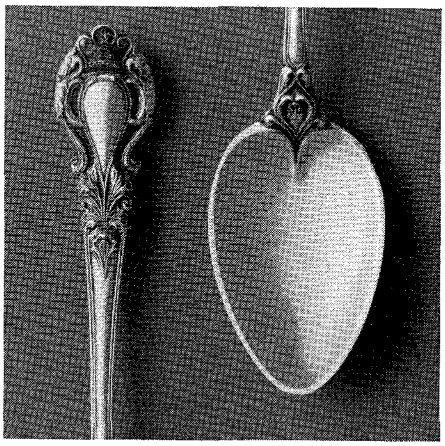

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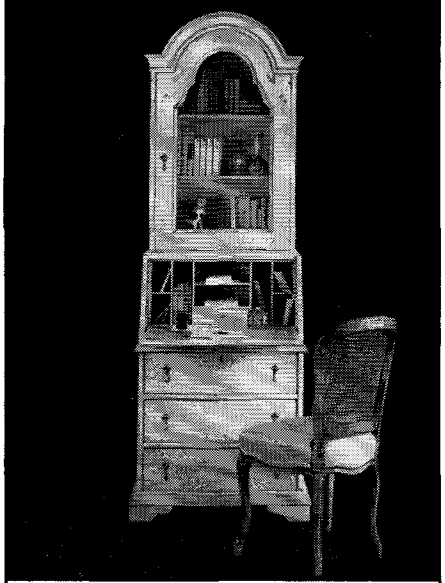

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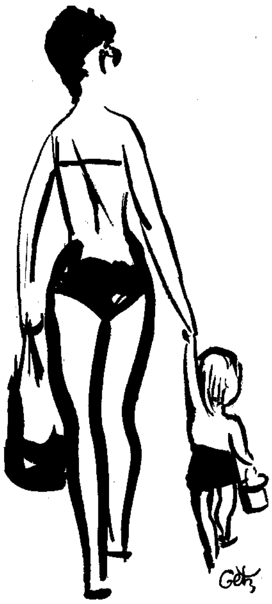
way.” But he had been going on this way for nearly fifteen years.

Security, too, came up repeatedly as a reason for holding on to American citizenship: “It's like an insurance policy.” “Who knows how things will work out?” “Just in case . . .” “It's the kind of trump card you don't give up easily.” “It's nice to be the ward of a big, strong country.” “It's a matter of not burning bridges.” These answers seemed to come closer to reality, closer to that opaque zone of the truth in which it is so hard to find one's way. Coming to Israel was unquestionably an act of faith, both on personal grounds and on broader ones. The immediate difficulties were formidable, the risks were numerous, and the future was highly uncertain. It was no wonder that this faith had its limits.

The fact that Americans have “a place to go back to” would be translated by some suspicious Israelis as meaning that they have a place to run to when the going gets rough. To this charge some Americans would retort that these Israelis are not more committed, just envious. At the time of the Suez crisis, in 1956, when the American authorities called upon all Americans to leave, only about fifty of the more or less permanently settled residents, I was told, did pack up and go. This fact, of course, has been used by both sides. Americans cite it to show how few of them ran in the face of danger; their critics use the fact that some Americans *did* run to support their more sweeping charges. A European Israeli official whose job kept him in close touch with Americans brushed such charges away as unfair and untrue. “I don't think Americans are afraid of an Arab attack,” he told me. “It is not for this that they need to keep a gate open, a door to go back through. I think in their hearts they want to stay, they want to live here, and thousands of them have stayed—many for more than ten years. But it's a new country, a poor country, and a person can fail to be able to live here. I think this is what they feel, this is why they want to be able to go back—in case they have to.”



Among the long-established American residents I met, very few, I should guess, seriously thought of America as a haven from some future Arab attack on Israel. Their fears and uncertainties were much more complicated. They were people who spoke most often about “not burning bridges,” and while this had some concern for their personal security in it, they were talking about bridges back to much more than safety. They were talking about holding on to what tied them to their American origins—a tie they could not bring themselves to cut: “It's an emotional thing, it's part of you.” “America did nothing to cause me to cut myself off from it.” “I promised my mother I wouldn't cut off my tie with home.” “Wanting the tie back is part of it—it's there.” “One's citizenship is a symbol of identity.” Here, among these answers, one comes upon the deepest obscurity and the most painful confusion. These are the individuals whose motivation is most mixed, whose behavior is most contradictory, and whose agony over all this is, in consequence, greatest and most private. Much of this shows through the words of an especially devoted government servant who had been working single-mindedly for the state since just after it was created. Here is some of what he said:

“Israel is a special kind of state, with some unbelievable aspects—for example, the open door to all Jews—and I don't think it can be narrowly nationalist. I don't think it needs this citizenship rule, that government officials should be citizens of the state. It is very difficult in the modern world to take on such a thing unconditionally. I think the number of those who come here and kiss this soil and tear up their passports is zero. We all have conditional ideas. How can one be absolutely nationalist?

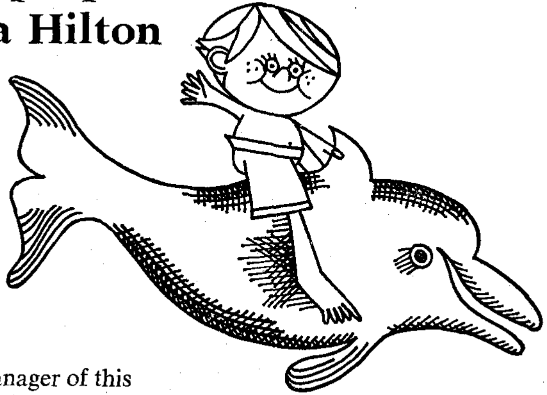
“It is true that if you want to live the good life you have to commit yourself to something, and to the extent that Americans do not do this they create a lot of anxiety for themselves here. Some do commit themselves all the way and a lot of this burden falls off. The others always have the road back. I have read Martin Buber on how hard it is for a person to commit himself. I know. I'm not committed; I don't say I am. But I have to find a way of commitment. Most men find this hard in their lives. Belongingness is a key thing.

I have found a great yearning for belongingness in O'Neill and in the Greeks and in Shakespeare. I think that where there is commitment you get nobility. I have to find the meaning of my own commitment. And the question of citizenship gets all wrapped up in these. The physical act of taking up life here is a big commitment in itself. Coming here is the most important part of it. But wanting the ties behind you is also part of it. It's there. It's part of the non-commitment that is also involved.

"Is it then really something short of actually belonging? Americans have their values and their ties to the American system and milieu and can't shake them off. If I spelled out all my values and how I would want this country to be run, it would not be too far from the Anglo-Saxon model—the concept of life, government, human relations. People say to me that I'm as American as anybody who has just arrived. I don't think this is uniquely American. I think it happens to everybody who comes here. You can't shake off your past. All people hold on to their old values. But the American values in politics and in the social sense are extremely important. Every American feels this, even those who live in the *kibbutzim*, in that attempt at an Essene society—everybody tries to go by Anglo-Saxon rules. Every American wants more development of freedom here; everybody's pack of agonies, everybody's pack of troubles is mixed up with both personal things and these large things."

He went on at length to talk about his work, about the country's problems. "You just keep plugging away at it. You've got to have faith it will come out somehow." He smiled ruefully at himself. "You know, there could be someone who keeps his passport as an insurance policy and yet is really more committed than someone who gives up his passport and then regrets it. Maybe it will be a matter of time—time and children. The Germans who came here in 1935 in the first wave out of Germany were very outsiderish. Now their children are grown up and they have become quite a powerful element in the country and in business. Maybe it will be that way with us."

The theme of the children was an ever-recurring one among these semi-committed people. *They* would not quite make it, but their children would. It was their solace and their hope, and their ultimate answer to all the riddles. Some of those whose children are growing up are going through the trying



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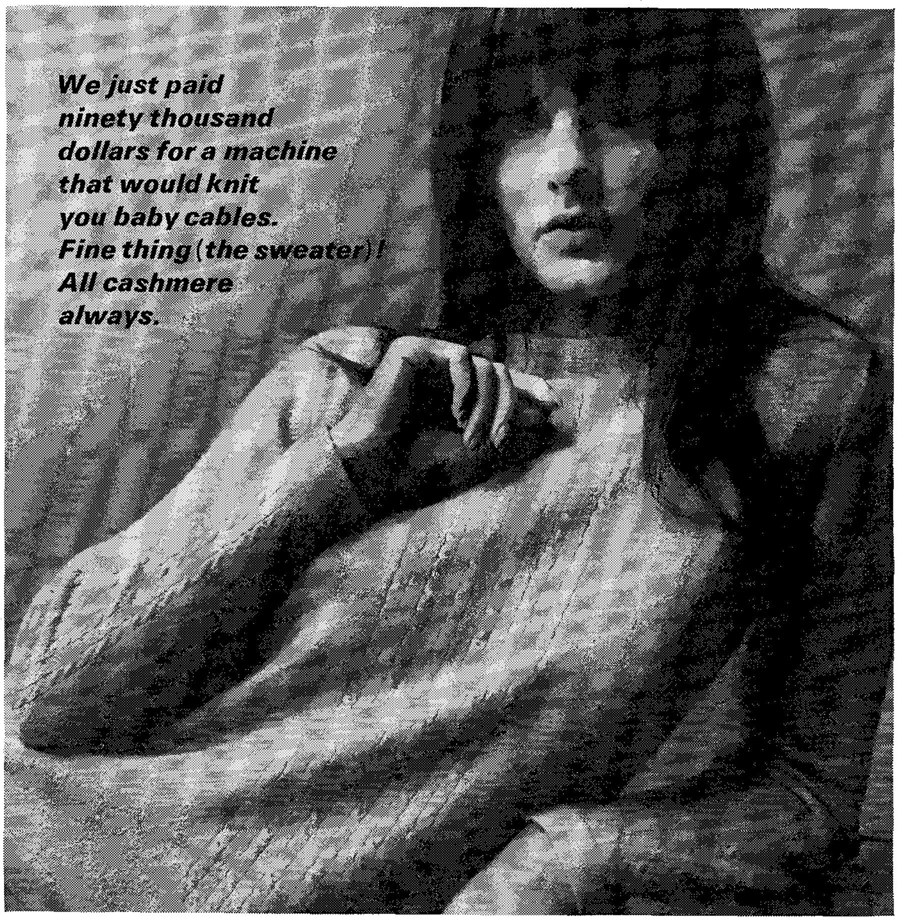
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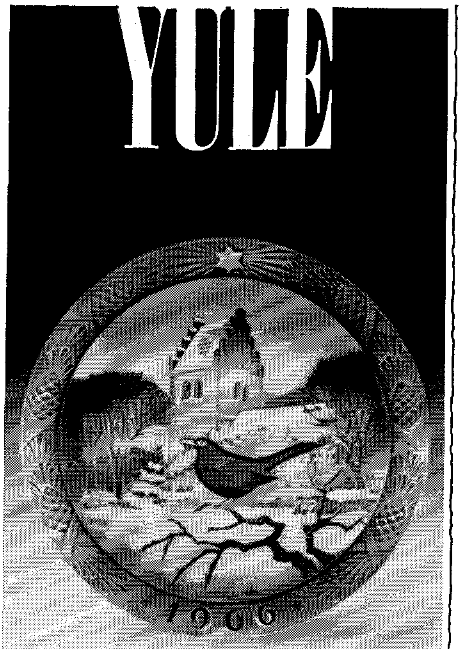

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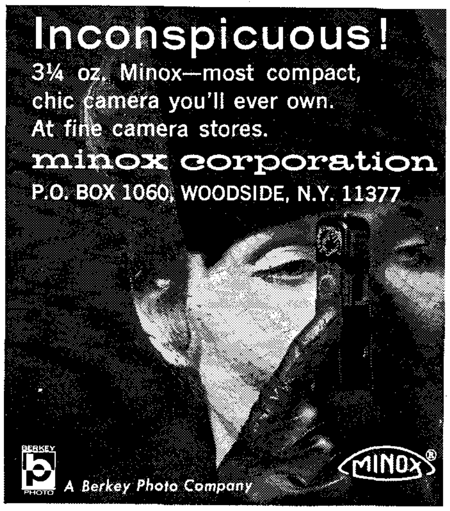

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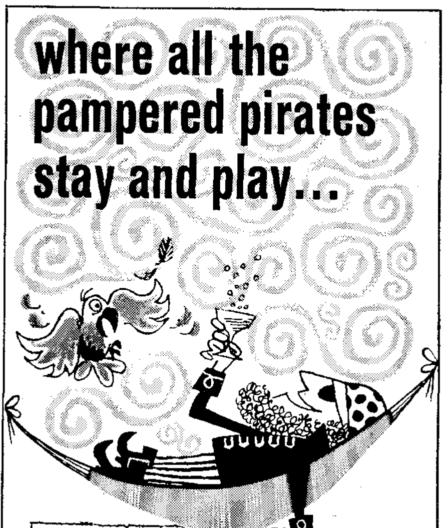
experience of seeing a gulf open up between them. "There's a cultural gap between my daughter and me," one father said. "My books are in English, my culture is American. I read *Time*. My horizons are broader. But my daughter is an Israeli. She reads Hebrew. I can't talk with her about a good Hebrew novel or a bad Hebrew novel. She's in the Hebrew culture, as my wife and I are not. I'm sorry I can't share these experiences with her." Another father, who has been in Israel for years but has not mastered Hebrew or become an Israeli citizen, also spoke of the gap created by language. "I know now how my father must have felt when we were kids in Brooklyn, and I guess my kids must feel the same way I felt," he told me. "I know how ashamed I used to feel when I heard my old man speak his broken English, and I really made sure that my English wouldn't sound like that. But now here I am in the same position with my kids. I wonder how they feel when they hear me speak my broken Hebrew, and it's all turned around, because they're the ones that speak English with an accent." This father was one of the many who had found it impossible to give up his American citizenship because he could not bear to "burn bridges" to that past life, and he kept secretly thinking that one day he would go back. It bothered him to reflect that his pretty teen-age daughter would never know the pleasures and opportunities of a young woman in America. She had just chosen, under characteristic *kibbutz* pressure, not to try to go to the university—he made no secret of how unhappy this made him—and his son, a mustachioed young *kibbutznik*, had already done his military service and was embarked on his own life, committed forever to Israel. But this family, knit by a strong loving warmth, lent support to the common view that the children would solve what their parents left unsolved. The son, who had been through the difficult experience of growing up in a tight little community where his parents' nonconforming pattern was frowned upon, was solid in his affection for them. "My parents held on to their citizenship because they planned to go back to visit," he told me. "This didn't bother me. At one time, maybe it was one way of not burning their bridges. But now they're really settled here. There is nothing really for them to go back to, so it's out of the picture, completely." He grinned. "We, the kids, we burn the bridges for them."

But when it came to choosing metaphors, most of these non-Israeli Ameri-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cans much preferred to think of themselves not as non-burners of bridges but as wanderers in the desert—modern heirs of the Jews who wandered for forty years in the wilderness on their way from Egypt to the Promised Land. I heard it again and again: "We are the desert generation, doomed to wander, never to arrive." Between them and a full commitment to Israel they saw a wide space they never expected to cross. But on the other side, looking back, were those Americans who *had* become Israeli citizens, and all they saw was a narrow little space—just a single step, a single decision, away.

Between the Americans who had become Israelis and the Americans who had not lay not a desert but a zone of careful silence with a delicate line down its center, with restrained judgments on the one side and something between discomfort and shame on the other. The American Israelis' judgments of their fellow-American non-Israelis were—as they were expressed to me—sometimes harsh, sometimes sorrowful, sometimes both. Most of them seemed to remember what their own agony had been like before they took the step that resolved the issue. They remained tolerant of those who had not done so. "All Americans here have a great ambivalence about this," said one of the most thoughtful American Israelis I encountered during my inquiry. "No one came here who didn't really like America. We want to have the best of two worlds, and have to decide where our prior loyalties lie. I myself came through the Zionist labor movement. I came here in 1949, and it was three years before I decided to give up my citizenship and become an Israeli citizen. It was not an easy thing to do. I was very apprehensive about it. Why give up such a valuable thing—perhaps the most valuable thing in the world? I spent many days and nights thinking and worrying about it before I finally took the step." Another citizen said, "You come here wanting to be a hero, but it's not easy to want to be a hero to the extent of giving up your citizenship. These people are not running away from America. America is still good for them. Their families are still in America. They are not anti-American. In fact, the American who comes here gets more and more pro-American."

Finally, I come to the view of an American who had fought to win the State of Israel and had become a citizen when it was created, and who said that he felt a wondering, unhappy sympathy for those Americans "who came to Israel in search of roots" and then

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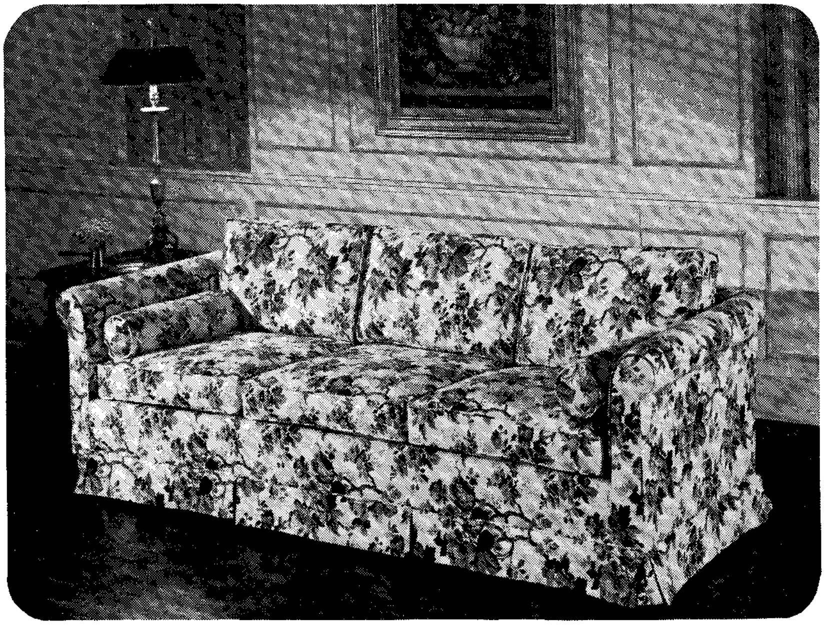

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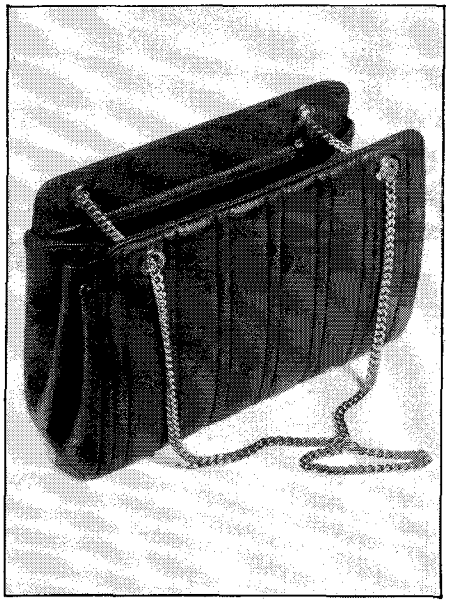

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failed to root themselves in the new soil. "There is tremendous soul-searching in such people," he said. "It is difficult for me to imagine myself in their skins, but it is also difficult for me to imagine that this is not a deeply serious problem for every one of them, for it comes up all the time—all kinds of burning issues of military service, of politics, of participation. The problem is always there. They come in a search for wholeness, but then they don't go the whole way toward it. This must make them feel a defect in themselves; they have failed to overcome whatever it is that makes them act this way. Does a Jew come to Israel just to be an 'expatriate'? The person who does this deprives himself of the only thing that he really came to Israel to get. You go to Israel from America because you *think* you are just a spectator in America and the role of a spectator is not enough. But then you cut yourself off from participating. Perhaps this can be understood, but I am afraid I don't really understand it. The test is: What are you made of? Can you do what you aspire to do?"

I reminded him that most such Americans in Israel described themselves as members of a desert generation—wanderers on the way to the Promised Land, which not they but their children would enjoy.

He shook his head. "I'm sorry, I can't buy that," he said. "It's only a rationalization, a poetic way of saying you don't want to face the issue. All of us, all of us in Israel now, are a desert generation. Think of the deserts we have to cross to make Israel really the Promised Land—language, industry, the whole material level, the assimilation of immigrants. There are some of these deserts that we won't get across easily or quickly—maybe some we won't be able to cross at all. But the problem of citizenship is not *this* kind of desert. There are many deserts like *this* in Israel—deserts between backwardness and modernization, between resources and needs. But the Americans and their problem of citizenship are not on much of a desert. Why don't they go across? Perhaps one has to seek irrational rather than rational explanations for this. But, believe me, no one really has to wander in *that* little desert if he doesn't want to. All he has to do is cross it."

Perhaps the committed American Israelis can be most vividly represented here not by a product of the Zionist movement and not by a *kibbutznik* but by a much more typical product of the American middle-class Jewish back-

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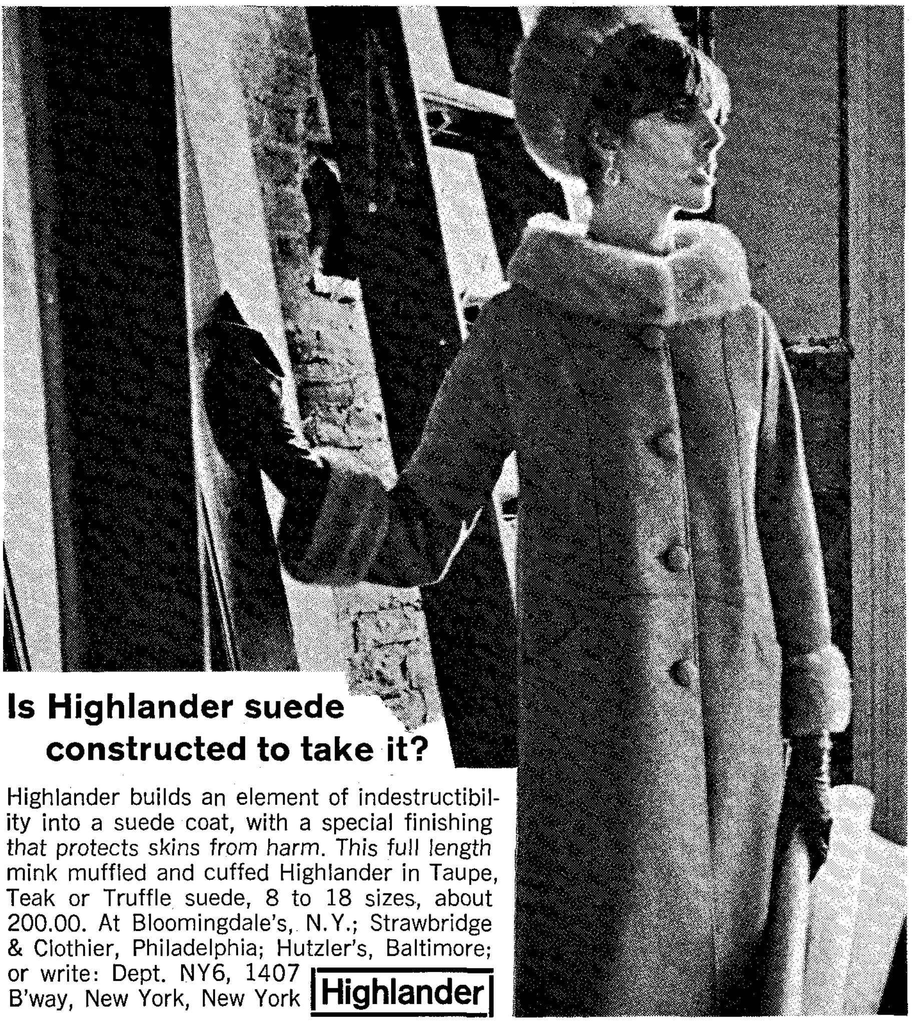
ground—a man who was one of the most "American" Americans I encountered in Israel. He was almost a living stereotype of the American go-getter, who came to Israel to help fight the Arabs in 1948 and who, starting with nothing, made a remarkable success as a businessman. I caught him almost literally on the fly—an hour before he had to get a plane south—and found him to be an athletically slender man, not yet forty, with a bushy semi-Sabra-style mustache, close-cropped hair, a heavy jaw, and a soft-spoken, courteous manner. He had to finish some dictation before he talked to me, and then, though the clock marked the need for hurry, the talk was still somehow quite relaxed. The son of a modestly successful businessman in an Eastern city, he had had a year at St. John's College, during which he underwent an early important experience. "At St. John's, I really read the Bible for the first time, and got stirred up," he said to me. "I started believing in it. I had always thought that man made God. At St. John's, I began to think it might be the other way around." In 1945, at the age of eighteen, he went into the Marines, and was heading for the Pacific when the war ended. He began to read in the press about the holocaust in Europe, the illegal immigration, and the underground fight to transform Palestine into Israel. Then he was shocked and shaken when he found himself unable to explain his religion to a group of friends in his Marine outfit—fellows who were much interested in each other's religion, he said, and who decided through long bull sessions that the road to the good life was "to do something about what one believed in." He continued, "I felt that they were right and that it was up to me to do something. I was twenty when I got out of the Marines in 1947, and I decided to come to Palestine. My parents tried to stop me, but I came anyway." He saw action in the short Galilee campaign. Then, during a long lull, he spent two months on a *kibbutz*. "That was enough for me to decide that I didn't believe in Socialism," he said. "There the individual loses his freedom of decision, and I don't think that's right. What really happens on the *kibbutz* is that it has its own kind of oligarchy of committees and there are always some guys deciding what you should do and where. No one's free. That really wasn't for me." He took part in the last of the fighting near Gaza, shooting up Egyptian supply trains for about three weeks. "It was a long time, and we were glad



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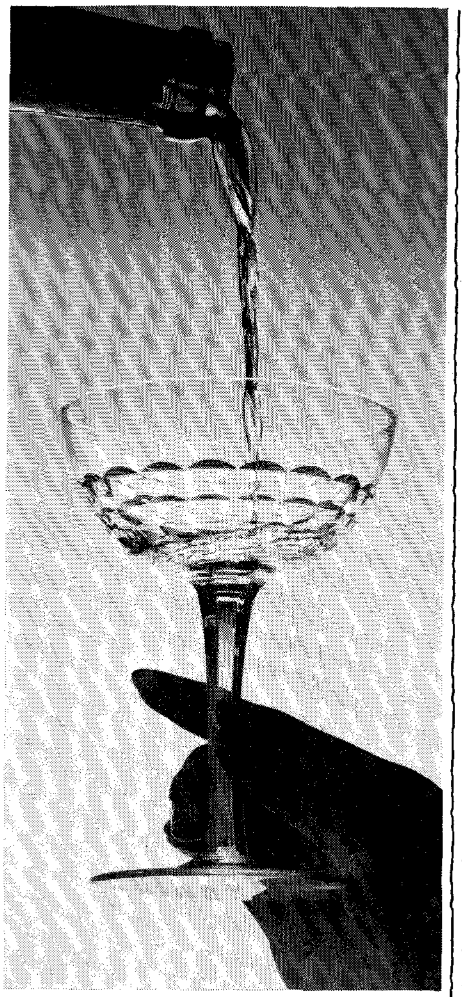

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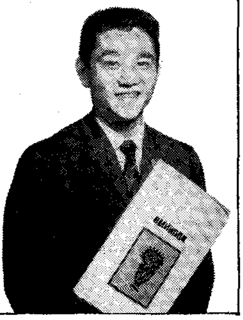

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when it ended. You're not supposed to be glad, if you're a hero, but we were glad. I had decided then that this country was for me. I decided that for me, as a Jew, Israel was home. It seemed to me to be quite incidental where I or anybody else came from. I had come across a saying of the rabbis to the effect that a man is made up of soil, and the soil that makes him is part of the whole earth—that we each have in us more or less the soil of every place. It seems to me that all Jews have some part of the soil of Israel in them and have just been wandering around in other places for a long while. This is what I believe, anyway."

He returned to St. John's for a second year, and then had a year at Yeshiva University, where he studied Hebrew and Jewish history, because "there were things I felt I had to know." At this time, too, he decided to equip himself to be a surveyor, in order to start a new life in a new country, and he did so, going to night school and attending a summer field course run by C.C.N.Y.; this set of skills was directly responsible for his later success as an entrepreneur in Israel. He told me about his becoming an Israeli. "I gave up my citizenship," he said. "I renounced it in 1952, right after I came back here. I walked up and down for fifteen minutes in front of the consulate in Haifa before I finally decided to walk in and take the step. There was a lot to think about. After all, it was a change, a real change. I was still very much an American. I had been born and brought up in America; my parents were there. I suppose it is something like deciding to get married. You hesitate and think twice: Maybe I oughtn't to do this. And this is what I was doing that day in Haifa when I walked up and down in front of the consulate. But I now believed there was a place for me to be. And if this was a privilege and a command, if this was fulfilling a divine and a personal destiny, joining myself to all my forefathers, then, by God, I thought, I really had to go for it all the way and become a citizen. If you're going to belong here, I said to myself, then you want to be in the Army, you want to be part of everything that's going on. If you had come to America, you would become an American citizen—that's what all the immigrants did when they came there. I went in. You know, I knew evangelists, from my days in the Marines; we used to go to missions to get fed when our money gave out on leaves, and we used to sit and listen to them talk, hear them call the people back to Christ, talk about the great transformation that came over you when you finally came to that moment of accepting Christ. I thought of that when I walked out of that consulate that day. I felt transformed. I felt exhilarated by the step I had taken. I have no regrets."

—Harold R. Isaacs

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

• •

COUNTRY COUPLE

They return in my thoughts with something woody in their kind
Gestures and faces, almost as semi-
Trees of unequal height but like shape,
Both knurled and sparse and knobby
From growing in a thin soil, a brusque climate;
One pinkish, the other silver-gray-skinned.

Around them were always gardens, all kinds of gardens.
On the north juniper, on the south grapevines;
Crimson roses, orange zinnias, apple trees
Full of green apples; a big stone-walled square plot
Bristling with pole beans and sweet corn.
Their house grew too, unfurled like a pumpkin vine
Over the rocky ledge where it had found a hold
Two hundred weathered years before them.

When they became too old, it outgrew them,
And they moved to three little rooms in town.
But they still had a garden, a small
Weeping willow that, as we drank iced tea one endless afternoon,
Pored over us, traipsed its strands of weed
Slowly across our faces, spelled us
Captive where we sat in reclining chairs.

—Francis Richardson

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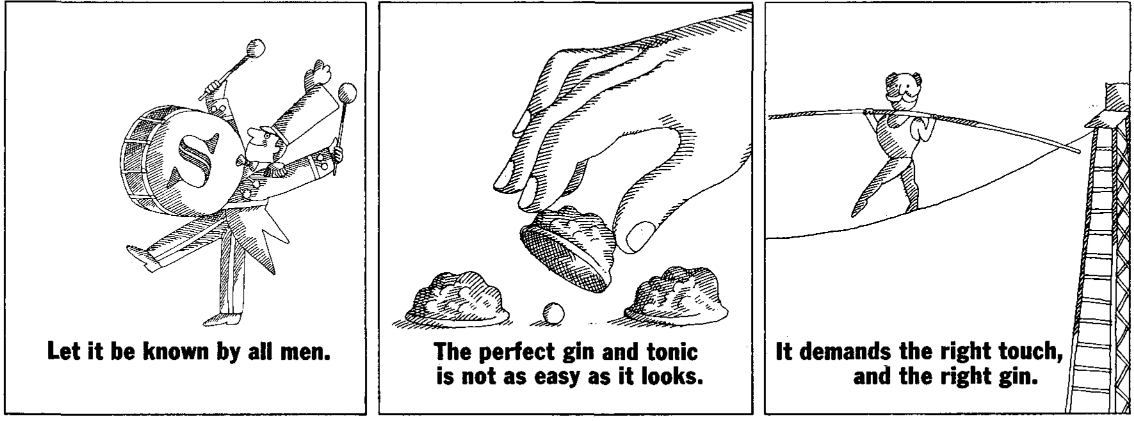

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THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Jubilee

THIS was a red-letter season at Saratoga. More cash customers took in the sights at the grand old course on Union Avenue, and bet more in the tote, than ever before; bidding at the horse sales reached astronomical heights; and Buckpasser's share of the Travers Stakes put his earnings past the million mark. The meeting ended last Saturday with an old-fashioned Saratoga surprise, when George Widener's Bold Hour beat the Wheatley Stable's triple entry of Great Power, Disciplinarian, and Top Bid, who were confidently expected to be the first three under the wire in the Hopeful Stakes. Actually, Great Power finished second, Top Bid third, and Disciplinarian, who was to have set the pace, last of the five runners. It was a delightful race to watch—if you weren't on the 1–10 favorites. Bold Hour took the lead in the first quarter and was never headed. Disciplinarian had a run at him, then Top Bid tried, and in the stretch Great Power challenged so resolutely that for seconds it looked touch and go, but in the last fifty yards Bold Hour drew away to win by a length and three-quarters. Critical observers think the fact that Bold Hour wore blinkers, which kept him from goggling around at the other horses, helped him upset the apple cart. He's a high-strung fellow, and when he was beaten in the Special, after winning the Flash, his stable decided he needed the blinkers to keep his mind on his work. This was the third time that Mr. Widener had won the Hopeful, the meeting's top event for two-year-olds, and it happened on the eighty-third birthday of Bold Hour's trainer, Bert Mulholland.

LUCK was out the window for the Wheatley Stable at Saratoga last week. Great Era was beaten by C. V. Whitney's Silver True in the historic Spinaway, for two-year-old fillies (the first victory for Mr. Whitney in this race since Top Flight won it in 1931), and Discipline ran last in the Diana Handicap, won by Open Fire, the Brandywine Stable's roan mare. She not only came in ten lengths ahead of seven others of her sex but skipped over the sloppy track, deep in casual water, for a mile and a furlong in 1:48⅘—a new course mark. I can't remember any other record set in such footing.

BUCKPASSER lived up to all expectations in the Travers, winning decisively by nearly a length from Amberoid, to whom he gave three pounds. Buffle was third, three and a half lengths away, a nod in front of Abe's Hope. Six three-year-olds ran. When the starting gates opened, Stupendous, Buckpasser's pacemaker, set off with a will, and in no time led Amberoid and the others by open daylight. Halfway round the turn for home, however, Amberoid moved into the lead. Meanwhile, Buckpasser had been taking his time warming up, and Baeza, riding him with noticeable confidence, made no effort to hurry him. As they swung into the stretch, the picture changed. Amberoid still had a clear advantage, but if Feliciano, who rode him, had looked back, he would have been far from confident, for Buckpasser, now fourth, was closing the gap between them with every stride. Baeza said later that it was the colt's easiest victory. Buckpasser's share of the prize money was $53,690, which brought his earnings to $1,038,369. Now he's at Rockingham Park for the New Hampshire Sweepstakes, at a mile and a quarter, this weekend, with a purse of close to $300,000 (last year it was $280,143), of which the winner will receive sixty-five per cent. It is expected that there will be a dozen starters, among them Buffle, Jolly Jet, Advocator, and Exhibitionist, and Buckpasser will be odds-on. He should win. I hope he does.

THOROUGHBREDS aren't the only horses bringing flabbergasting prices. Last week, Richard Downing, a Cleveland industrialist, sold the pacer Bret Hanover, winner of fifty-seven of his sixty-one starts, to Frederick Van Lennep, of Lexington, Kentucky, for two million dollars. He goes at the end of the season to Castleton, once the stud of James R. Keene, who dominated racing at the turn of the century.

—AUDAX MINOR

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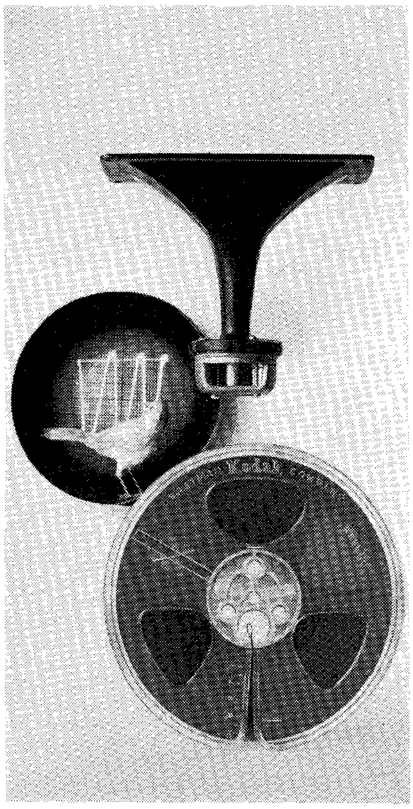
Library director Joseph Halloran had a one word comment: "I'm bushed!"—*Syosset (L.I.) Tribune.*

"Ambushed" was what he said.



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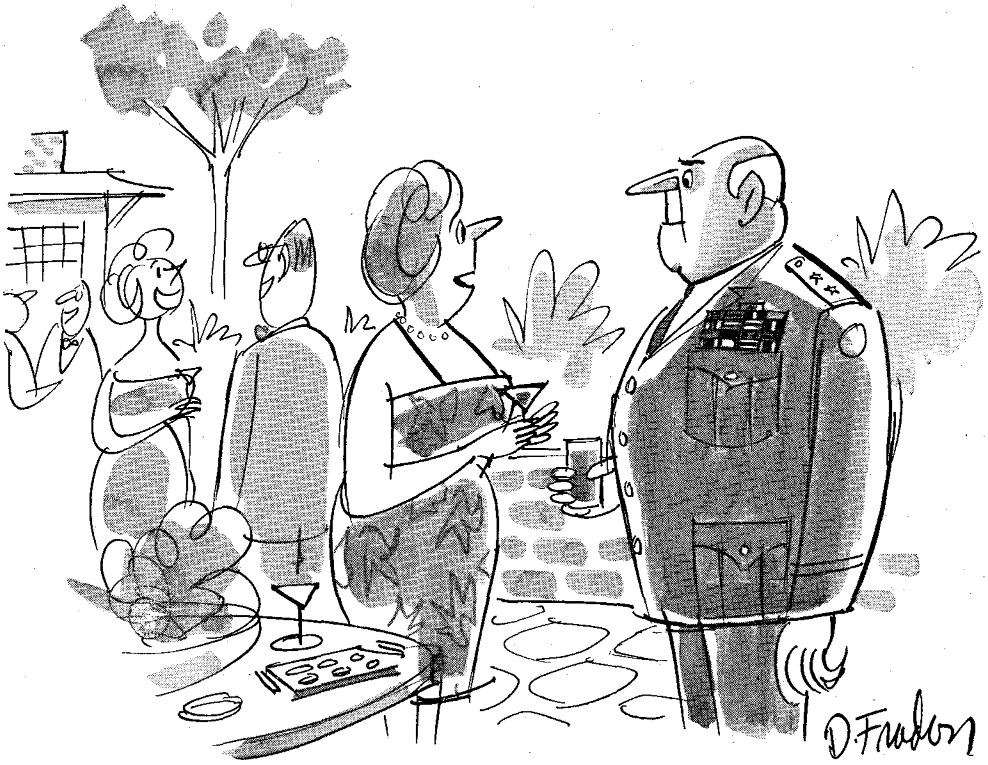
BOOKS

The Confidence Man

ONE is bound to be suspicious of praise bestowed for things not done, and I hope it won't be taken as too backhanded a compliment if I say that the many temptations Justin Kaplan has found the strength to resist are what serve to make his "Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain" (Simon & Schuster) such an exceptionally good biography. Surely the most pressing of these temptations must have been to "do" Twain down to the last eyelash of his person and the last comma of his books; instead, Mr. Kaplan has chosen to give us Twain to the life without giving us *all* of the life, and in considering Twain's work he has assumed that we have already taken some measure of its bulk and bent, have formed a not altogether untutored opinion of it, and are not in need of having it—repellent pedagogical word—explicated. At first glance (and how preposterous the racy and irascible little genius would have thought it that anyone could possibly turn away from him after a first glance!), Samuel L. Clemens seems the ideal subject for a big, bow-wow, womb-to-tomb literary biography. In the short history of American letters, who offers a richer and thicker and tarter Christmas pudding of a career, out of which an army of Jack Horners are able to pull plums of every size, shape, and degree of juicy ripeness? Clemens himself was sure that he would furnish a delectable spread for future generations of writers, and in old age he bustled about organizing the menu for his posthumous reputation with the energy and unreliability of a youthful confidence man. Having designated Albert Bigelow Paine as his official biographer, he set to work on an autobiography; he claimed that the work was to be of an unprecedented candor, but, scourge himself as he would, the truth wasn't in him, and even his blackest, bravest thoughts often led him into bouts of exuberant compulsive prevarication. Dictating his reminiscences, he may have seen himself holding out a helping hand to biographers from the far side of the grave, but in his heart he preferred to trip them up and send them sprawling. Mr. Kaplan quotes him as saying of the past, "It's so damned humiliating!," and it appears that he could render it bearable only by continuously reconstructing it. In mastering the intricacies of that true-false past, Mr. Kaplan has charmingly outwitted Twain and all his conscious and unconscious ruses. I am convinced that Mr. Kaplan knows Twain better than anyone else, including Twain, has ever known him, and it is the mark of a singularly modest and attractive writer not to have sought to heap up this Everest of laboriously acquired knowledge into a work of several volumes. Twain came into the world with Halley's Comet, in 1835, and was superstitiously eager to go out with it on its next scheduled appearance, in 1910 (he managed to die as the comet was passing its perihelion), but Mr. Kaplan is content to leave the early years of that long life unchronicled; he begins his single, sufficient volume in 1866, with Twain making arrangements for the weird journey that was to provide him with "Innocents Abroad" and worldwide fame. Mr. Kaplan is also content to leave occasional periods of Twain's later life unrecorded—welcome omissions at a time when, in the pious name of scholarship, we are offered much more information about people than we wish to possess.

Another temptation that Mr. Kaplan has wisely resisted is the common one of favoring the private figure of the hard-pressed, often despairing writer over the public figure of the breezy, successful entertainer. Conventional literary snobbery aside, such favoritism is understandable—the art of a dead writer remains available, and therefore discussable, forever, while the art of a performer is largely lost by his death. (The distinction was altogether valid in Twain's time, and, despite film, tape, and other means of preserving performances, one can argue that it remains valid today.) In appraising the relative importance of Twain the writer and Twain the performer, and in enumerating the faults and virtues of each, Mr. Kaplan establishes the nature of the now comic, now tragic conflict hinted at in the title of his book; his point is to examine the uneasy relationship between the radically diverse aspects of a man who, though he had the benefit of two names, found even a double identity inadequate to contain all of him. Twain's personality was not so much split as splintered, providing an assortment of incongruent beings over whom Twain himself never tired of shaking his head in bewilderment. It



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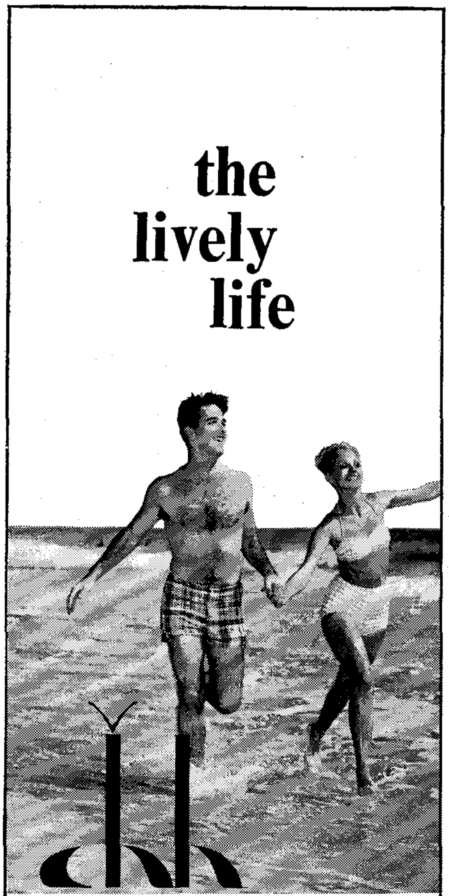
has been a fashion to hail Twain the great writer and simultaneously to deplore Twain the non-stop talker and all-American buffoon, the theory being that if only he had devoted less effort to earning fortunes on the lecture platform and to making newspaper copy in every corner of the world with his incessant quips he would have been able to devote more effort to the production of fiction on the order of "Huckleberry Finn." Mr. Kaplan makes short work of this notion. The curious and by no means degrading fact of the matter is that Twain was a far greater artist as a performer than he was as a writer. In most of his too numerous books, his art is shockingly impure in intent and defective in execution. It was part of the trick of selling books by subscription, which was how Twain's first books were sold, to give the customers ample poundage for their money, and in deference to this requirement Twain tended to slog his way along until a manuscript had reached a certain length and then, being nearly always unable to tell what was good in it from what was bad, to circulate it among relatives and friends, counting on them to cut and pat and tug it into suitable shape. (Much of this editing fell to his wife, Livy, and to his faithful, fantastically patient friend William Dean Howells. Mr. Kaplan makes it clear that there is little to the old notion that Livy and Howells imposed a stultifying Eastern Victorian censorship on the virile vulgarities of a free soul out of the West. For all the bawdiness of "1601" and of his private speech, Twain was a prude, and he accepted Eastern standards with alacrity.) The hazard of piling up manuscripts hit-or-miss is that one never gains in technique; every book is a fresh problem to be more or less blindly stumbled through, and in Twain's case for every hit like "Huckleberry Finn" there were always plenty of embarrassing misses. But in the art of public speaking—the premier form of entertainment in this country in the nineteenth century—Twain was a master; every gesture and intonation, every change of mood and time, was the result of calculation and had the look of perfect spontaneity. Twain could do whatever he liked with an audience, and how he rejoiced in his virtuosity! Mr. Kaplan is right to give full credit to this side of Twain's genius; of all his professional roles—writer, lecturer, publisher, inventor, promoter, journalist—it may have been the one most natural to him and the one he played best.

Simia, Mona.
H.S.

But no—the role he played best was unquestionably Mark Twain Himself, Always Gladly on Display. It was a role summed up in the title of a book edited by Bernard De Voto: "Mark Twain in Eruption." Twain believed that he despised the human race, but he never stopped courting it with a steady flow of apothegms, gossip, abuse, theological speculation, and tall stories. He rumbled and groaned and laughed and spewed out fire and dust from morning to night; Vesuvius wasn't a patch on him, and in the end he was the greater celebrity. He adored fame and pursued it with ardor long after it had settled down comfortably in his arms. He was to become "the most conspicuous object on the planet"—precisely what he had always wished to be. He was vain of his person, and why not? Over the years, the hawk-nosed little man grew extraordinarily handsome, and the white suits he wore, winter and summer, like the great shock of white hair that he took care to launder daily, enabled him to attract the maximum amount of attention in any crowd. He strolled the streets of the world not like a mountebank but like a king, shedding the benignity of his presence on all those lucky enough to catch a glimpse of him. A delightful apotheosis, but Mr. Kaplan makes us see that there is a great deal more to the old man than this. Back of the testimonial dinners, the honorary degrees, the billiards, the wisecracks, the weakness for rich people in high places, someone shuffles about in the shadows, waiting and dreading to be found out. Mr. Kaplan approaches this dark figure with sympathy and tact; delicately he works out for us the bounds of the mystery within which the figure moves. So much distrust and certainty of being betrayed! So desperate to be loved and so injurious to everyone who loves him! He worships Livy, and beside him she turns from a beautiful, passionate young woman into a neurotic invalid whose doctors forbid her husband for weeks and months to come into her presence. He worships his children and behaves cruelly to them. The dark figure suspects himself of being diabolical. He longs to be found guilty of inexpiable crimes; at the same time, he rails



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against the injustice of the punishments fate has already meted out to him. Writing to his daughter Clara—the only one of the four children to survive him—of his own imminent demise, he bursts out, "Oh! I am looking forward to that!" On his deathbed, he speaks of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and of dual personality. It is not the least of Mr. Kaplan's many virtues as a biographer that he leaves us there, on the edge of the mystery that Twain was lacerated by and could never comprehend. "Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain" is Mr. Kaplan's first book. The sureness of his address and the grace of his writing would lead one to suppose that it was his twentieth. He has proved in every respect worthy of his great subject. It must be a very pleasant feeling indeed to begin one's career as a biographer with a work that is sure to be read as long as Twain is read.

—BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

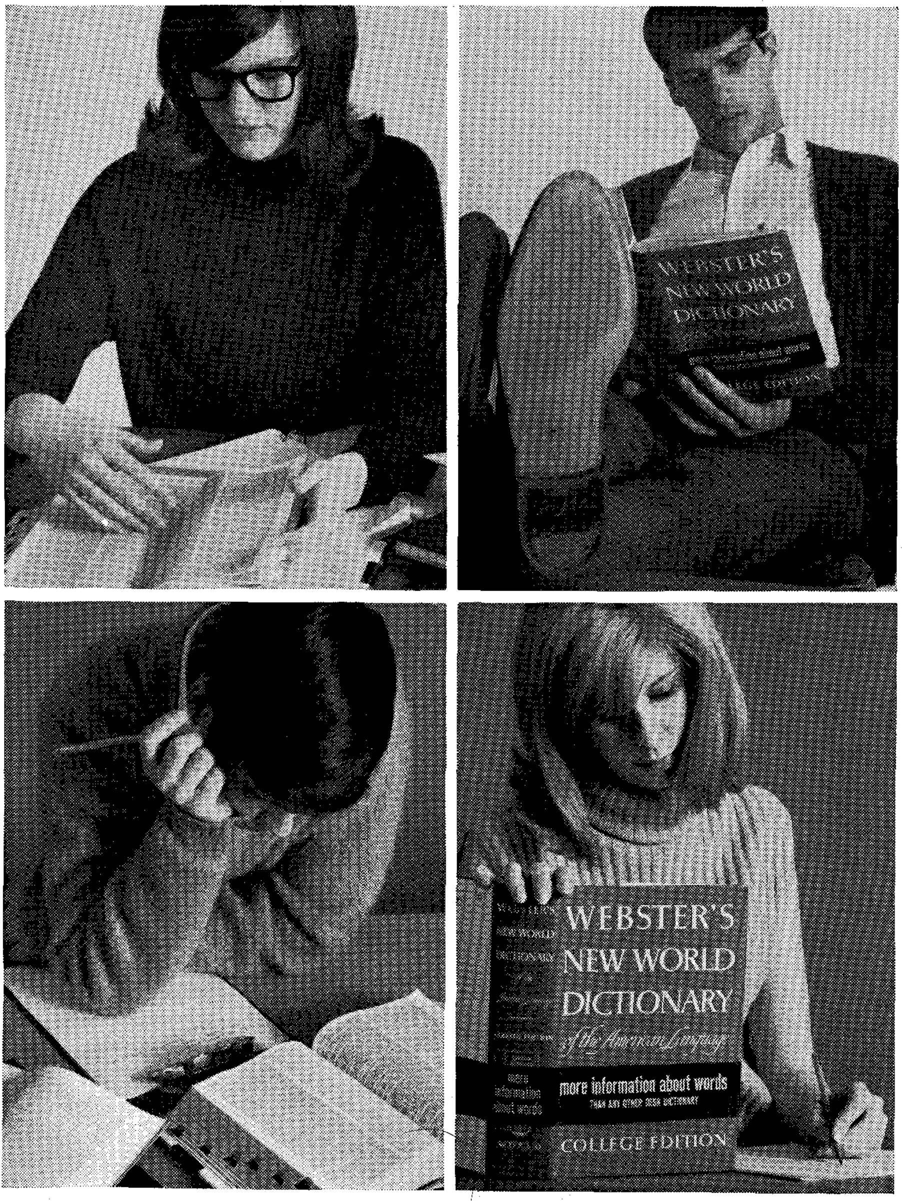
FICTION

GENTLEMEN IN THEIR SEASON, by Gabriel Fielding (Morrow). Only superior writers are apt to be troubled by the imbalance that Mr. Fielding suffers from here—his form (fine writing, humor, intelligence) far outweighs his content (middle-aged adultery at the B.B.C.). But he is very good, as is his custom, with his low-life figures, one of whom, an ingratiating aphoristic murderer, is worth a novel to himself: "Here! I'll tell you: a dead man's master of life. He's the boss, no respecter of persons as they say, a tyrant, the man of the world. He's got it all wrapped up; he doesn't remember anything he's done before because the only continuity he's got in him is his death."

OPINION OF THE COURT, by William Woolfolk (Doubleday). This novel attempts to combine a crude exposition of the difference between "judicial restraint" and "judicial activism" with a crude, sympathetic portrait of a youngish Supreme Court justice. (The reader's sympathies are supposed to be engaged by the judge's adulterous romance.) The author seems to be trying to say that Supreme Court justices are only human. That's as may be. All the book's characters are cardboard.

GENERAL

KHRUSHCHEV: A CAREER, by Edward Crankshaw (Viking). A subtle, fascinating study by an English



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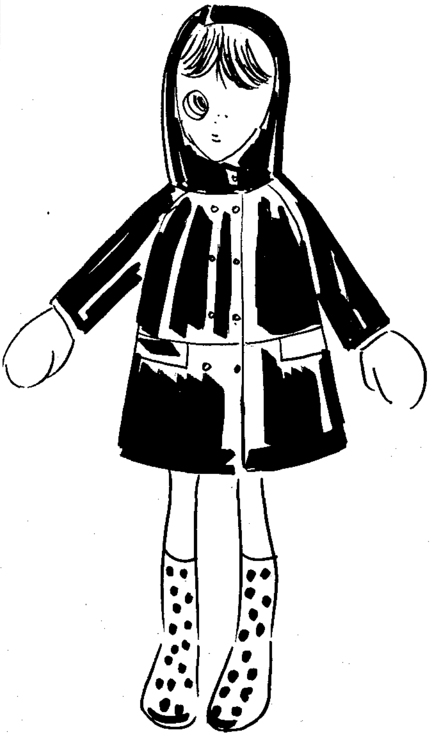

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expert. Mr. Crankshaw clarifies the intricacies inescapable in any Kremlinological exercise; the reader understands the problems that Khrushchev met at every stage of his rise, and learns to understand the man by considering the brutal solutions he found. Mr. Crankshaw describes Khrushchev on his attainment of power as a Stalinist who realized that Stalinism no longer suited Russia's needs, but who was unable to manage a transition to a new era. The book concentrates on Khrushchev and his doings, but it also suggests some of the many uncertainties that have confronted the Soviet Union since Stalin died.

TWO UNDER THE INDIAN SUN, by Jon and Rumer Godden (Viking-Knopf). Two well-known writing sisters jointly recall their girlhoods forty-odd years ago in Bengal, where their English father worked for an English steamboat company. Possibly because the Godden girls' years in India had been preceded by a disastrous stay with pious spinster aunts in London, their recollections of India are all happy. They are full of nostalgia for almost everything—for the lush beauty of their garden, for the intemperate climate, for the lack of modern conveniences, for the tacky little English "club." The picture of India as they knew it is impressively lifelike. More impressive still is their account of their sisterly relationship—a closeness that never diminishes but that is affected, as they grow up, by their need to be distinct individuals. They sometimes become competitors and always remain allies.

MISS MARY CASSATT: IMPRESSIONIST FROM PENNSYLVANIA, by Frederick A. Sweet (University of Oklahoma). This biographical appraisal is slightly coy, more than a little easygoing in attitude, and uncritical in approach. Its value lies in the depth and honesty of its research, and also in the fact that it is one of the first serious investigations of the background and the career of one of the least understood American early "moderns"—the wealthy, talented daughter of a railroad financier who (and in the Victorian era, too) went to France and established herself as a respectable, and respected, artist. The author hasn't anywhere near the depth of insight needed to go into this phenomenon with perspicacity, but the research is there, and the result—perhaps because of copious quotations from letters and such—

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LAND UNDER THE POLE STAR, by Helge Ingstad, translated from the Norwegian by Naomi Walford (St. Martin's). An attempt to riddle an unusually interesting historical mystery. This is the curious disappearance, around 1500, of the once populous (about five thousand men, women, and children) Norwegian settlements on the southwest coast of Greenland after some five hundred years of more or less comfortable existence. Mr. Ingstad has gone through all the documentary evidence on the subject, and he has also visited southwestern Greenland and examined at first hand the abundant archeological evidence. On the basis of these studies, he analyzes the several standard explanations (a change in climate, a decline in fish and game, an epidemic, a massacre by Eskimos) and proposes an explanation of his own that is both audacious and plausible. Photographs, maps, and drawings. Ten dollars.

THE FINE ART OF HYPOCHONDRIA, OR HOW ARE YOU?, by Goodman Ace, illustrated by F. B. Modell (Doubleday). A collection of short, funny pieces, only a few of them dealing with the author's medical history. Mr. Ace's humor depends on him rather than on his everyday subjects—television, taxi-drivers, out-of-town visitors. He is original, unforced, and pleasingly subtle.

NOTE: Faith McNulty's article for this magazine on whooping cranes has been published, in somewhat different form, by Dutton, under the straightforward title "The Whooping Crane."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE COLD WAR SWAP, by Ross Thomas (Morrow). An admirable story of American agents, and counteragents, and counter-counteragents, and their English and German and Russian counter- and counter-counterparts, playing a desperate game of wits and guns on both sides of the Berlin Wall. The action begins in Bonn in an extremely successful bar and restaurant called Mac's Place. Mac McCorkle knows that his partner, Michael Padillo, has a mysterious other life, and that his occasional long absences from Mac's Place must not be inquired into, but when a fatal shooting in the bar is immediately followed by the disap-

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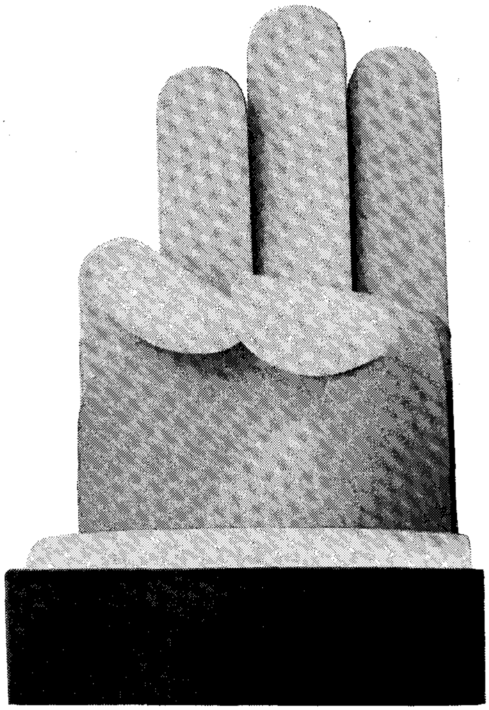

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pearance of Padillo, and then by what seems to be a call for help from him, McCorkle decides to go into action—in blindfold, as it were. This is Mr. Thomas's first novel.

The Christmas Egg, by Mary Kelly (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The English still have a corner on murder stories, as Mrs. Kelly proves in this fine tale of a formerly glamorous Russian princess who lives in dreadful squalor in a London attic and is pitied and despised by all who do not know that she owns a fortune—several fortunes—in royal jewels. Mrs. Kelly's detectives make up in dogged devotion what they lack in intuition, and they do try hard with their few jokes. This is the sort of suspense you browse through.

Saturday the Rabbi Went Hungry, by Harry Kemelman (Crown). The reason the rabbi—Rabbi David Small, of Barnard's Crossing, Massachusetts—went hungry on Saturday was that that particular Saturday was the fast of Yom Kippur, and the reason Mr. Kemelman chose this particular title is that it will remind us of his recent and most enjoyable "Friday the Rabbi Slept Late." Rabbi Small's hunger has nothing to do with the problems he is here confronted by—a congregational revolt, an ambitious architect and a touchy philanthropist, and the death by carbon-monoxide poisoning of an alcoholic Jewish scientist. Their resolution is satisfactorily ingenious, but there are times when Mr. Kemelman seems uncertain whether he is writing a thriller or an elucidation of Judaism.

●

. . . on a sultry Summer day, a glass of cool buttermilk is just the treat to quench your thirst and give you some peppy energy.

It climbs up a reedy stem into the air and the drab, brown skin cracks open. Out crawls a slim, gorgeous insect of purple or vivid blue bronze or shimmering green. Two pairs of crumpled wings unfold in the sunshine and the handsome stranger is soon ready to zip and zoom through the air at maybe 60 miles an hour.—*Boston Globe.*

Let's see—today's fairly sultry.

●

THE OPEN MIND AT WORK

[*From the TV guide of the Los Angeles Times*]

(28) Open Mind (60 min.)
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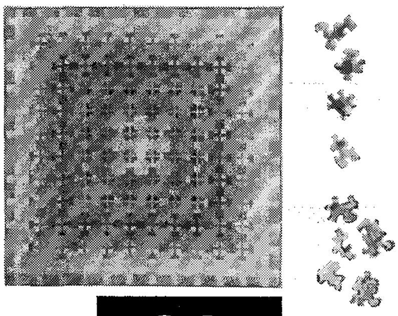

OP!*

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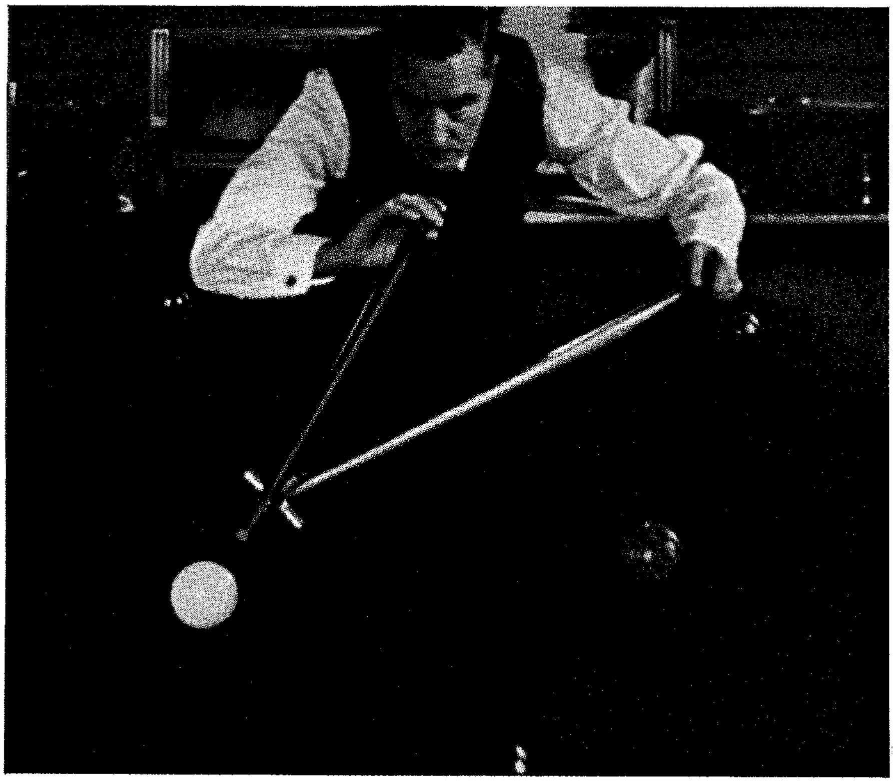

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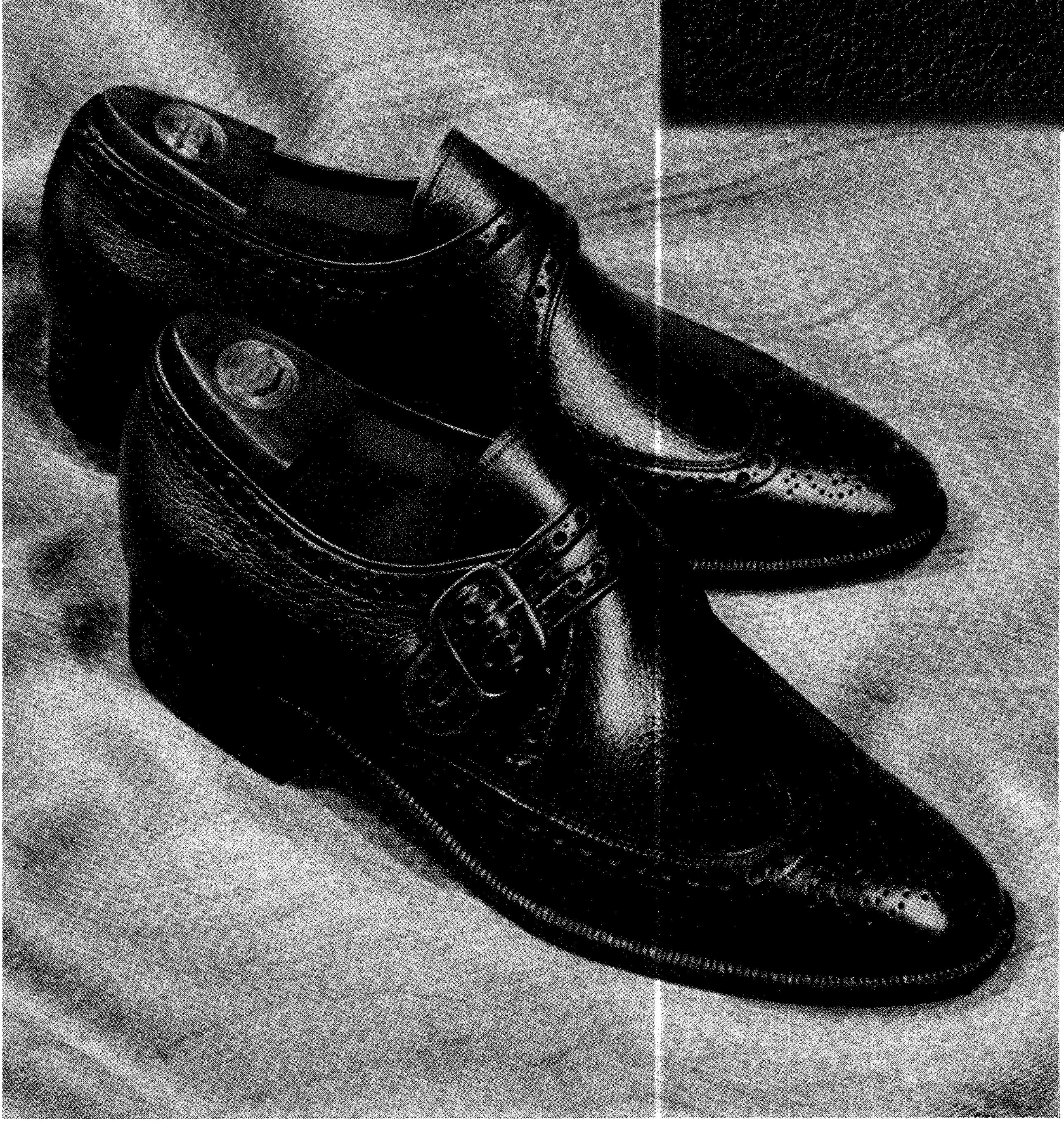

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